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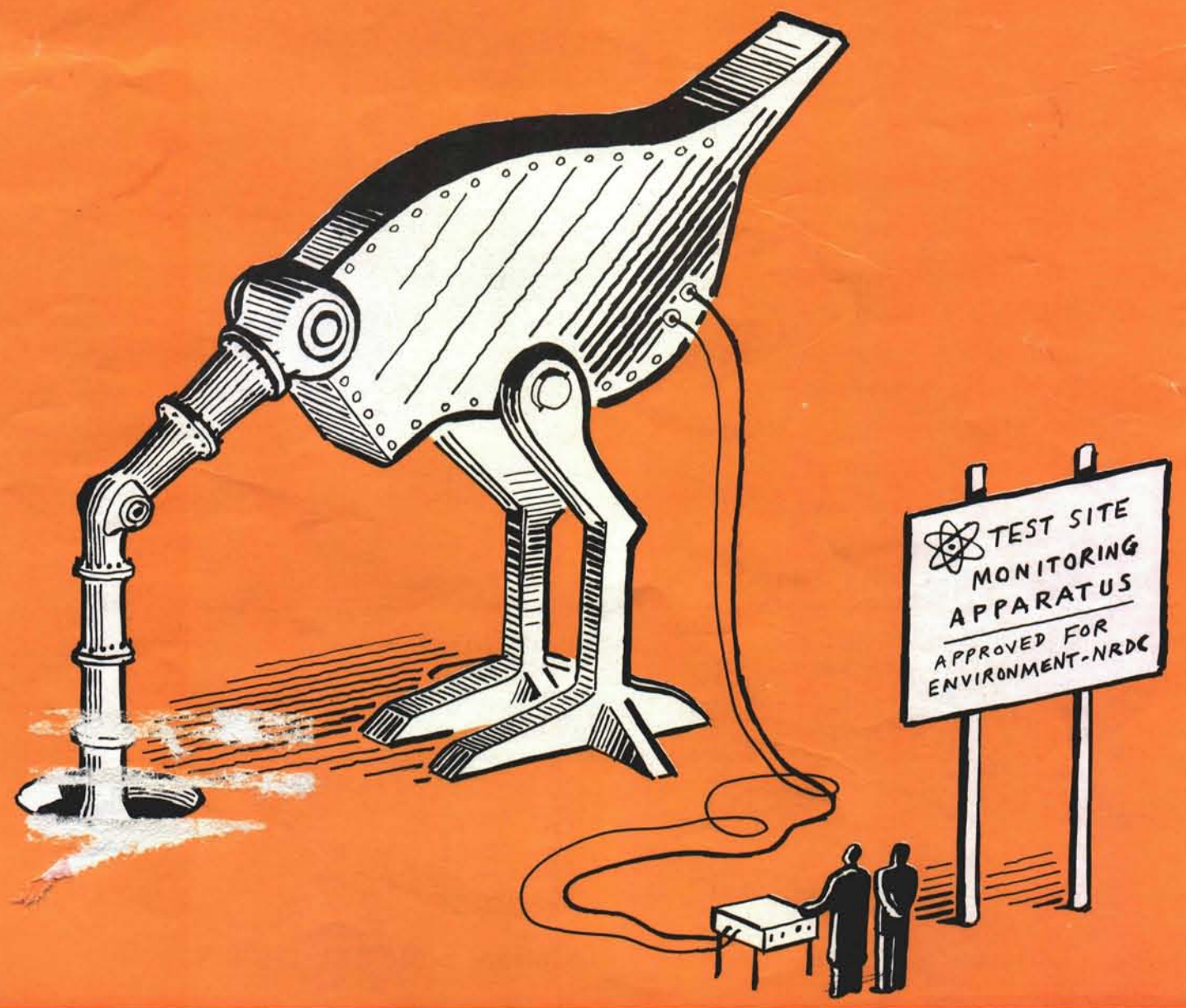

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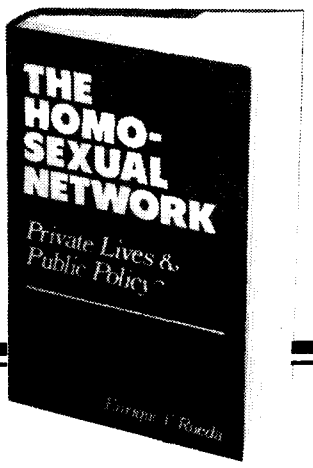

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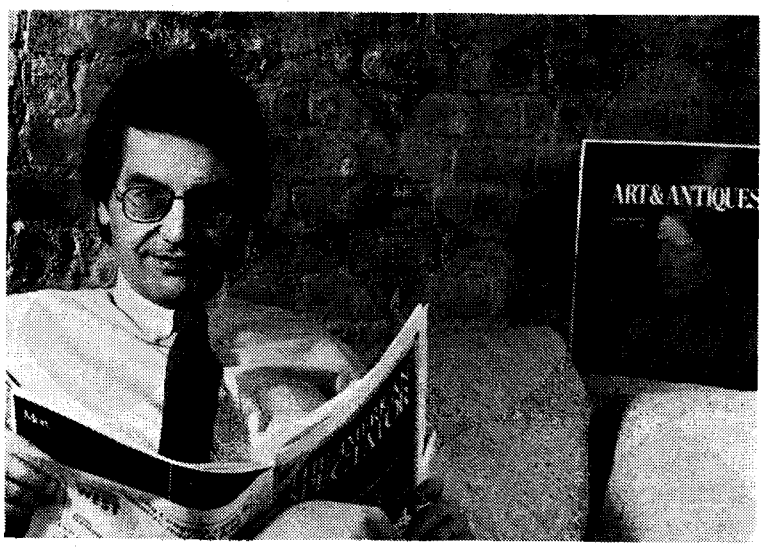

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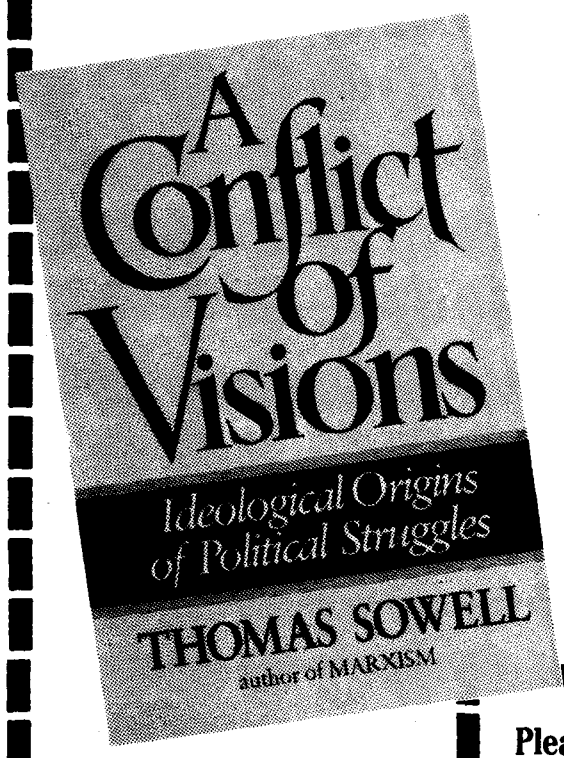

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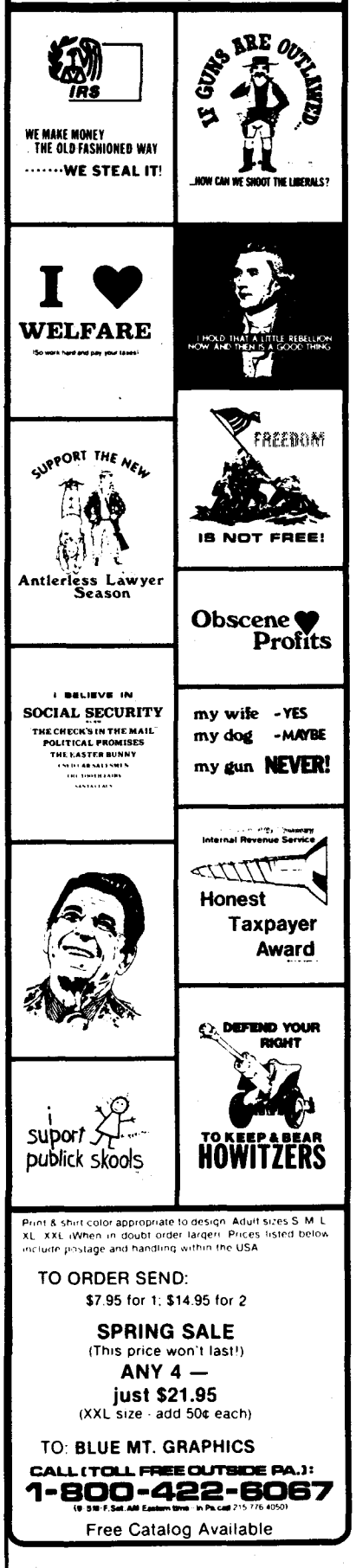

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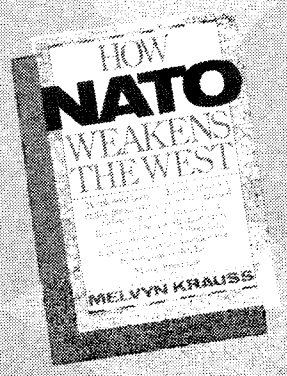
Manhattan Institute Forum

Europe On $134 Billion a Year



"NATO was formed to make weak allies strong but instead it has had the opposite effect: It has made potentially strong allies weak." So states Hoover Fellow Melvyn Krauss. In *How NATO Weakens the West*, Krauss makes the case that America's costly participation in NATO is counterproductive in combatting Soviet expansionism. Strategic parity between the United States and the USSR has invalidated the American "nuclear umbrella," he contends, while Western Europe, unwilling to build an adequate conventional defense of its own, has adopted "detente as defense."

Meanwhile, U.S. acceptance of Atlantic unity as a pre-eminent foreign policy objective has given the Europeans considerable leverage on American decisions. Krauss concludes that a strong commitment to resisting Soviet aggression and terrorism can come about only when Western Europe takes responsibility for its own defense.

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•March came in like a lamb and left snarling with a gigantic drop in the stock market, a decidedly reactionary Supreme Court decision abundant with the flavors of 1976, and an Oscar for *Platoon*. Yes, *Platoon*. Apparently the very same people who brought the Vietnam war to foozle and who spit on the soldiers as they returned are going to be rewarded for perpetuating their fantasies. They began by saying the North Vietnamese were liberators. They continued by saying that the war's tyrannical outcome vindicated them. And now they say simultaneously that they are the veterans' true champions and that the veterans were nitwits and psychopaths. No war in American history has been discussed so idiotically, and it is reassuring to note that only the opponents of the war and their left-wing colleagues have had much of a voice in the discussion.

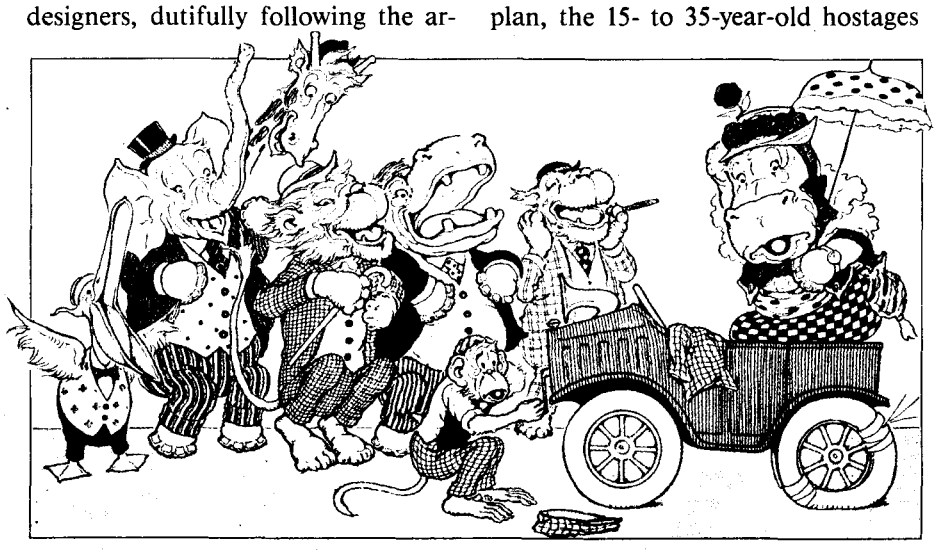
•Mrs. George Shultz gave personal and unimpeachable testimony that her husband, the Secretary of State, does indeed have a tiger (*Panthera tigris*) tattooed on his posterior. The adornment could not be closer to where conservatives and other public-spirited Americans would like to see an imprint of Ronald Reagan's shoe. In Great Britain, notwithstanding all the exhortatory propaganda for safe sex, a British member of Parliament, Mr. Harvey Proctor, was arrested for allegedly engaging in spanking sessions with male prostitutes; and the March 22 edition of London's *Sunday Telegraph* reported that a 30-year-old female lawyer was held at Heathrow Airport for carrying condoms, formerly known as prophylactics, into the country. Assistant Secretary of Defense Mr. Richard Perle, one of the government's most effective proponents of peace, declared his intention to resign, and White House chief of staff Donald Regan did resign, but only as his replacement, ex-Senator Howard Baker, barged through the White House's swinging doors.

•There has been another AIDS-related biting incident. In Hobart, Indiana, Mr. David Scott, 44 and a victim of acquired immune deficiency syndrome, shot and bit Mr. Eugene Fischer when Mr. Fischer resisted Mr. Scott's attempt to mug him. Mr. Fischer's wife, Sharon, an unwilling spectator to the violent exchange, suffered a mortal heart attack upon hearing Mr. Scott declare his infelicity. Prince Philip praised Thailand as a member of the fraternity of progressive nations for making prophylactics, now known as condoms, in different colors to suit varying moods. Indonesia's President Suharto opened Southeast Asia's largest and most efficient condom factory in a lovely setting surrounded by volcanoes and not far from the famed university-city of Bandung, site of the Bandung conference of 1955. Rumors percolated through the world of high culture that Leonard Bernstein, the gifted conductor and composer, has begun work on a Safe Sex Mass, and the rock group Fat Boys intends to record a "rap song" titled "Protect Yourself" in praise of rational sex.

•Spain may be taking another bold step into the modern world. After years of sportive rooster-stoning, chicken-decapitating, and general bull abuse, an animal rights group has sprung to life to put an end to donkey-squashing. The enlightened movement has been catalyzed by enormities committed against donkeys in the historic town of Villanueva de la Vera, where the town's fattest layman—religious notables are ineligible—rides an old donkey in the Mardi Gras fiesta until the creature collapses, thus encouraging other fat people to trample it. Spaniards in the Association for the Defense of Animals argue that the practice violates donkey rights, though others of a progressive cast of mind could argue that donkey-squashing finally recognizes the moral worth of fat people and their numerous contributions to society. Fashion designers, dutifully following the artifacts of television news, have concluded that Mrs. Nancy Reagan's favorite color has shifted from red to blue. A survey published in *U.S. Catholic* magazine reports that nine out of ten American Catholics believe that gossiping is a sin, and virtually no Roman Catholic steals hotel towels though many neglect to fold them before replacing them.

•One month after former President Jimmy Carter acknowledged that he watches starving Ethiopian children on television—odd!—and computes how many amount to one Amy Carter in the "eyes of God"—very odd!—Brown University put Miss Carter on limited probation for participating in obstreperous protests; and court officials in Providence, Rhode Island tagged her as a common scofflaw for neglecting $305 in parking fines. The Tower Commission heaved up a 300-page report on the Iran-contra connection, placing blame about equally upon the President and his aides and apparently encouraging the President to hold his first press conference in four months, much to the discomfiture of Washington scriveners who adjudged the press conference dull. The President told three jokes, the press zero. (See p. 56.)

•A Kenyon College anthropologist, Professor J. Kenneth Smail, evoked visions of sugar plums at a symposium on war and peace at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by proposing that superpower tension might be mollified if the United States and the Soviet Union would swap at least one million citizens in a "peace hostage deal." According to Professor Smail's plan, the 15- to 35-year-old hostages would offer services needed in the other country. Americans shipped to the USSR could become jailers, secret police, and alcoholic counselors and Soviet citizens shipped here could take the place of the idiotic professors whom the Reagan Administration in its wisdom would surely ship over there. In Danville, Indiana, Mr. Wesley A. Smith was acquitted on narcotics charges after a jury heard the testimony of Mr. Smith's pet bird. In the wake of allegations that several Marine guards were compromised by KGB cuties in what may be the most damaging security breach since the melodious Walker family, the Marine Corps is ordering a thorough review of the six-week training program that Marine embassy guards receive, and never was there a greater need for a course in safe sex.



•Messrs. Randolph Scott, Danny Kaye, and Robert Preston expired as did one of the last representatives of the traditional German school of conducting, 84-year-old Mr. Eugen Jochum, a simple man whose only vice was the work of Anton Bruckner. He actually served as president of the West German Bruckner Society. Voluntarily! Nebraska's Senator Edward Zorinsky, whose commitment to open government was solemnized by the removal of his Senate office door, died on March 6, and Mr. Woody Hayes, the fiery Ohio State football coach astonished his critics by dying during nocturnal repose and with a smile on his face. Senator Zorinsky and his door have been replaced, the former by Mr. David Karnes. Former President Jimmy Carter returned safely from an impudent five-nation tour of the Middle East, proving that even hostage-takers have their standards.

•The Rev. Jim Bakker stepped down as Pope of the Praise the Lord ministry amid charges that he misused a glass of *vin blanc* to exchange bodily fluids with church secretary Miss Jessica Hahn. The redoubtable Rev. Jerry Falwell agreed to replace him, though it was Lt. Col. Oliver North who gained most from the scandal. His secretary, Miss Fawn Hall, was offered by *Penthouse* magazine $150,000 more to model her private parts than Miss Hahn, and Miss Hahn has the same number of private parts. General Alexander Haig entered the race for the

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Republican presidential nomination, and a tennis injury will apparently keep Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers out of the Democratic race.

•In Manchester, England, a high-tech robber left shopkeeper Mr. Derek Ryan's cash register empty and his hands stuck to the counter with instant glue. In Peking, couples waiting to wed had to exchange rat tails for marriage licenses during a recent rodent extermination campaign. Researchers in Amherst, Massachusetts continue to sift through the soiled diapers of sixty-five children to discern how much dirt they consume. In a retaliation against Japanese trade practices the Reagan Administration doubled tariffs on some Japanese products, and India banned the export of frog legs. Finally, the 1987 NCAA Basketball Tournament was won by Indiana University, coached by Bob Knight, a neoconservative. *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

What's Wrong with Jack Kemp?

It never ceases to amaze me how partisans of Jack Kemp, like Gregory Fossedal and Gordon Jackson, ignore the obvious, while bitterly complaining conservatives don't support their candidate ("Kemp on the Defensive," by Gordon Jackson, *TAS*, March 1987). People on the Right, particularly old conservatives and Southern conservatives, do not perceive Kemp as one of their own; what has produced this perception is Kemp's conspicuous efforts to make himself attractive to minorities—or, more accurately, minority spokesmen. His vigorous sponsorship of the bill making Martin Luther King's birthday into a national holiday, his repeated statements about equality as a conservative principle and about the unacknowledged racism of the Republican party, and his initial, vociferous support for sanctions against South Africa all explain why many conservatives are keeping away from Kemp.

Perhaps Congressman Kemp deeply believes in the moral need for taking positions that are repugnant to old line conservatives. Nor do I doubt that some of his partisans who are chastising the Right for not falling in behind him enthusiastically support his "enlightened" views. What bothers me is that his advocates are less than candid in telling us why Kemp is not considered a conservative in too many places beyond the offices of the *Wall Street Journal* and of neoconservative publications. The attempt by Gordon Jackson to depict him as too rightwing for big business simply won't wash. Kemp argues for tax breaks, not for dismantling the welfare state.

My own view is that Kemp has made a mistake running for the presidency as a self-declared conservative. His overtures, symbolic and substantive, to a leftward-marching civil rights movement have made it hard for him to remain a credible candidate of the Right. His stand against South Africa caused one conservative acquaintance of mine to wonder "whether President Kemp might not decide to bomb Pretoria to make Julian Bond like him." Moreover, Kemp has probably not been helped by boosters whose conservative credentials are often problematic, but who nonetheless presume to condemn the Right for not liking their man. Kemp might have become a plausible candidate of the center; as a standardbearer of the Right he is neither plausible nor likely to win the Republican nomination.

—Paul E. Gottfried, Senior Editor
The World and I
Washington, D.C.

Gordon Jackson replies:

Kemp is indeed guilty of making overtures to blacks, and to organized labor, the elderly, the poor, and other groups not usually seen as being in the Republican fold. He thinks his policies can benefit them just as much as the lifelong Hooverites, and he sees no reason to write them off. This strikes me as transparently good sense.

Granted, he does tend initially to be a bit more accommodating than is prudent to bills advertised as benefiting these groups. But his good conservative instincts, or advisers, or whatever, usually get the better of him and he backs away from bad legislation, as has been the case with votes on the Legal Services Corporation, South African sanctions, and the Civil Rights Restoration Act.

As to Kemp's alleged disinclination to fix the welfare system and his alliance with big business—I strongly disagree. He will be running on a comprehensive program of welfare reform; look for a speech on it shortly. And like most supply-siders, he has come to view economic growth as depending primarily on the marginal tax rates on individuals, which strongly affect the prospects of small business. Mr. Gottfried may not have noticed, but Reaganomics in its current form has seen fit to trade a host of tax benefits to established business for the lower rates on individuals. Nobody has had more to do with this trend than Kemp.

The Martin Luther King holiday is small potatoes, hardly any reason to reinforce the perception that conservatives have written off the black vote.

I can't deny my credentials for writing a critique of the conservative movement are "problematic," this being my first venture up Mt. Olympus. But I would suggest that one who chose to cuff around the neoconservatives in such an unlikely forum as *In These Times*, "the independent socialist newspaper," as did Mr. Gottfried, is not exactly the best candidate for keeper of the seal.

Oliver Stone's Message

I enjoyed Bruce Bawer's thoughtful, insightful article on *Platoon* ("Poltroon," *TAS*, March 1987), and thought it easily the best thing I've read on that movie.

I saw the movie before I knew much about Oliver Stone, however, and I wonder what Mr. Bawer would think of my reaction: That it was not so much a pacifist film, or even anti-war in a political sense, but anti-the-kind-of-war Vietnam became, i.e., with no clear vision, no proper consensus, no real leadership, no purifying discipline from the top. I felt that even Elias's comments to the effect that after kicking others around so much it's time the U.S. got its ass kicked, could be understood as an example of the demoralizing effects of the upheavals at home trickling down to the front in the absence of clearly articulated convictions. A combat veteran of World War II told me recently that even in that "good" war, it was necessary to be reminded over and over again of the rightness of the cause and the reasons for being there. I wouldn't take the film as comprehensive, but Vietnam was a war we lost, and we lost it on many levels, and *Platoon* shows one of them.

I admit that Stone's own comments make it hard to hold such a view, but I wonder if the movie itself is as narrow as the ideas he wants to impose on it.

—Carol Iannone
New York, New York

Bruce Bawer replies:

I thank Carol Iannone for her gracious words about my review of *Platoon* and for her very interesting remarks. I think the main difference between our interpretations of the film is epitomized by her reference to Sergeant Elias as an "example" of demoralization. To say that a character is presented as an example is to suggest that he is depicted objectively. With Elias, this is not the case. It seems clear to me that Stone wants us to see Elias not as an example, but as a martyr, a Jesus-figure, a Voice of Truth. This deification of Elias is consistent with the heavy-handed characterization of the film's other principals. It was these characterizations—and the clumsily didactic purpose they serve—that I objected to most strongly in my review.

I will agree with Iannone, however, that after one listens to Stone yammer on fatuously about *Platoon*'s "message"—as he did, for example, in his Academy Awards acceptance speech—one is surprised that the film isn't even more crudely polemical than it is.

Worst Dictionary of the Year

I bought *The Dictionary of American Conservatism* through the Conservative Book Club. I found myself blinking while reading it as RET must have. I would have sworn that I saw a testimonial from Buckley on the dustcover. I appreciate RET's award of the Coogler ("Conservative Cooglers," *TAS*, February 1987) since until then I thought *I* was the crazy one! Do look up "Conservative" in the book—it's a classic. I expected an intellectual and enlightening definition that I could quote when asked what conservatives like myself are and instead I get this. At least some of the references are interesting. It's also good practice for proofreaders.

—Mitchell Vincent Gossman
Eagan, Minnesota

Who's Nutty?

So the *Wanderer* is "a nutty tabloid" ("Hunthausen Humbled" by Tory Stempf, *TAS*, March 1987)? Does that make *TAS* reactionary drivel of delusional McCarthyite throwbacks?

C'mon, as you well know, conservative, traditional, orthodox publications deserve recognition for their clear-mindedness rather than back-of-the-hand derision.

—John Paul Arnerich
Los Angeles, California

Turner Talk

I am writing to clear up an inaccuracy contained in Malcolm Gladwell's article, "Ted Turner's Cable Scam," in your March issue. Although Channel 13, as well as other independent stations in the market, was threatened by cable

(continued on page 52)

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EDITORIALS

SPIRITS OF ENTERPRISE

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The profs scowling on our nation's campuses—have they noticed that some of the fleetest bearers of ideas today are businessmen? The profs are unusually dyspeptic, as I shall explain, and it will soothe them not at all to note that the heralds of the bourgeoisie are again shaking the world not only with their capitalistic enterprises but also with their ideas.

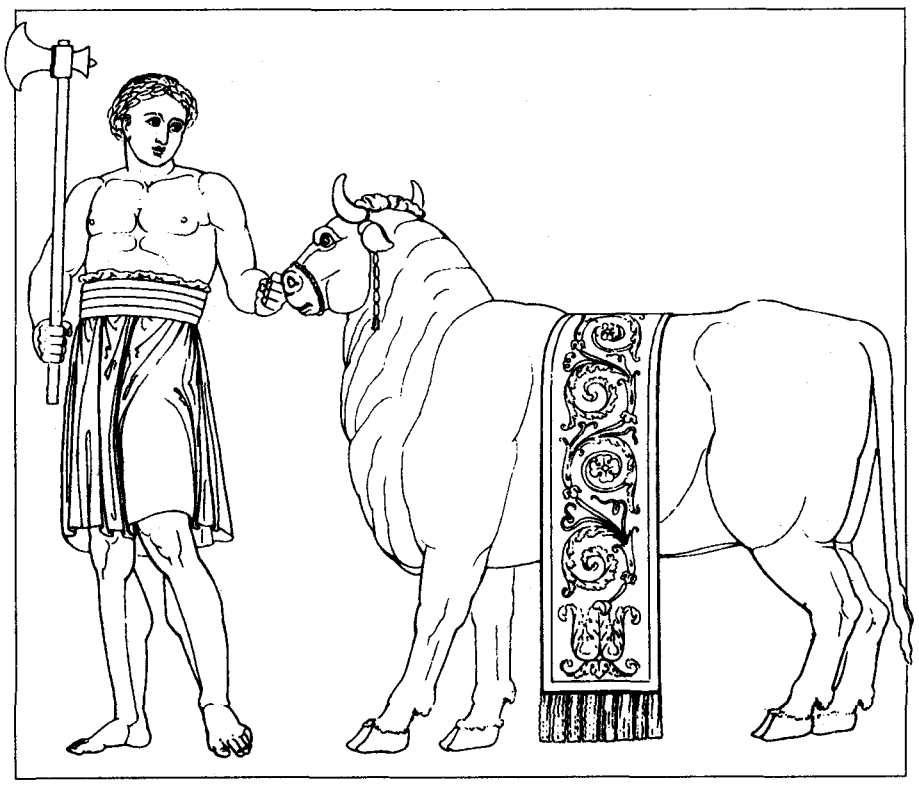
T. Boone Pickens is touring the country, promoting his new book *Boone*,[1] and thumping for leaner, more productive corporations as a salutary way to overcome America's trade deficit. On American productivity and matters geopolitical the book percolates with ideas. Now Sir James Goldsmith, another wizard of corporate takeovers, has spoken out in the pages of his distinguished French weekly, *L'Express*, citing America's growing impatience with Europe's unwillingness to pay for its own defense and exhorting fellow Europeans to do so to invigorate NATO.

Both of these men are part of a new wave of businessmen. They are risk-takers, entrepreneurs; but more importantly they have an intuitive grasp of that remorseless element of existence so memorably impressed upon the triumphant Roman general returning to the capital. As he rode along the parade route, a slave at his side would intone, "All fame is fleeting." Time moves beneath our feet, and one must forever adapt to change. In the British archives there exists a memorandum believed to have been written by the young Sir Walter Raleigh while a bureaucrat of Queen Elizabeth I. It reads, "Tarry not, I beg you, Madame, for the wings of time are tipped with the feathers of death." Conditions change. In the modern world conditions change faster than could ever be imagined by Roman generals or sixteenth-century monarchs.

[1]Houghton Mifflin, $18.95.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

Since the dawn of capitalism businessmen have had to adjust to the erosion of time more rapidly than members of any other sector of society. The bourgeoisie have been the historic bearers of Western progress, such as it is; and today, when so many of the so-called intelligentsia are mired in gloom and nostalgia for the Age of Aquarius, it is amusing to see their dread enemies the capitalists doing so much of the thinking for them.



In *Boone*, Pickens is trying to point out many things, one of the most important being that prices matter. Prices tell us something. If a corporation's stock is valued at a lower price than its assets, that is a clear sign that the stock's potential purchasers believe the corporation's managers are not doing a very good job. If American corporations are insufficiently profitable, they will be overtaken by foreign competition, and in time the American economy will be passed by—all fame is fleeting.

Goldsmith is like-minded, but his knowledge of how time marches on comes firsthand. He watched it pass by the oblivious capitalists of his native England, where he somehow prospered; and he watched time threaten the economy of France, where he also made a tidy bundle. Now he has moved many of his assets to America, and here he has vastly increased their size. Yet Goldsmith remains European in his orientation, and in *L'Express* he has duly sounded the alarm. Noting that the clock is ticking for NATO, Goldsmith urges, "We [Europeans] no longer have any excuse for not acting. We must build up our own independent and efficacious defense. We must negotiate a transition period at the end of which we buy back American military material installed in Europe. Finally we should participate in a reinforced Atlantic alliance as equal partners no longer dependent"—the wings of time are tipped with the feathers of death.

One of the paradoxes of the present is the enormous vitality now manifest in our economy as against the torpor in the intellectual world. There, no new ideas can be found that are not arrantly imbecilic. The mood is gloomy to the point of being morbid. The exuberance of the recent past is over. The brave new ideas have all been tried and have mostly failed. Many of our writers and scholars drone on about contemporary America as if we are mired in depression and blight. Yet the facts remain otherwise. The economy continues to grow. Almost every social indicator is healthier today than in 1980. The growth comes from the private sector, and now the ideas seem to be coming from that vital realm also. It must get the intelligentsia down. □

ALONG GOOSE CREEK

I have now lived in America's Rome for precisely one year. My reference to the ancient capital of the Caesars is facetious. The founders of Washington were smitten by the notion that their capital would become the Rome of the New World, but only such hallucinatory Americans as Gore Vidal really believe Washington became a modern equivalent of Imperial Rome. Alas for the founders' dream of imperium and eagles, true Washington has missed the mark.

Washington's founders believed that their city would become the vital center of national life, teeming with wealth and commerce and fostering artistic endeavor of incomparable sweep. Dreary Jenkin's Hill they renamed Capitoline Hill. A swampy rivulet behind the White House they vaingloriously renamed the Tiber River, though earlier Americans had known it as Goose Creek. When in October 1791 the government expected to raise a fortune by releasing 10,000 lots for auction around the site of the President's mansion, commissioners could corral only enough morons to buy thirty-five forlorn lots. Washington's deficits were there at the creation.

Washington never became the vital center of national life envisaged by the city's founders despite the govern-

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ment's growing power to coerce the citizenry and the fact that the President has acquired nuclear weaponry and Delta Force. No country on earth has as many vital cities as the United States, each of which subtracts from the centrality of Washington to our national life. Those Washington locals who know their sociology will tell you that Washington is a company town, by which they mean a town with only one industry—politics. Superior sociologists would describe it as a college town, complete with drunken alumni and marching bands.

Despite all the grandiose claims, America's Rome is more like the seat of a great university than like Hershey, Pa. or Akron. Its funds depend on the industry of others. Its chief products are paperwork and pontificators. Its inhabitants live in dreadful insecurity, cramming for tests, primping for parties, trying desperately to make their marks. The town's politicians and journalists especially betray the charming anxiety characteristic of college boys and coeds. "Who's up and who's down" is an urgent question in Washington. It is the same question that evokes perspiration and unsightly blemishes on every fraternity row in the country.

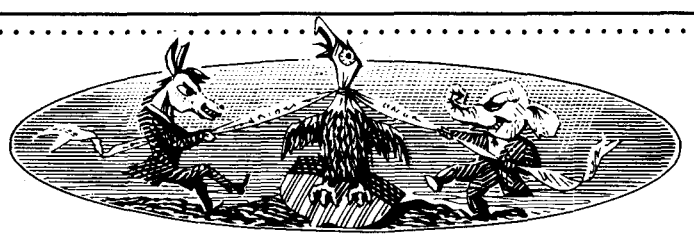
That is why Washington is known for its reverberating vogue words and phrases. Appearances are extremely important here; substance is almost unidentifiable. What, after all, is the substance of politics in a country where it is *malum prohibitum* to distribute judicial appointments to cronies or to scotch our enemies in Central America? Thus a decade or so ago Washingtonians desperate to appear sophisticated began speaking of "this point in time" when they meant now, "that point in time" when they meant then, "early on" when they meant early.

When Ronald Reagan was elected the sophisticates spoke of a political "sea-change." Recently public figures of a certain magnitude became "players," quarrels became "dust-ups," criticism became "bashing," as in "liberal bashing"—a rude and cruel act, that. One's tenure is for now a "watch" as in, it happened "on my watch"—oh, brave you! Taking cognizance of something or assenting to it is "signing off" and over the last couple of months the sophisticates divined a hitherto unnoticed "curve," which the astute player is always "ahead of" and the boob is forever behind.

Given the fact that these shimmering terms are merely used for effect, one would think that at some point those who use them would consider the effect. Truth be known, adults so insecure as to resort to these preposterous vogue words and phrases do not appear very sophisticated or suave. Rather they appear pathetic. Couldn't a friend from New York or Indianapolis let them know?

Far from being Romans, Washington's "players" are often provincials, and shamefully timid at that. Consider their bovine boldness over the present Iran-contra row. The vast majority of Washington's politicians and journalists knew at least in August 1985 that Lt. Col. Oliver North was raising money for the contras, but very few would sound the alarm. Why? Well, the herd had not begun to stampede against it. Our Suetoniuses want to be "ahead of the curve," but not too far ahead. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



A STROLL WITH SIDNEY HOOK

by Tom Bethell

The phrase "sweet reason" took on new meaning for me when I became acquainted with Sidney Hook at the Hoover Institution. He rejoices in reasoned discourse, and will engage you with a kindly open-mindedness that is rare among intellectuals, not to mention intellectuals in their 80s. Sidney will be 85 in December. One day he said he hoped I wouldn't be disappointed to learn that he was a "naturalist," which meant the same thing as materialist, philosophically speaking, he said. But he avoided the latter term because it also confusingly suggests the hedonistic consumer of luxury goods. Nothing could be more misleading in Hook's case. I was touched to find him solicitous of the faith of others, suggesting when we started to discuss the problem of evil that I might want to consult a theologian rather than be exposed to the perils of doubt.

But I told him that no one should fear reason. He replied that St. Thomas Aquinas would certainly have agreed with that. "I have always been partial to the golden reasoning of Aquinas and his inspired common sense derived from Aristotle," Sidney Hook writes in his just-published autobiography, *Out of Step: An Unquiet Life in the 20th Century.*[1] "I find myself intellectually more comfortable in disagreeing with the clearly enunciated propositions of Catholic Thomists than puzzling over the fuzzy confusions of some modernist Catholics, who have been infected with Protestant and pantheist heresies and lack the courage to avow it."

One of the pleasures of being at the Hoover Institution in recent months has been the opportunity to discuss these age-old philosophical problems with someone as eminent as Sidney Hook, the 1985 winner of the Presidential Medal of Freedom, who for many years taught philosophy at New York University. He must be one of the very few secular humanists both clear-headed enough to know that that is what he is and courageous enough not to reject the label. (But he does deny that secular humanism is a religion.)

About once a week I hear Sidney out in the corridor buttonholing Hoover fellows and staff, to take issue with the latter-day Catholic bishops. "They act as though they want to promote socialism," he told me one day. "I wish they were more interested in religion." In his autobiography he describes a "Dialogue Between Catholics and Humanists" at a Catholic retreat in New York City. Evidently thinking of the church as personified by Father Coughlin, he was "shocked to discover a change in the quality of thought and behavior of the Jesuits." One Jesuit defended the Chinese Communists, then still worshiping Mao. "To be confronted by a Jesuit priest who criticized me for protesting the ruthless persecutions of Catholic and other missionaries on the ground that the Communists were trying to help the exploited Chinese was an extraordinary experience. For a moment it reduced me to a stuttering inarticulateness; then I let fly at him. Although I did not say it, I felt he was a disgrace to his cloth, which was a strange emotion for an unbeliever."

I was eager to explore further Sidney Hook's beliefs, or lack of them, and so had several discussions with him. One evening he was wearing his navy-blue beret and was carefully buttoning up his raincoat as he prepared to walk home. A slight, almost a frail figure, he will frequently clamp his eyes shut and grimace as though in pain while making an argument. He picked up his briefcase and we set off for the fifteen-minute walk across the Stanford campus.

"At the age of 12 I discovered the problem of evil," he told me. "How can you reconcile God's goodness and infinite power with the suffering of the innocent and the success of the infamous?"

He was about to be "Bar Mitzvah'd," or confirmed, when he put up some resistance because of this "bone of evil which has been choking theologians through the ages." Eventually he surrendered to his parents' argument that he would disgrace them in the eyes of the Jewish community, and went through with the ceremony.

His father, Isaac Hook, came to America in 1882, an immigrant from Austria near the Bohemian border. The family settled in Brooklyn where Isaac worked in the garment industry, dawn to dusk (but with protracted layoffs). He taught himself to read and write in two languages, but never went to school. He observed the Sabbath day

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[1]Harper & Row, $29.95.

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(although Sidney noticed that he sometimes smoked when he was not supposed to) and he prayed in the morning.

"How do you know there is a God?" the future chairman of the NYU Philosophy Department and friend and correspondent of Bertrand Russell and Albert Einstein would ask his father.

Isaac would reply, "How do you explain the existence of the world if it was not made by God?"

But young Sidney would reply: "Who made God?"

"You can't ask that question," Isaac would say. In which case, Sidney would riposte, his father couldn't ask who made the world. It seems that Sidney would get the last word.

"Who am I to tell you any different?" his father would say.

"If he had had my opportunities . . ." Sidney mused, a cold wind blowing as we walked along.

Take a suffering child, Sidney said, returning to the problem of suffering. Why would a good God punish that child? Because of evil done by his grandfather? And of the Biblical promise that ancestral sins are visited on later generations, Sidney said, his voice rising with a touch of indignation: "What kind of justice is that?"

Sidney told me that his mother had lost her first-born child when he was two years old—something he doesn't mention in his autobiography.[2] (It is a rich and rewarding work, but it contains nothing about his family background.) His mother had bought a puppy for the child to play with. But the puppy upset a pot on the stove, scalding the child to death.

Occasionally, his mother would ask, "How could God have permitted it?" But "she didn't abandon her religious practice," Sidney said. "She remained a conforming member of the Jewish community." But he speculates that it shook her faith. He said that he learned of the tragedy when he was about five years old.

As we walked past the Eucalyptus trees near the Green Library, I mentioned the episode narrated in St. John's Gospel, when Jesus saw a man "blind from his birth." The disciples asked: "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Jesus answered: "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."

"Why would blindness make the works of God manifest rather than extraordinary vision?" Sidney countered, again with a touch of indignation in his voice. "Think of the suffering of those close to him, his family and his friends. 'The heavens proclaim the handiwork of the Lord.' All right, I can accept that. But gratuitous suffering? Some suffering can't be accepted."

I said that he was insisting that the ways of God be scrutable to man: that the "books" of justice be balanced with each succeeding entry; that every step, every event in history be balanced in the scales of justice.

"Not every step," Sidney said. "But on the whole. Of course it's unreasonable to expect justice at once. I don't expect the innocent man to be vindicated tomorrow. But I do expect him to be vindicated before he goes to the scaffold. I don't expect the tyrant to be struck by a thunderbolt. But I would expect, if there is a God, that he would not die comfortably in his bed."

Small children cannot understand why things happen the way they do, I said. And their parents know it is impossible to explain everything to them.

[2]But it is mentioned in *The Courage of Conviction* (Dodd, Mead, 1985), edited with an introduction by Phillip L. Berman, in which "thirty-two of the world's best-known men and women intimately and honestly address the questions, What do I believe? and How have I put my beliefs into practice in daily life?" In addition to Sidney Hook's, the book includes interesting contributions by Edward Teller, Edward O. Wilson, Benjamin Spock, Mario Cuomo, Jane Goodall, and others.

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At some point a parent just has to say to the demanding child, "Because I say so!" Perhaps that is our relationship with God. Is it not a form of pride to insist that our understanding be on the divine level?

"And my answer to that is: Is it expecting too much to ask that at some point as adults we would be blessed with the understanding to see the justice, if it exists, in the succession of events over which He rules so that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father knowing?"

But then, as we walked on farther, he pushed the topic aside and said that the struggle with totalitarianism in the Soviet Union was a much more urgent concern. Hook had some critical things to say about the new Western Culture course offered at Stanford—one that is designed (in the words of the syllabus) "to emphasize the contributions of women and minorities to Western culture" (not that these have been neglected, you can be sure!), and includes the study of such well-known ingrates as Franz Fanon and Herbert Marcuse.

Sidney said that he was surprised to find professors in the humanities "yielding to the political demands of those who are not familiar with the classical-liberal traditions of the West." Professors are supposed to be "the guardians of the Western tradition," he said, but today increasingly "they capitulate—they are afraid of the women and the blacks, especially the blacks. I never thought I'd live to see it!"

He said that this tendency on the part of the professoriat was a recent thing. "There was a time when the professoriat was if anything hostile to the mildest kind of social reform," he said, thinking of the time in the 1920s when he first joined the academic world. The change in values didn't begin until Franklin D. Roosevelt's time, he said.

I asked him to what he would attribute the weakness of the West in recent decades. "Some would say the erosion of religion," he replied. "But that doesn't explain why religious belief eroded." Sidney commented that many traditional conservatives believe the French Revolution was "the second Fall of Man." Not so, Sidney believes. It was the First World War, an unnecessary war, which could have been settled amicably but which produced such a terrible holocaust. Ever since then, he feels, fear of war has undermined traditional values in the West. "That fear has really eaten into the vitals." Here he pondered and repeated the belief once held by his friend Bertrand Russell. "We could have used the bomb skillfully against the Soviet Union" at a time when they still didn't have it. "But we didn't," he said simply.

I asked him if he still called himself a socialist. "If you let me define it as a belief in democracy as a way of life," he said. "Socialism without freedom is slavery."

A puzzle with Sidney Hook is to understand why he has consistently been so uninterested in Israel. To a Jew, was this not the great miracle of the twentieth century? "As young socialists we had illusions," he told me. "We didn't want to be nationalistic. So I was never a Zionist. Then, after the state of Israel was created by the U.N., I had to accept it." It was of course the universalism of socialism that had appealed to him.

By now we were approaching his home near Mayfield Avenue. He said that he would have to have an operation soon because the doctors had told him he had "the same thing the President has." He said he wasn't afraid of the operation.

Without my asking he told me that once a friend had asked him what he would say if he woke up in the presence of God. "Lord," he would say, "you didn't give me enough evidence." □

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Jeremy Rabkin

POLITICS BY INDEPENDENT COUNSEL

What else would you expect in today's constitutional climate?

It was a national Congress that declared independence for the United States in 1776—and its subsequent mismanagement of the war for independence made many patriots despair for America's future. The great innovation of the Constitution of 1787 was its provision for a strong, unified executive. In all the celebrations of the Constitution in this bicentennial season, we don't hear much about that fact.

Instead, we hear a lot about the Iran-contra scandal. At its outset last fall, there were many warnings, even on the editorial page of the *New York Times*, about the need to keep the matter in perspective and not let it be blown into a Watergate crisis that would cripple the presidency. Now, after six months of breathless speculation in the press, six months of huffing pronouncements from a whole array of overlapping official investigations, the stigma has been fixed. Commentators now routinely talk of the Administration's misdeeds as having involved a threat to constitutional integrity. It seems to me this sort of talk simply demonstrates again how readily people confuse the Constitution with their own policy preferences.

President Reagan's sale of arms to Iran may have been reckless and foolish, but the Constitution does not require the President to make prudent decisions in foreign policy. The President may have been deplorably inattentive to the means his staff deployed in helping the Nicaraguan contras, and it may finally be proved that some members of his staff did violate some valid legal restrictions on such activity. But the President never claimed the power to authorize violations of the law, and negligent management is not constitutional usurpation.

So too there is less than meets the eye in charges that the Reagan White House conducted a secret foreign policy, undermining democratic accountability. Presidents since George Washington have asserted the power to withhold sensitive information about foreign negotiations, and the Supreme Court acknowledged the constitutional grounding of executive privilege in the Nixon tapes case. The main facts of the Iran arms sale, which is what matters most for public judgment and accountability, were bound to become public knowledge, as they finally did. The main facts of the Administration's effort to aid the contras were public knowledge all along and have been the subject of ongoing public debate.

What finally seems to gall many of the critics is that, with all the bruising condemnations he has received for his mistakes, Ronald Reagan continues to be President and continues to defend the main lines of his foreign policy. And this, after all, is not really a complaint against the President's conduct, so much as a complaint against our current constitutional order.

Some of the critics at least are candid enough to admit as much. Thus the *New Republic*, redeeming its reputation as a liberal journal, ran an article in the March 23 issue arguing for fundamental constitutional reform. "If the United States were a parliamentary democracy," smirked the magazine's correspondent Mickey Kaus, "the Reagan government would have already collapsed in a 'no confidence' vote." Well, maybe this was true in mid-March. But even in viewing constitutional arrangements in other countries, some people see only what they want to see.

Just because it does threaten to bring down the whole cabinet, a vote of confidence can put passing controversies in perspective and often therefore it is the sitting cabinet that demands such an up-or-down vote on its overall performance to rally its supporters and prove its strength. In Britain, where the practice originated, only two governments have actually lost their parliamentary referenda in the last sixty years. If last November or December, when the Iran arms sales and then the diversion of arms sale proceeds to the contras first came to light, President Reagan had been able to demand an up-or-down vote of confidence on his overall conduct of foreign and domestic policy—does anyone seriously doubt he would have received an overwhelming vote of confidence? Perhaps the new Democratic majority in the Senate would have wanted to vote "no confidence" when the new senators took office in January. But would the country have elected so many Democrats in November if it understood that the congressional elections would actually decide whether Reagan—still overwhelmingly popular at the time—could continue in office?

Our inherited constitutional scheme of separated powers now prevents President Reagan's political enemies from dealing him a death blow in one vote. But it is surely ungrateful of them to complain of this. They have already inflicted a thousand cuts, and congressional committees continue grinding their axes for new rounds of torment. Under no other system would those now baiting the President have been able to bring him so low over so little.

Still, if the Constitution cannot shield the President from investigation and attack in Congress—nor force him to adopt the foreign policy that major congressional factions might prefer—it is not quite true that the Constitution has received its due on all sides in this struggle. There was all along a clear-cut constitutional challenge in the background of the Iran-contra scandal which has now been pressed to the fore (with ironic aptness) by the much-maligned Lt. Colonel North. North has objected that the special prosecutor investigating him is an unconstitutional creature because

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accountable to judges rather than the President. This is in fact a powerful constitutional argument and one that highlights the truly disturbing aspects of the constitutional climate in which the present scandals developed.

The office of special prosecutor (or "independent counsel" as it was renamed in 1983) was established by the post-Watergate Ethics in Government Act. The gist of the constitutional argument against it can be stated this way. There is no office or function that seems closer to the core function of the executive, no office or function that touches more directly on the President's constitutional duty to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed," than the office or function of initiating criminal prosecutions. The Supreme Court has held that Congress may not, itself, appoint executive officials, because that is a presidential responsibility, and that Congress may not restrict the President's power to remove those executive officials he does appoint, because the President must be responsible for the conduct of executive officials. The same sort of arguments for respecting the internal integrity of the separated powers in our system would indicate that prosecutors, of all officials, must be under the President's direct or at least indirect control.

The argument against this traditional view of the Constitution rests on an absurdly literal reading of the text. Article II, Sec. 2 does say that "Congress may by Law vest the Appointment of such inferior Officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the Courts of Law, or in the Heads of Departments." And this, it has been argued, shows that Congress can vest the appointment of the special prosecutor in the "courts of law." But the most sensible reading of this provision, as the Supreme Court noted in 1839, was that it "intended" these appointment powers "to be exercised by the department of the government to which the officer to be appointed most appropriately belonged."[1] If the clause allows Congress to vest the appointment of *any* "inferior officer" in the judiciary, it could equally allow judges to appoint all the assistant secretaries of state, all the assistant secretaries of defense, and all the other officials of all the most sensitive agencies of government—except for their then ceremonial department heads and their then ceremonial chief executive.

If that seems a bizarre fantasy, hardly worth taking seriously, consider the actual provisions of the Ethics in Government Act. For starters, the statute authorizes the independent counsel to investigate and prosecute "the President and Vice President" and all higher level officials in the executive Office of the President and the Director and Deputy Director of the Central Intelligence Agency and—just for completeness—the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Under no other system would those now baiting the President have been able to bring him so low over so little.

Think about it and try—if you can—not to let your imagination run off too wildly: the President is flying off to a summit with the Soviet leader or the leaders of the Western Alliance, when suddenly the independent counsel demands that he return to Washington to testify in his own defense at the trial—or plead the Fifth Amendment. The possibilities don't bear too much thinking about, after all. Either the President's claim to office will be at the mercy of the judicially appointed "special prosecutor"—or the world will be.

But the drafters of the statute really did try to think about lots of possibilities. The special prosecutor's "investigative and prosecutorial functions and powers shall include . . . receiving appropriate national security clearances and, if necessary, contesting in court (including, where appropriate, participating in in camera proceedings) any claim of privilege or attempt to withhold evidence on grounds of national security." Once the "independent counsel" is named by an independent judge, it seems, he *must* be given a security clearance and must personally be allowed to consider any documents the intelligence agencies want to keep secret. What if the CIA director thinks this is a dangerous mistake in a particular case? First things first. The CIA director can't make this decision, nor can any other executive official because all of them might be suspected of remaining accountable to the President. None of them would be a truly *independent counsel* answering to an *independent judge*. (And, oh yes, the Attorney General may "for cause" seek to remove the "independent counsel," but the "independent counsel" is then expressly guaranteed by the statute the right to contest this attempted dismissal—before another judge.)

The people who wrote this statute plainly could not conceive that *anything* could be more vital than ferreting out and fully prosecuting violations of the law by executive officials. National security, domestic tranquility, and presidential authority were secondary concerns to them at best. They wanted to put prosecution policy, as nearly as possible, on automatic pilot, freed from all exercise of discretion and all burden of accountability. You would almost think there was no other way of dealing with wrong-doing in high places.

But, of course, there is a way, one that is expressly provided in the Constitution. All executive officials are accountable to the President, and if he does not hold them accountable to the law, the Constitution offers a clear remedy. It is called impeachment. It is certainly a more flexible procedure than criminal prosecution. For one thing, most constitutional scholars agree that when the Constitution authorizes impeachment for "high crimes and misdemeanors" it allows Congress to impeach for gross abuses that may not, technically, be felonies under the ordinary criminal law. But the flexibility of the procedure is its main drawback for Congress. It is not automatic. It requires judgment: before commencing an impeachment procedure, Congress must ask itself, is this really worth the incredible turmoil and disruption it will impose on the government of the United States? Especially, is it worth the risk that the President might fight the charges and not be convicted? Even more, is it worth the risk that the voters may view the whole thing as a partisan frame-up against the President? With the Ethics in Government Act, Congress can investigate and fulminate to its heart's content and leave the real dirty work to the judges and their creature, the "independent counsel." It can sustain a mood of deadly seriousness without bloodying its own hands with deadly weapons.

Meanwhile, in a perverse way, the President, too, is off the hook. *He* isn't responsible for saying whether anyone in his Administration should be prosecuted. Not even his own appointees at the Justice Department are responsible for this hard call. Maybe, as the President initially said, Colonel North was essentially a "hero" even if he did technically break the law at some stage. Or maybe North was deceiving and betraying his President while defying the law in the same wild escapade. But the President doesn't have to decide because it's all in the hands of the judicious judicial prosecutor and even to comment on the matter—let alone grant immunity or conditional pardon to get the facts out—would mean interfering with a criminal investigation. And the people who were the loudest in denouncing Reagan's "hands-off" management style in the Iran affair seem to have been the quickest to defend this system that invites—if it does not absolutely require—the President to be equally "hands-off" regarding his constitutional duty to "take Care that the Laws be faithfully executed."

Reagan seems to have gotten the message. He finally realized the person most likely to be confirmed as director of the CIA and successor to his intimate adviser and confidant William Casey was . . . a federal judge. Reagan might save himself a lot of trouble if he just cut right through to the logical culmination of our current system and replaced his new chief of staff with a federal judge. The judges may not be too good on policy but they are tiptop in escaping responsibility for their decisions. Just ask Judge Garrity in Boston. □

[1]The subsequent decision in *Ex Parte Siebold* (1879), upholding judicial appointment of federal election monitors, did seem to say that Congress could vest the appointment of "inferior" executive officers anywhere it wanted. But this decision was handed down in a period of extreme congressional assertiveness, barely a decade after the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson—for defying a congressional enactment purporting to prohibit the President from removing any member of his own cabinet without congressional approval. In the same era, the Supreme Court also held that Congress had plenary power to strip the Supreme Court's appellate jurisdiction over any subject it wanted to—a holding which contemporary legal scholars are usually quick to dismiss as a meaningless confession to the extreme political pressures of that era.

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Benjamin J. Stein

THE REAL AMERIKA

The story that ABC bought but didn't sell.

In the summer of 1980, while I lived in Aspen, Colorado, I wrote a treatment for a book. It was to be a novel called In Red America, *the title playing off one of my favorite stage play titles,* In White America. *As you will see, the story borrows heavily, and intentionally, from* 1984.

I sent it to a few publishers, one of whom made an offer to publish it if I wrote it. Events superseded this effort, particularly my writing my book 'Ludes. *I kept it handy in my files.*

In the fall of 1983, I was—as I still am—a columnist for the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. *My editor was a bright, extremely aggressive woman named Mary Ann Dolan. The "extremely aggressive" part is a compliment in the newspaper business. At about that time, she became engaged to Brandon Stoddard, the head of ABC movies. I knew Brandon Stoddard by reputation and through an occasional social contact. Also, one year before, at the request of an ABC publicist, I had lunch with Brandon and later wrote a short profile about him for the* Washington Post.

The fall of 1983 was the time when there was great excitement about the ABC TV Movie, "The Day After." To me, that movie showed nuclear war, clearly a disaster of unparalleled scope, but it showed no context for why we have nuclear weapons.

I wrote an article for the Herald-Examiner *about what we are defending America against. I also took Brandon Stoddard and Mary Ann Dolan to Morton's restaurant for a dinner to mark their engagement.*

At the dinner, I repeated what I had said in my column about the need for a show about what America could be like under Soviet rule. Brandon said he agreed with me and would think about it. He asked me to send him any material about it. I sent him the column, which he had already seen, as well as the treatment for the book In Red America.

About four weeks later, I had a meeting with Brandon about a story of mine about mistresses ABC had bought. At that time, I asked him what he was doing with In Red America. *He said, "Oh, we're going to make that." I said, "Well, just a minute. That was my idea."*

Brandon smiled and nodded. "You're right," he said. "That was your idea. We'll involve you in some way."

"How about as writer of the script?"

"No way," Brandon said. "Not as producer either. I've got someone else in mind. But we'll make sure you get some money and some credit."

After furious negotiations, a deal was hammered out. The real story of "Amerika" and how it became the nightmare it was to become will have to wait for a later date, when time has put some distance between me and the people who hurt me and my concept so badly. For the meantime, after the deal was made, I was assiduously and purposefully kept away from the man who wrote, produced, and directed the miniseries, "Amerika." I was also deprived of the credit I was promised and given money instead, a bargain of which I am not proud, but which also has a context which requires explanation at a future date.

In the meantime, here is the original treatment I wrote for In Red America.

It is the year 2002 in Red America. There is no Constitution. The Bill of Rights has been abolished. The last President, Walter Mondale, was executed by a firing squad of the occupying Red Army back in 1990. Twelve million persons have disappeared into mass graves in the Utah desert and the Louisiana swamps. Another twenty million are in the American Gulag, which stretches across America from the forests of Maine to the cotton fields of Mississippi and from the prairies of Oklahoma to the mosquito-infested, infernally desolate tundra of Central Alaska.

The occupying "Soviet Peace Army" is empowered to arrest any American on any grounds it deems proper. Summary executions for breaches of any rules, written or implicit, take place at the rate of one hundred per night in cities like Los Angeles and Chicago. There is no more New York City. It was destroyed by six Soviet hundred-megaton bombs as a demonstration of what the United States could expect if it resisted further implementation of the "Treaty of Perpetual Peace and Friendship" between the United States of America and Soviet Russia.

The United States government has now been divided into several large ministries, each one overseen down to the smallest level by Soviet officials from the Committee for State Security (KGB). The Ministry of Friendship enforces the occupation by summary executions, mass deportations, endless show trials of Americans who conspired against peace, and unspeakable torture of random individuals, selected to keep the populace terrified.

The Ministry of Equality makes certain that Americans are always hungry by constantly shrinking rations for every kind of food except potatoes and a synthetic beer. For the officials of the Workers and Farmers Party of America (WFPA), which had supplanted all other parties, there are special stores and the mansions, homes, and yachts of the long dead members of the anti-peace, exploiting, parasitical classes. Those included almost all lawyers, doctors, accountants, university teachers, businessmen from anything larger than an auto repair shop, and so-called intellectuals of whatever political coloration. The execution of the staffs of the *New Yorker* and CBS News was the Ministry of Equality's way of demonstrating that it intended a true decapitation of the former society.

The Ministry of Communications makes certain that those Americans

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who have survived are completely cut off from one another. There is no long distance telephone service and no mail service at all except for the mailing of communications from the WFPA. In addition, in order to maintain peace and comradely relations within the Workers and Farmers Republic of America, all telephone calls are recorded. Assembly by more than four unrelated persons is illegal without prior permission from the Ministry of Friendship.

The Ministry of Environmental Protection has enforced the cutting down of almost the entire redwood forest of northern California and southern Oregon to be shipped to the Soviet Union as reparation for the provocations which the United States directed at the USSR prior to the establishment of the Workers and Farmers Republic of America. It has abolished all restrictions on water and air pollution in order to keep industrial production at a maximum to reimburse the comrades of the Soviet Union for their sacrifices during the period when the United States imposed an arms race upon the Soviet people.

In Washington, D.C., the Washington Monument has been demolished, as have the White House and the Capitol. Instead, in endless rows of hastily constructed, quonset hut-like buildings, the bureaucrats of the various ministries toil to bring the new order to America. In one such building, in the Agency for Statistical Estimation of the Feed Grains Division of the Ministry of Equality, Franklin Delano Paglin labors at a steel gray desk into the night adding up crop estimates for the states of Maryland, Virginia, and Delaware. Paglin, thirty-two, has not seen his parents since he was twenty years old, back in 1990, when he returned from a camping trip in West Virginia to find that his parents were gone from the house they had lived in for thirty years. There was a notice from the Neighborhood Committee for Peace and Justice telling him that they were being re-assigned to new roles in the society and had to be re-educated. Paglin was himself arrested and imprisoned for two months when he inquired about their whereabouts. His grandfather, who had been a famous journalist in the 1960s, had been executed after a lengthy show trial in which he sat in a dock along with people whom Frank Paglin barely remembered, such as John Chancellor and William Safire. Herbert Paglin and the others had been led to confess that in the guise of "freedom of expression" they had been trying to stir up war fever between the U.S. (as it was once called) and the USSR. They were all hanged on nationwide television in Eternal Peace Square, which was once the Ellipse, with spectators watching from the ruins of the Jefferson Memorial. Frank Paglin always believed that his father had also been shot, and that he himself had escaped being shot only because the neighborhood committee had already been purged twice before he got out of jail. In a display of bureaucratic incompetence which had become commonplace, Frank Paglin's file was lost. There was every chance that a different person was executed instead, to keep up the reputation for vigilance of the neighborhood committee.

Frank Paglin has become a member of the Workers and Farmers Party of America, as any young bureaucrat who wants to keep his job has done. Membership (awarded on a provisional basis) has allowed Frank Paglin to have thirty grams of real coffee per week instead of the chicory which is sold to the general population. Membership has also allowed Frank Paglin to see occasional movies in special Party theaters. Movies about sports and about the repressiveness of the previous regime are particularly favored. *Missing* and *Coming Home* are two favorites of the Ministry of Cultural Enrichment, whose general tasks are the suppression and destruction of all cultural artifacts made before the era of Red America except those which dared to portray the capitalist society for what it was.

Membership in the Party has also subjected Frank Paglin to the necessity for frequent sessions with his Party "analyst." This man, Paul Hyman, is not a medical doctor, but an interrogator, an employee of the Ministry of Friendship (WFPA Division). In twice-weekly sessions, Frank Paglin is obliged to tell his "analyst" everything he has seen or heard or even thought about which might touch upon the maintenance of the America that we now know as Red America. Frank Paglin is repeatedly obliged to denounce his co-workers, to recall the horrible days of capitalist America for the names of anti-Soviet, war-mongering revanchists who might have escaped detection, and to suggest ways and means of keeping even tighter control on the society through the tireless sacrifices of the Ministry of Friendship. These sessions have gotten down to a routine in which Paglin is careful always to denounce only those already arrested or, to his secret delight, those who are the most servile and fanatical followers of the WFPA.

Frank Paglin lives in a one-room apartment off DuPont Circle, as it was formerly called, now called "Just Revenge of the Workers Circle."

Frank Paglin recalls, but only barely, that his family once lived in an entire house, separated from other houses, in which a family had total privacy. Of course, that was a long time ago. Before the WFPA had explained that the grouping of insane family members in "private" (the word had come to be synonymous with "criminal") housing was a dreaded way of provoking the Soviet ally and stirring up revanchist fantasies.

Another twenty million are in the American Gulag, which stretches across America from the forests of Maine to the cotton fields of Mississippi and from the prairies of Oklahoma to the mosquito-infested, infernally desolate tundra of Central Alaska.

In his office, which is simply a cardboard walled cubicle, there are no windows. Ventilation is through a ceiling fan in the summer and winter. There is no air-conditioning in the summer. Air-conditioning was a way for the privileged exploiting classes to insulate themselves from the true condition of the workers. Since clothing is strictly rationed and there is no longer such a product as deodorant, the smell in the Division of Feed Grains, Statistical Estimation Agency, Section Five, is often nauseating.

Calculations are done with abacuses. Pocket calculators have been banned. The Ministry of Communication explained that their chips could be stolen and used for armaments by the revanchist elements that still operate in some areas of the nation. Although the diligent efforts of the Ministry of Friendship have reduced the threat to the peace from those organizations to almost nothing, there are still headlines in every morning's *People's Post* about the latest atrocities of the rebels, who operate under the leadership of the leading enemy of peace in the entire world, David Scull, whose leering, cruel face looks down on every hallway in Red America, above the legend: *The Enemy of Peace.* There is hushed debate about whether the army of David Scull even exists, but merely to question it is an offense against the peace and punishable by death. Frank Paglin does not discuss it. He does his work with his abacus, thinks about whether there really are bands of rebels trying to restore the old capitalist, anti-democratic society, and keeps his mouth shut.

Frank Paglin wants to live. He does not want ever to see the cellar rooms of the Ministry of Friendship. He does not want to be the featured player on a Ministry of Friendship televised trial. He wants to stay out of trouble and die in bed. If thoughts come into his mind about his mother and father, or about his brother, who was supposedly with the last United States Army group that was tracked down and annihilated outside Denver by the selfless allies of the Red Army in 1993, he shares them with no one. In his most secret thoughts, he knows that the new socialist, peace-loving society is cruel, vengeful, violent, and madly exploitative. He compares his life in 2002 with the life he remembers from his childhood, before the European crisis that led to the eternal treaty of peace and friendship which led directly into supposed mutual disarmament and the end of the arms race, which in turn led to Soviet Peace Monitors and their U.S. allies, which was the beginning of Red America, but he discusses it only with his "analyst" and then never speaks the truth. For Frank Paglin, the past does not exist. If he ever allowed it to exist outside his mind, he would have to act, and that would lead to the cellars of the Ministry of Friendship.

Work, keeping himself buttoned down, and never questioning the new order of things in Red America is the way of life for Franklin Delano Paglin and for everyone else who wants to stay alive and out of the dreaded camps of the Directorate of Voluntary Labor of the Ministry of Equality or of the Ministry of Environmental Protection.

The routine changes dramatically when Mary Margaret Cruz enters Frank Paglin's life. She is twenty years old, beautiful, her strong and alluring body kept only partially hidden under the baggy uniforms of the Ministry of Equality, Feed Grains Division, and Frank Paglin cannot control falling into a furious affair with her. They must keep their feelings hidden, since all romantic liaisons must be cleared in advance by the Ministry of Family Life, whose main function is gradually to eliminate all romantic feeling from the ordinary citizen's life so as better to focus attention on the needs of the Workers and Farmers Party of America to build a permanent structure of peace and socialism. An unsanctioned sexual connection by a Party member can be and is routinely punished by fifteen years of hard labor in the Directorate

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of Voluntary Labor, also known in whispers as the Gulag.

Through his adventure with Mary Margaret Cruz, Frank Paglin begins to learn about the real nature of the WFPA and how a free, prosperous, happy America came to be the vast prison known as Red America. Mary Cruz is the mistress of the Minister of Equality, Raymond Chow, and through his indiscretions, she has learned everything worth knowing about how America was turned over to the control of the Soviet Union with hardly a shot being fired beyond the incineration of New York City "as an example." Frank Paglin learns how men and women who had been thought to be leading citizens in the old America worked in a concerted group with high officials of the government, especially the Central Intelligence Agency and the State Department, to destroy America. He learns that revered men and women of the old society were in fact working for the Committee for State Security (KGB) for decades before the triumph of Red America.

But that is only the beginning of Frank Paglin's odyssey. His brother appears one night after gunfire in the capital, begging for help to escape back to David Scull's guerrillas in the Allegheny Mountains. When Paglin offers to help, he falls into the hands of the "Investigations Bureau" of the Ministry of Friendship and sees from the inside what happens to Americans who do not fall unquestioningly into the lockstep of Red America. Through another bureaucratic error, Paglin is shipped to a Gulag camp instead of being executed. From there, after a winter of torture such as he could never have imagined, he escapes, only to be recaptured and sent to the cellars of the Ministry of Friendship for re-education and appearance on television as an enemy of peace. In those ghastly cellars, he meets his mother, who has been a prisoner in the Gulag and in the cellars for twelve years, who has been a prostitute for criminals in the Alaskan Gulag, who has been raped, beaten, and drugged so often that she no longer knows her own son.

After another session of "re-education," Paglin is arraigned along with his lover Mary M. Cruz, who has avoided execution because of her connection with Raymond Chow, although she has been tortured and drugged. The Ministry of Friendship plans to put them both on trial as enemies of peace and renegades against the Ministry of Family Life.

In one of the daring acts of the guerrillas of David Scull, both Frank Paglin and Mary Cruz are rescued while being shipped to the television studio/courtroom. They are taken to the headquarters of David Scull, in New York City itself, an area which no one will enter because of the radiation. ("But we are already doomed," Scull explains, "so we hide here.")

There they decide to make a gesture against the horror of Red America by joining an assassination kamikaze force against Norman McClure, who played a key part in the conspiracy which led to the downfall of free America. McClure had used his leverage as a minister of one of America's most prestigious churches, the National Cathedral, to destroy America's ability to remain free and independent.

In the confrontation between Paglin and McClure, before the Friendship Police find them, we learn just what would have made McClure and his colleagues so hate the United States that they would conspire to turn it into a police state, and why the very most privileged persons in the formerly free society were often the easiest to convert to the struggle for a Red America.

Against all odds, Paglin kills McClure on national television and then disappears into the mountains for his final stand, along with Scull's army, against the forces of Red America. Mary Cruz dies, and Frank Paglin must fight on alone, knowing that he is dying of radiation sickness, that the struggle is hopeless, and that McClure has told him that his own father was one of the main leaders of the plot to bring about a Red America. □

Arch Puddington

THE REAL BULGARIA

. . . in which Turks vanish.

One of the ugliest—and most obscure—chapters in the history of Communist Eastern Europe is currently being played out in Bulgaria. In the name of a "unitary, socialist nation," the party leadership has undertaken nothing less than the cultural extermination of the country's largest national minority, the Turks, who make up roughly ten percent of Bulgaria's nine million people. Although several hundred Turks at minimum have died in this "Bulgarization" campaign, physical elimination is not the regime's goal.

Instead, in Bulgaria we are witnessing one of the purest examples of what black radicals in the United States once referred to as "cultural genocide." Although the term has grown out of favor in the U.S., and rightly so, cultural genocide is an accurate description of the Bulgarian authorities' intentions. Speaking Turkish, dressing in traditional Turkish clothing, practicing Turkish (or in some cases Moslem) customs, and most importantly, maintaining a Turkish name—all have been declared illegal, and the decrees are rigorously enforced, to the point where men have been murdered for refusing to have their names changed from Turkish to Bulgarian. The whole affair has been conducted with a crude, Stalinist competence reminiscent most recently of the Polish military's awe-inspiring efficiency during the imposition of martial law. As for the regime's explanations of policies which are, to say the least, uncharacteristic of Communist regimes in the era of Gorbachevian "liberalism," they can only be described as typical products of the tried-and-true Big Lie technique. As Interior Minister Dimitar Stoyanov announced: "There are no Turks in Bulgaria. The issue is closed."

If indeed the issue is closed it is largely due to the outside world's having done little beyond raising the occasional discreet eyebrow during the period when the worst atrocities were being committed. Here, the absence of sustained press attention has been crucial, a situation for which the media cannot entirely be blamed. The authorities have effectively sealed off those areas with large concentrations of ethnic Turks. Very occasionally, groups of Western reporters have been given brief, and carefully chaperoned, tours of villages where Bulgarization was implemented. Otherwise, the sources of information have been limited to diplomatic circles in Sofia or Washington, or to Bulgarian Turks who have fled abroad. Under such conditions, television coverage has been ruled out and the volume of newspaper attention unimpressive. In an excellent report on the persecution of the Bulgarian Turks, the human rights organization Helsinki Watch published a bibliography which listed nine articles from the American press for the year 1985, when most of the violence associated with the Bulgarization drive occurred.

The Turks' plight was further obscured by the lack of an internal democratic opposition of the kind which endures, with varying degrees of influence, in Poland, East Germany, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. In Poland, where the underground press gives detailed accounts of every act of official misconduct, the successful cover-up of state repression is practically impossible. Bulgaria, by contrast, has no tradition of underground or *samizdat* literature, something which is even more pronounced among the

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Turkish minority, which is made up largely of laborers and agricultural workers.

Thus the burden of defending the political and cultural rights of Bulgaria's Turkish minority has largely fallen to the government in Ankara. Yet Turkey's attempts at the United Nations and other forums to raise the question of Bulgaria's racial policies have met with minimal success. Turkey, unfortunately, has its own image problem in Europe and the United States, somewhat unjustified to be sure, but a reality nonetheless. Another presumed interested party, the Moslem world, has not ignored the unpleasant situation of Islamic Bulgarians. But Moslem countries have addressed the Bulgarian question with uncharacteristic politeness. There have been no harsh accusations, no tantrums at the U.N., no threats of retaliation. The few inquiries that have been made at the U.N. have been ignored by the Bulgarians, who refused to permit an Islamic Conference delegation to conduct a fact-finding mission. On this occasion, at least, the restraint of the Islamic countries is regrettable. Given the Soviet Union's keen interest in cultivating improved relations with Saudi Arabia and other Arab nations, a noisy protest directed at Sofia might conceivably convince an embarrassed Kremlin to take a more active interest in the internal policies of its smaller, and traditionally obedient, neighbor.

At the heart of the forced assimilation drive is the demand that traditional Turkish names be abandoned for Bulgarian ones. The universal adoption of Bulgarian names has been a party objective for some time. During the 1970s, Turks were pressured to accept Bulgarian names during the periodic issuance of internal identity cards. But few Turks took this option, and the amount of coercion was relatively mild, especially in light of what was to follow.

Beginning in January 1985, a new, much more determined, and often violent effort was launched to compel the Turks to adopt Bulgarian names. The campaign was planned in military fashion, with the secrecy and swiftness of execution which that implies. Halil Ibishev, an ethnic Turk who served ten years in Bulgaria's rubber stamp parliament, believes that the decision on forced assimilation was made by the Politburo several years before its implementation. Yet neither he nor other ethnic Turks within the party were aware of the leadership's plans until the Bulgarization offensive actually got under way.

The tactics of the campaign were relatively simple. Brigades of soldiers and police would arrive, unannounced, at a village or town. All points of entry and exit would be barricaded, and telephone links with the outside world severed. All Turks would then be assembled in the main square, where they would be informed of the new policies. There would be lists of Bulgarian names, and Turks would be given the opportunity to make their own selection. Those who refused usually would be assigned new names; Ibishev's name was changed from Halil Ahmedov Ibishev to Lubomir Alekseev Avdjiev. Those who resisted would be beaten or taken away to special prison camps; Turks who put up stronger opposition were sometimes shot. Amnesty International has placed the number killed at between 300 and 1,500. If even the lowest estimate is accurate, it would place Bulgarization among the bloodiest episodes in postwar Eastern Europe that did not involve foreign troops. The first three months of Bulgarization claimed more victims than did the 1953 uprising in East Germany, the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, or the imposition of martial law in Poland.

In Bulgaria we are witnessing one of the purest examples of what black radicals in the United States once referred to as "cultural genocide."

In case anyone was overlooked in the initial dragnet, the authorities had in reserve other, more bureaucratic methods to ensure compliance. Birth certificates would no longer be issued unless the child had a Bulgarian name, and marriages could not be registered if either party had failed to have its name Bulgarized. The state could also punish dissenters with economic sanctions: those who maintained a Turkish name could not be paid by state enterprises or receive a pension.

Among the more absurd consequences of the name change was its effect on family members who lived in different parts of the country. The authorities demanded that all names be Bulgarized: first, middle, and family. However, ethnic Turks living in different villages or regions were not allowed to communicate with one another. As a result, a family consisting of a father and three grown sons—all living in different villages—might be assigned four different family names. Moreover, according to Ibishev, the authorities extended the name change policy to the dead as well as the living by assigning new names to deceased relatives of ethnic Turks (and even to living relatives who had emigrated to Turkey).

The authorities also banned the speaking of Turkish in public, a rule enforced by the deployment of massive numbers of police in villages which had previously required a single constable to keep the peace. A *Chicago Tribune* reporter who was permitted to spend a few hours in an ethnic Turkish town one year after the climax of the Bulgarization offensive wrote of "grim faced men in leather jackets . . . spaced every few yards" whose "sole task was to listen for anyone speaking Turkish."

Another target was the ritual practice of circumcision. At the time the name change was prosecuted, the authorities conducted examinations of all male children of ethnic Turks to determine who had and had not been circumcised. From that time hence, circumcision was banned, and those children who had not been circumcised were reexamined every few months to ensure that the edict had been obeyed. Failure to comply could result in a fine or imprisonment for the child's father, for the person who carried out the circumcision, and for anyone who had helped to arrange the ritual. Typically, the whole disgraceful policy had to be given an ideological rationale. Thus an article, published in *Nova Svetlina* and entitled "Circumcision—Form of Spiritual and Physical Disunity of the People," proclaimed:

> The practice of circumcision is an anti-social and anti-state deed on the part of the parents and the person performing the circumcision. This is a hostile, anti-Bulgarian and anti-social act, whose perpetrators must be punished according to the full strictness of our country's laws. Marx and Engels, the founders of scientific atheism, pointed out that religious customs, rites and traditions are a "great bother and a force of inertia throughout history; however, it is a passive force and therefore must die." This applies with a special force to the barbarous Islamic rite of circumcision . . . [which] is a crucial unit in the arsenal of imperialism's ideological diversion, aimed at differentiating and disuniting our country's working people, and alienating a part of them from the Socialist Motherland.

As added insult to Bulgarian Moslems, the party periodically trots out leading Islamic clerics to acclaim government actions and denounce the critics, particularly those from abroad. While the conditions facing religious leaders in Communist societies are never easy, it nevertheless would appear that the hierarchy of Bulgarian Islam has been more than usually pliant in accepting the regime's policies. An attitude of cooperation might be understandable if it helped to advance the status of the religion. Instead, recent years have brought a steady deterioration of Islam in Bulgaria. Mosques have been closed, on the curious ground that they contained violations of the housing code, and religious schools have been shut down, leading to a serious shortage of imams. The Koran is not being published, and its importation is banned. Nor is the situation likely to improve. Among the steps taken as part of forced assimilation were the elimination of separate Turkish cemeteries, complete with the smashing of tombstones, and the prohibition of Moslem funeral rites.

The party has not only cited God's representatives as sanction for its policies, it has claimed the support of history as well. Since Bulgarization was launched, several "archaeological

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studies," based on a putative examination of human skulls unearthed in Turkish regions of the country, have concluded that the original inhabitants of these regions were not Ottoman Turks, but something called "proto-Bulgarians." This research is frequently cited by party spokesmen to bolster the argument that Turks never existed as a distinct ethnic group in Bulgaria, and that Bulgarization thus represents nothing more than a return to one's historical roots.

A key question is whether Bulgarization is a uniquely Communist phenomenon or a natural outgrowth of the fractionalized racial history of the Balkan peninsula. Those who prefer the latter explanation can point to countless instances of national and religious strife throughout Balkan history, especially in those areas once controlled by the Ottoman Empire. In 1876 Turkish irregular forces slaughtered thousands of Bulgarian peasants in reprisal for Bulgarian efforts to achieve independence. Today, the most persuasive justification for forced assimilation *within Bulgaria* is the argument that Bulgarians are only doing to the Turks what the Turks once did to Bulgarians.

In fact, however, relations between Bulgarians and ethnic Turks have been relatively free of tension since Bulgaria won its freedom from the Ottoman Empire in 1878. The Turkish minority fared much better during pre-Communist times, perhaps because the Turks, mostly land-hungry peasants, were not perceived as an economic threat by ethnic Bulgarians. Whatever the reason, the Turks were generally left alone by successive Bulgarian governments. Emigration to Turkey was not restricted; interestingly, emigration levels were not high until the Communist takeover. A further testimony to Bulgaria's tolerance was the country's eschewal of the strident anti-Semitism that marked other European countries in the interwar years, and its refusal to cooperate with German demands for delivery of Jews to the death camps.

But something changed with the coming of Communism. Initially, to be sure, the party went out of its way to win the support of the Turks through promises of autonomy and cultural liberties. The first problems arose over collectivization, not cultural rights. Collectivization was unpopular among the Turks, as among all peasant groups, and for a brief time in 1950 Bulgarian authorities were aggressively encouraging Turkish emigration (some accused Bulgaria of deporting them outright) in order to make land available for a massive collectivization project with which the government was enamored.

Over the years a number of the concessions made in the name of cultural distinctiveness—Turkish language newspapers, special schools—were gradually withdrawn. Yet it could not be said that the Turks suffered any more than the rest of the Bulgarian people; no one, after all, enjoyed cultural freedom in Communist Bulgaria.

There was, however, a distinct shift in attitude during the 1970s. An anti-Turkish bias could be detected in the official media, with Turkish cultural and religious practices disdained as archaic and reactionary. Gerrymandering was used to limit the political representation of the ethnic Turks in governmental bodies. A modest start was made in a program to resettle Turks in non-Turkish regions. Perhaps most ominously, statistical surveys began omitting tallies for the Turkish subgroup; the 1965 census was the last to list figures for Turks and other minority groups.

As Interior Minister Dimitar Stoyanov announced: "There are no Turks in Bulgaria. The issue is closed."

Yet right up until the final offensive against Turkish distinctiveness, Bulgaria's external propaganda continued to brag about the rights and freedoms enjoyed by its national minorities, the Turks most of all. Indeed, the regime's claims to racial fairness created some embarrassing moments once the assimilation drive got underway. For example, a Bulgarian report submitted to the United Nations Committee on the Elimination of Racial Discrimination just a few months before the name change campaign was launched made frequent reference to the cultural rights guaranteed minority nationalities, most prominently the Turks. Subsequently, the authorities submitted a hastily revised report—with all mention of the Turks expunged.

Whatever the role of Communism as an ideology in Bulgaria's anti-Turk policies, it is clear that the totalitarian structure of the state was essential to the successful prosecution of forced assimilation. It took but three months to impose Bulgarian names on all ethnic Turks, with scarcely a murmur of protest from outside the country's borders. The absence of competing political parties and, probably more important for a Muslim minority, a truly independent clergy, left the Turks without effective leadership, and the authorities made sure that no indigenous leaders would emerge by placing potential dissenters in preventive detention at the beginning of the assimilation drive. The state's monopoly on economic power rendered strikes or boycotts futile. Oddly enough, much of what was accomplished by force could have been achieved through bureaucratic methods, the state holding total control over jobs, pensions, travel, marriage, and other basic rights of the sort we take for granted. Indeed, perhaps the most telling evidence of the absence of the rule of law is the refusal of the party leaders to publish the various secret decrees on forced assimilation. Officially, it seems, nothing unusual has happened in Bulgaria.

This still leaves open the question of the motives for a policy that appears to clash sharply with the current drive of other Soviet bloc nations for acceptance as normal members of the international community. The most common theory stresses Bulgarian apprehensions over a Turkish-Moslem population bomb. Right now, population growth for ethnic Bulgarians is hovering near zero, a trend shared by European nationalities throughout the Communist world (Poland excepted). Through a strange combination of crash industrialization, urbanization, improved education, easy access to abortion, and an extreme shortage of decent housing, Soviet-style Communism has unwittingly fulfilled much of the agenda of the population control movement, and without the draconian controls imposed by the Chinese. But these dramatic changes have been largely limited to Europeans; in the Soviet Union, the various Asian nationalities continue to reproduce at relatively high levels. This is also the situation in Bulgaria, where the Turks and other Moslem groups enjoy markedly higher reproduction rates than ethnic Bulgarians.

The prospect of a shift in the population balance holds a number of implications for the party leadership, none of them pleasant. One possibility is an eventual Turkish demand for some form of national autonomy, say, a separate Turkish republic within a larger Bulgarian confederation. Another possible concern is a surge in Moslem fundamentalism. Yet here the Bulgarians appear to have been as successful as the Soviets in smothering nascent fervor for Islam, and there is no evidence that the country's Moslem inhabitants are vulnerable to the siren call of religious fanaticism.

There remains the question of Communist ideology. Although Lenin and other Bolshevik icons can be cited to support just about any position on the nationalities question, as a utopian theory Communism is generally hostile to national distinctiveness. More to the point, as a practical matter national differences complicate the task of political and social control.

Through the years, Communist regimes have used a variety of techniques to encourage the full assimilation of minority groups. Periods of repression have alternated with periods of tolerance. Under certain conditions, Communist regimes have demonstrated a breathtakingly cynical willingness to exploit national differences when it suited their purposes; the Soviets, for example, concocted an entire ethnic group, the Moldavians, to justify the seizure of territory from Romania after World War II.

Ultimately, Communists believed that national differences would inevitably evaporate, overwhelmed by the combined power of socialism, secularism, and industrialization. This of course has not happened, in Bulgaria or any other Communist society. Despite decades of pressure against their culture and religion, the Turks obstinately resisted full integration in Communist Bulgaria; even today, party officials acknowledge that many Turks cannot speak Bulgarian fluently. The party leadership may well have concluded that full assimilation would never be realized unless the prevailing policies of moderate coercion were replaced by outright terror. The short-term costs—a moderate degree of internal disorder and a few words of opprobrium from the free world—will have been more than offset if in a generation or so the very fact that a Turkish nationality ever existed will have slipped down the memory hole. One can even imagine that the Bulgarization drive was undertaken with a genuine sense of ideological mission—no previous Communist government, after all, has "solved" its nationality problem by simply decreeing the nonexistence of an entire people. □

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Rael Jean Isaac

THE NUCLEAR TEST BAN HOAX

Brought to you by the NRDC and its Soviet friends.

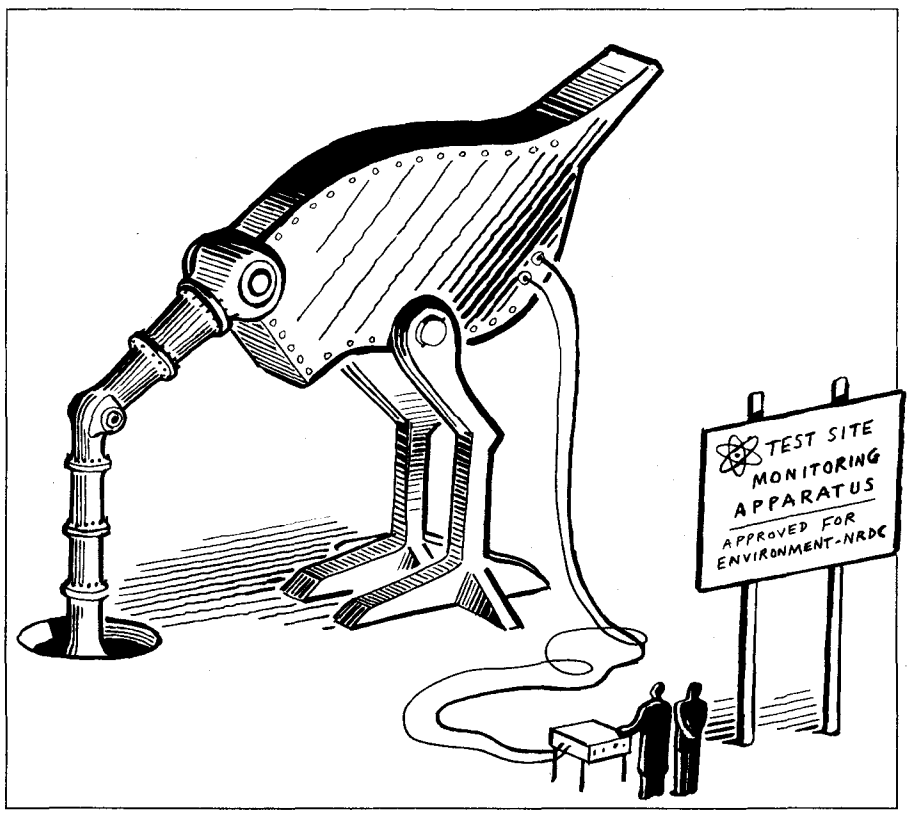
On May 28, 1986 the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC), the largest environmental "public interest" law firm in the U.S., entered into an agreement with the Soviet Academy of Sciences to monitor underground nuclear tests. According to the agreement, Soviet scientists would establish three monitoring stations, to be operated jointly by American and Soviet seismologists, within 100 miles of their chief nuclear weapons testing site at Semipalatinsk; the NRDC would set up similar stations near the Nevada test site. Adrian DeWind, chairman of the NRDC's board, called the agreement "the most significant citizens arms control initiative ever undertaken."

Newsweek hastened to trumpet the arrangement as a "private accord" between Soviet and American scientists. It was of course nothing of the kind. Rather it was the type of agreement the Soviet government finds increasingly attractive: a controlled contact with a private U.S. group (religious and peace groups have been prime targets) that presents an opportunity to appeal directly to the American public over the head of its government on behalf of a Soviet policy proposal. Participating Soviet seismologists made no bones about having been dragooned into the project. One of the American seismologists, Brian Tucker, reported that he was told by Igor Nersesov, who headed the Soviet team, that "he had no interest in this project whatsoever. He was ordered to do it."

Nor was the project, as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*'s Mary McGrory sarcastically claimed, an instance of the U.S. government permitting the "privatization" of even such a fundamental responsibility as arms control negotiations. The NRDC encouraged this kind of misrepresentation by blandly announcing that its private treaty with the Soviets proved that "private enterprise works." (The irony of the NRDC, which resists market solutions to any problems, passing off its arrangement with a Communist government in these terms was presumably lost on most readers.) But the NRDC was not acting, as its executive director John Adams claimed, as an "honest broker" between the U.S. and Soviet governments. Honest brokers are intermediaries, accepted by both sides, who bring parties together but do not deal on their own account. The NRDC, on the contrary, acting on its own initiative, set out to force the United States administration to accept a Soviet proposal which, it was fully aware, the Administration had already rejected as contrary to the security interests of this country.

The Soviet policy proposal which the NRDC sought to ram down the Administration's throat was a comprehensive nuclear test ban (CTB). The CTB had become the centerpiece of Gorbachev's foreign policy. At least in part, his desire to negotiate on a CTB seems to derive from the determination of the Soviet Union to stop the Strategic Defense Initiative.[1] Testing is crucial if SDI uses, as it may, a nuclear-powered x-ray laser; the effect of nuclear attack upon SDI defenses must also be tested. Despite Soviet propaganda efforts, and the accompanying chorus from U.S. peace organizations, polls show that 60-70 percent of the American public supports SDI. On the other hand, almost as large a number supports an end to all nuclear testing. From the Soviet standpoint, the CTB held out the promise of allowing Moscow to translate its opposition to SDI into terms a Western public could embrace.[2]

The Soviet campaign for a CTB started with Gorbachev's announcement of a unilateral Soviet ban on nuclear tests in August 1985, timed to coincide with the anniversary of the U.S. bombing of Hiroshima. The Soviet Union reaped a rich global propaganda harvest and repeatedly galvanized proponents in the U.S. by extending the moratorium for short periods. (Originally due to end on December 31, 1985, it was extended first for three months, then until "the



Rael Jean Isaac's most recent book (with Erich Isaac) is The Coercive Utopians *(Regnery Gateway).*

[1]It is interesting that Edward Teller, in 1963 testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, argued against the treaty banning atmospheric testing (which of course was ratified) on the grounds that banning such tests could fatally hamper development of a missile defense system by the U.S. Teller argued that the intensive Soviet series of tests in 1961 and 1962, when the Soviets broke out of a three-year moratorium, had given them observations crucial to planning an effective missile defense. It is ironic that the only arms control treaty to win universal approval (even outgoing Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, asked by the *New York Times* if any current treaties were good, replied, "The atmospheric test ban"), if Teller is right, should have postponed work on strategic defense—underground testing eventually proved sufficient for moving ahead with the program—to a period when Congress had become much less supportive of defense programs and a domestic network of "peace" organizations had become far more influential.

[2]Actually, although the Soviet Union and NRDC repeatedly refer to a comprehensive test *ban*, what is really at stake is a *moratorium* on testing. The U.S. has experience of such a moratorium. The Soviet Union used the period of the 1958-1961 "ban" to plan a huge series of tests. Thus when it broke the moratorium, it conducted over 40 tests in two months, including one over 50 megatons, the largest nuclear explosion in history. It took the United States a long time to put its testing program back together, with the result that then President Kennedy warned in 1962: "Some may urge us to try it [a moratorium] again, keeping our preparation to test in a constant state of readiness. But in actual practice, particularly in a society of free choice, we cannot keep topflight scientists concentrated on the preparation of an experiment which may or may not take place."

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first nuclear blast by the U.S.," then until August 1986, then until the end of the year.) But it failed to create massive public pressure on the Reagan Administration to follow suit. Traditional Soviet reluctance to permit verification produced skepticism, even among many who found the notion of a test ban appealing. Two treaties on nuclear testing, the Threshold Test Ban Treaty (limiting underground explosions to 150 kilotons) and the Peaceful Nuclear Explosions Treaty (permitting nonmilitary testing up to 1.5 megatons), both signed in the mid-1970s, still awaited ratification because of Soviet refusal to cooperate on verification.

For the Soviet Union the value of its agreement with the NRDC lay in defusing the verification issue. The NRDC enjoyed high prestige as an organization devoted to that highest of purposes, "the public interest." If the Soviets had installed on their territory the Institute for Policy Studies, the Center for Defense Information, or any of the plethora of admittedly radical groups, the move would readily have been seen as a propaganda ploy. But the motives of a respected environmental organization, dedicated to the survival of the eco-system, were beyond suspicion. So when the NRDC announced that its "in-country seismic monitoring stations demonstrate that verification is no longer an obstacle to a CTB," the Soviets were in a position to dismiss demands for verification of existing treaties that limited the yield of tests. They could now counter that they had proved themselves prepared to achieve the loftier purpose of eliminating tests altogether.

The Soviets further milked the NRDC's presence for propaganda purposes by shepherding a group of foreign journalists and a U.S. television crew through a rugged region 90 miles west of Semipalatinsk, close to where the NRDC's monitoring equipment had been set up. They were shown shafts tunneled into hillsides and told tests had once been made there. Since all they saw in the way of current activity, as one member of the group noted, was "a herd of mountain goats scrambling over the crumbled granite hilltop," *New York Times* correspondent Philip Taubman observed that the Russians' purpose in allowing journalists to visit the site seemed to be primarily "to encourage renewed coverage of the moratorium."

It was the type of agreement the Soviet government finds increasingly attractive: a controlled contact with a private U.S. group that presents an opportunity to appeal directly to the American public over the head of its government on behalf of a Soviet policy proposal.

Yet the NRDC's presence was purely symbolic. The Soviets made it clear from the outset that the stations might have to be closed down when tests were resumed, i.e., when there was anything to monitor. And indeed in February of this year, when the Soviets renewed testing, they disconnected the NRDC equipment.

The NRDC's reaction was revealing. As an "honest broker" it might have been expected to be indignant to find that its "monitoring agreement" was a sham, and to pack up and return home. But the NRDC merely expressed "disappointment" and announced that it was continuing its program of installing "state of the art" measuring devices that it was bringing to the Soviet Union. This again represented an advantage for the Soviets, who were eager to purchase the equipment, superior to what they already possessed, in order to monitor American tests. While the U.S. administration was reluctant to allow the technology transfer, neither was it eager to provide the NRDC (and its formidable media allies) with another issue on which to do battle. Moreover, the media, which focused so much attention on the NRDC-Soviet agreement while the Soviet moratorium was in effect, were virtually silent when it turned out to be meaningless.

If the Soviet stake in the monitoring agreement seems clear, how did Gorbachev come to pluck out this small organization to represent the United States in arms control negotiations? And how did the NRDC, more familiar to the public as an organization concerned with initials like DES, PCB, and EDB, with aerosol sprays, acid rain, and the height of smoke stacks, come to assume a role so at variance with its popular image?

The NRDC was created in 1970, one of many environmental organizations that sprang up in response to the newly discovered "environmental crisis." What was distinctive about the NRDC (and the Environmental Defense Fund founded the previous year[3]) was the view that the law and lawyers should play a central role in environmental action.

The Ford Foundation served as catalyst, bringing together young activist attorneys with people of established wealth. William Tucker, in his book *Progress and Privilege*, describes the worldview of these wealthy environmentalists under the rubric "the politics of aristocracy": sheltered from economic stress, they are unresponsive to the need for further growth of society's other classes. Indeed several of those who initiated the NRDC as attorneys and board members were involved in the struggle against Consolidated Edison's planned pumped storage plant at Storm King, in which the desires of an elite with large estates on the Hudson triumphed over the needs of city dwellers for electricity at peak periods.

While the individuals on the NRDC's board have of course changed over time, the kinds of people who are represented on it remain the same. Most numerous are attorneys, ranging from David Sive, whose firm pioneered in environmental lawsuits, to partners in traditional law firms. Journalists and publishers are well represented, both on the board (with people like John B. Oakes, formerly of the *New York Times*, and a member of the Ochs-Sulzberger clan) and in a special "publications advisory committee" which includes not only such predictable members as Adam Hochschild, who runs the radical-chic *Mother Jones*, Hamilton Fish of the *Nation*, and Robert Bernstein of Random House, but also Gilbert Grosvenor, president of the staid *National Geographic*. There are names once familiar on the political scene, like former Iowa senator (now practicing attorney) John Culver and former Occupational Safety and Health Administration head (now dean of the University of Cincinnati medical school) Eula Bingham. Then there are individuals of great inherited wealth, like Laurance Rockefeller (whose son, also Laurance, is a long-time attorney on the NRDC staff). There is even the requisite actor to give glamour to the board, in this case Robert Redford.

The moralistic zeal, careless of consequence, with which the NRDC approached environmental problems was to make it prone to accept the simplistic formulae of the peace movement a decade later. In the NRDC worldview, pollution (immoral) was to be outlawed (by the legislative process) and the ban would be enforced (by the courts). The culprit responsible for pollution, as well as for a host of threats resulting from the "chemical revolution," was the American corporation, seeking profits and expansion, regardless of environmental damage or hazard to public health.

The NRDC's method has been to use its strong connections in Congress to help write environmental laws mandating targets impossible to achieve, at least without closing down American industry. On the basis of these laws the NRDC then successfully sues the agency responsible for enforcement (usually the EPA, in which it too has allies, ready to leak information) in appellate courts. Judges, reading the laws the

[3]It is interesting that the two organizations, so similar at the start, should have diverged so much. Not only has EDF "stuck to its last," contenting itself with environmental issues, but it has become increasingly receptive to market approaches to dealing with pollution.

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NRDC helped draft, have agreed with its contention that neither costs nor even feasibility can be considered in the setting of standards.

Since the NRDC correctly sees availability of energy as the lifeblood of industrial expansion, it has sought to cut back on that availability. Its first suit, in 1970, was designed to provide the groundwork for prohibiting strip mining of coal (over half the coal used in the United States is obtained by strip mining). The NRDC claimed that the Tennessee Valley Authority's purchases of strip-mined coal for its power plants required an environmental impact statement, and that the "devastating effects" of strip mining should be calculated in the true cost of coal. Although it lost that suit, the NRDC went on to sue against all forms of energy development: to stop off-shore oil leasing, to stop coal leasing on federal lands, to stop hydroelectric projects, and, of course, to stop nuclear power plants. And while the NRDC pays the requisite verbal homage to "renewable energy," in fact the only alternative it has offered is "conservation."

From its inception the NRDC has acted as if any consideration of costs was beside the point. There is not a single economist on its 107-member staff, and it is genuinely taken aback when confronted with the reality that costs matter to those directly affected by its actions. When it brought suit to stop logging on private lands near Redwood National Park, the loggers, who stood to lose their jobs, reacted bitterly. In describing their reaction, the tone of the NRDC's *Newsline* was one of concerned surprise: "One might say that jobs are a preoccupation with them—a preoccupation which is difficult to fathom from within the relative security of deskbound, white collar society."

Once the NRDC turned its attention to defense issues, the same perspectives controlled its activities. Nuclear weapons were now "immoral" and to be "outlawed," scientific findings, however dubious, that served its purposes were endorsed, and the culprit became the Reagan Administration.

Although the NRDC now stresses that its concern with disarmament reaches back to its inception (one of its early actions was to oppose the Clinch River project on the grounds that the breeder could lead to nuclear weapons proliferation), it was not until Reagan's election that the NRDC transferred the full weight of its passionate moral wrath to nuclear weapons. In addition to the shock of that electoral victory and the emergence of disarmament as a glamour issue for the major foundations upon which the NRDC depends for funds, Adrian DeWind's appointment as chairman of the board in 1980 was also an important factor. DeWind, a former president of the New York City bar association and a prominent tax attorney, was primarily interested in foreign policy. A leader in the nuclear freeze movement in Connecticut, a member of Helsinki, Asia, and Americas watches, DeWind founded the New York Chapter of the Lawyers Alliance for Nuclear Arms Control (of which more shortly).

Under DeWind's leadership the NRDC began its Nuclear Weapons Databook project in 1981. The first volume, *U.S. Nuclear Forces and Capabilities*, which appeared in 1984, is a handbook providing information, much of it in tabular form, on the development, size, design, and performance of U.S. nuclear weapons and systems. The purpose of the project, according to the preface, was to show "just how 'nuclearized' the U.S. military establishment is." How far to the left the NRDC was prepared to go was apparent from its choice of William Arkin of the Institute for Policy Studies as co-author (with the NRDC's Thomas Cochran and Milton Hoenig, a physicist and, like Arkin, an NRDC consultant). The acknowledgments reveal that the entire anti-defense think tank network was involved, from IPS's Nuclear Weapons Research Project, which Arkin heads, to the Center for Defense Information and the Council on Economic Priorities.

Arkin achieved notoriety in December 1985 when he distributed to the press in Iceland, Puerto Rico, Bermuda, and Canada copies of what he admitted was a top-secret document: a 1975 U.S. contingency plan according to which, should nuclear war with the Soviet Union occur, nuclear depth charge bombs would be dispatched to these (and other) locations in order to destroy or deny access to Soviet nuclear submarines. Arkin published articles and gave interviews on the purloined document, even appearing on Canadian television to warn against nefarious U.S. designs. He thereby singlehandedly managed to strain relations between the U.S. and a series of its allies. The damage Arkin had done was the subject of a front page story in the *New York Times* in February 1985, and Secretary of State Shultz felt impelled to go to Iceland to try to repair the damage. Arkin's campaign, which was enthusiastically publicized in the Soviet press, seems to have been an attempt to renew difficulties in the Western alliance that had eased following installation of Pershing and cruise missiles in Europe beginning in late 1983.

Presumably to maintain "balance," the NRDC promised that a companion databook on Soviet nuclear weaponry would follow shortly. Two further volumes on the U.S. deterrent were published early in 1987, *U.S. Nuclear Warhead Production* and *U.S. Nuclear Warhead Facility Profiles*, again with Arkin as co-author, but so far the databook on the Soviet Union has not materialized. One reason may be that the NRDC has little to gain from a volume that would analyze the even more extensive Soviet nuclear production complex. It has already conceded "the much more limited availability of data on the Soviet nuclear weapon system" and in the introduction to its first databook sought to head off potential criticism by arguing that while "an appearance of imbalance" might persist even after the Soviet databook was published, this was irrelevant because the volumes were "not intended to be another document on the assessment of the U.S.-Soviet Military balance." Indeed not. They were to be a tool for U.S. citizen-activists to demonstrate against their government's nuclear deterrent.

How did Gorbachev come to pluck out this small organization to represent the United States in arms control negotiations?

The NRDC's second major involvement in peace movement politics was in the Nuclear Winter campaign. In 1983 the NRDC served as a co-sponsor of the World After Nuclear War Conference and launched its own "Nuclear Winter Project." In 1984 it issued a pamphlet, *Nuclear Winter: Silent Spring*, which set forth the theory: firing "just a fraction of the superpowers' nuclear arsenals" (the pamphlet suggested one-fifteenth might be sufficient) would inject enough smoke and dust into the atmosphere to plunge the Northern and part of the Southern hemisphere into months of freezing cold. "Summer would be transformed into winter, winter into an incredible freeze." The NRDC warned that not only would human civilization be destroyed, but Homo sapiens could become extinct. The NRDC found the Nuclear Winter apocalypse an appropriate means to rally support for "outlawing" nuclear weaponry.

The NRDC seems to have felt it could employ the same strategy to ban nuclear weapons that it used to achieve bans on pesticides: obtain a government "study" showing adverse health effects, and then use a variety of pressure tactics (e.g., congressional lobbying, public hysteria, and law suits). It demanded that the Department of Defense fundamentally reexamine its nuclear weapons policies in light of the new "scientific evidence" on a looming Nuclear Winter. And when the Pentagon balked, it successfully mobilized supporters in Congress to incorporate into the Defense Authorization Act for 1985 the requirement that such a study be prepared. The DOD duly issued its report in March 1985. The study pointed out the uncertainties of the data underlying Nuclear Winter. It further declared that the theory, even if accurate, had no implications for U.S. nuclear weapons policy. With or without Nuclear Winter, nuclear war

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would be catastrophic, and U.S. policies were designed to avoid it—through deterrence, weapons modernization, negotiated arms reductions, and the Strategic Defense Initiative.

The NRDC was not accustomed to opposite conclusions being drawn from the same set of data. For the NRDC there was no more question about the policy implications of Nuclear Winter than there was concerning the policy implications of a laboratory study showing that high doses of a chemical produced tumors in rats. It specified those implications in its pamphlet on Nuclear Winter: a comprehensive nuclear test ban, a cut of over 90 percent in nuclear arsenals, an end to SDI, and "citizen action." When the Pentagon failed to come up with the "proper" conclusions, the NRDC, unable to sue, came up with the next best solution—make them do it again. Joining with the disarmament lobby, it mobilized its congressional connections, and following two days of hearings by the Senate Armed Services Committee in October 1985, the Pentagon was ordered to produce another report by March 1986.

But by this time Nuclear Winter was unraveling and the NRDC's bullying backfired. When the thesis was first advanced, Petr Beckmann, whose newsletter *Access to Energy* specializes in puncturing the pretensions of politicized science, pointed out that after Mt. Tambora erupted in 1815 with a force 2,400 times what astronomer Carl Sagan declared sufficient to create Nuclear Winter, ejecting 25 cubic miles of debris into the atmosphere, the average global temperature dropped by less than one degree centigrade. While such common sense received no hearing, further computer modeling showed, as Russell Seitz pointed out in the *National Interest*, that a worst-case nuclear exchange would result in "patchy overcast cooling" for a period lasting "two to six weeks." Even scientists who were part of the disarmament movement were sufficiently embarrassed to speak openly. Thus MIT's George Rathjens, president of the Council for a Livable World, declared: "Nuclear Winter is the worst example of the misrepresentation of science to the public in my memory." The Pentagon's second report reflected these developments. It produced a mere five-page "update" in March 1986, pointing out that there was "an emerging consensus" that the effects would be "considerably less severe" than originally thought. And the report reiterated that regardless of the outcome of any technical studies "the most basic elements of our national policy remain unchanged."

Although the NRDC now stresses that its concern with disarmament reaches back to its inception, it was not until Reagan's election that the NRDC transferred the full weight of its moral wrath to nuclear weapons.

The NRDC did not give up. It withdrew its pamphlet on Nuclear Winter, which could bring ridicule on the scientists on its staff. Instead it distributed a newsletter entitled *Nuclear Winter*. It was not published by the NRDC, but by the Center on the Consequences of Nuclear War, whose offices are at the same address and on the same floor as the NRDC and whose executive director, S. Jacob Scherr, heads the NRDC's Nuclear Winter Project and co-directs its test ban "project" in the Soviet Union. While the newsletter sharply attacked the Pentagon's follow-up report, the grounds had shifted. Nuclear Winter was now defined as "Nuclear Winter in its broadest sense," as the newsletter argued that the Pentagon had failed to take into account the findings of a Royal Society of Canada study that "even without major climatic changes" there would be "major disruptions in world food supplies and distribution system." By the beginning of 1987 even the Center and its newsletter were gone, victims, according to Russell Seitz, of a credibility gap too big for the foundations that funded them.

In its Nuclear Winter pamphlet, the NRDC had called for a comprehensive test ban. But the groundwork for actually negotiating an agreement with the Soviet Union was laid by the NRDC's Adrian DeWind. In 1983 DeWind went with a delegation from LANAC, Lawyers Alliance for Nuclear Arms Control, whose New York chapter he had founded, to the Soviet Union. The group established a committee with what it described as "Soviet counterparts" to prepare joint position papers. The project was initiated by Oleg Sokolov of the Soviet embassy, who attended a LANAC meeting and suggested a delegation travel to the Soviet Union to engage in arms-reduction negotiations. That the Soviets should target LANAC in their quest for congenial private groups with which to make "people's treaties" is not surprising. Started in 1982 in Boston as a lawyer's version of the anti-nuclear Physicians for Social Responsibility (LANAC director Wayne Jacquith had worked for the latter), it was dedicated, as Jacquith informed an executive board meeting of the radical-left National Lawyers Guild in November 1982, to looking "beyond the freeze." Although at its peak then, Jacquith warned that the freeze could not retain long-term backing.

While the delegation included such predictable members as Harvard law professor and disarmament advocate Roger Fisher and Abram Chayes (who represented the Nicaraguan government against the U.S. before the International Court of Justice), DeWind was able to give the project greater credibility by including NRDC trustees John Culver and Shirley Hufstedler, a former U.S. Secretary of Education and Justice of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals.

As in the subsequent NRDC-Soviet monitoring pact, the agreement was presented as one between private citizens of the two countries. In the words of the jointly signed document: "We share a common desire to improve the process of nuclear arms control negotiations. We are private citizens and do not speak for our governments." (When members of the LANAC delegation visited the Pentagon, Douglas Feith, then Deputy Assistant Secretary for Negotiations Policy, pointed out to them the fallacy in this statement only to be told impatiently that of course they realized that the Soviet delegation spoke for the government. Feith says he was taken aback at this open acknowledgment that LANAC was premised on a falsehood.) The first joint Soviet-LANAC paper was an endorsement of a comprehensive test ban, "A Test Moratorium—A First Stage Toward a Nuclear Freeze and Reductions."

The immediate precipitant of the Soviet-NRDC agreement was yet another NRDC "study," once again co-written by Arkin, designed to undercut the U.S. nuclear deterrent. The NRDC study team had obtained an article by an official of Lawrence Livermore laboratories, which mistakenly had not been classified, providing a breakdown of the yield of all American nuclear tests from 1980-1984. On the strength of this the NRDC published a report in January 1986, "Unannounced U.S. Nuclear Tests," charging that the U.S., in addition to the 82 tests it had publicly announced during that period, had conducted 12-19 tests which it had not declared.

Although both the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* treated this revelation as a major story, in fact the U.S. was by treaty under no obligation to announce any of its underground tests. Policy on going public had varied between administrations, and in April 1982 the Reagan Administration decided not to announce some tests with very low yield, on the grounds, as a spokesman for the Department of Energy put it, that the Soviets might not detect such tests from seismic data and there was no need to hand our adversaries national security information for the price of a newspaper. Although nothing improper had been done, Arkin complained to newsmen: "Every aspect of every kooky idea in SDI is trumpeted. But they don't want people to think about the fact that they are also working on the next generation of nuclear weapons." In the Soviet Union, which until this year never announced its tests, Tass picked up the theme, noting approvingly that "NRDC staff member William Arkin" had attacked Washington for concealing underground tests from the public.

In its eagerness to hound the Administration for engaging in "secret" tests, the NRDC decided to set up its own seismic stations on private land near the Nevada test site. But realizing that this passion to expose U.S. tests might seem a little one-sided, the NRDC decided it would look better to ask the Soviets—with whom DeWind now had relations through LANAC—for permission to set up a similar station in the Soviet Union. The Soviets, looking for a way to step up pressure on the U.S. for their CTB campaign, jumped at the proposal. The Federation of American Scientists' Frank von Hippel, who had written the introduction to the NRDC's first Nuclear Weapons Databook, paved the way with a trip to Moscow. He returned there with representatives from the NRDC in May 1986 and within a day the agreement, ostensibly with a "private organization," the Sovi-

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et Academy of Sciences, was signed.

The Soviet Union's choice of the NRDC for its "citizen agreement" proved a master stroke. The NRDC, which in a recent survey of Washington environmental policy professionals was voted "the most influential" and "most effective" of organizations concerned with environmental management programs, was immediately made a promoter of a major Soviet policy initiative. And it helped assure that, as Ted Koppel put it to the Pentagon's Frank Gaffney on "Nightline," "from a propaganda point of view, the U.S. is getting its brains knocked in." In an interview published in *Pravda*, the NRDC's Thomas Cochran was quoted as saying that the agreement demonstrated that claims that the Soviet Union was unwilling to satisfy U.S. demands for verification were untrue. And when the United States refused to give Soviet scientists authorization to travel freely in the U.S. so as to select a "joint station" near the Nevada test site, Cochran announced: "American scientists have been granted more freedom to work in the USSR than Soviet scientists now have in the United States." (In fact the Administration had offered to let the Soviet scientists help to set up the stations, stipulating only that they also visit the Nevada test site to inspect the CORRTEX system of monitoring test yields, which the Administration saw as a key to solving verification problems associated with the Threshold Test Ban Treaty. The Soviet scientists refused.) In any event, for the Soviet Union, these joint stations would be of little practical interest, since seismic data are routinely published in the United States.

The NRDC vigorously defended the Soviet Union's record of compliance with existing treaties. Adrian DeWind wrote in a *New York Times* article that the U.S. focus on alleged violations of existing treaties was wholly unreasonable given "the unanimous findings of leading seismologists and other scientists, including the State Department's own advisers, that there is no evidence of Soviet cheating." Similarly Cochran insisted there was virtually no support among seismologists for the view that the Soviets had violated the Threshold Test Ban Treaty. (Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Frank Gaffney reports that the Pentagon remains convinced that the Soviets have repeatedly violated that treaty. Based on new seismological assessments, the CIA has revised downward its estimates of the extent of violations, with the largest test, earlier estimated at 300 kilotons, revised down to 250 kilotons.) In a published interview DeWind insisted that verification problems were being "successfully handled" by the Standing Consultative Commission set up in 1972 to monitor compliance with the SALT and ABM treaties, and that the American public has no "real knowledge" of its "fine work." (The second joint Soviet-LANAC paper, initially prepared by LANAC to allay American concerns about Soviet treaty compliance, focused on "strengthening and improving" that commission, which has been described by Secretary of Defense Weinberger as "a diplomatic carpet under which Soviet violations have been continuously swept, an Orwellian memory hole into which our concerns have been dumped like yesterday's trash.")

In Congress the NRDC's aura of legitimacy and its extensive ties to congressmen and their staffs gave the Soviet's CTB campaign a major boost.

The NRDC seems to have felt it could employ the same strategy to ban nuclear weapons that it used to achieve bans on pesticides.

Congressman Ed Markey of Massachusetts held up a sheet with faint white lines traced on smoke-blackened recording paper and announced dramatically that these came from one of three seismic stations the NRDC had established in the Soviet Union. And in the summer of 1986 the House duly passed an amendment to the defense appropriations bill mandating a one-year moratorium on nuclear tests over one kiloton. Markey's staff credited the NRDC project with persuading congressional "moderates" to support the amendment.

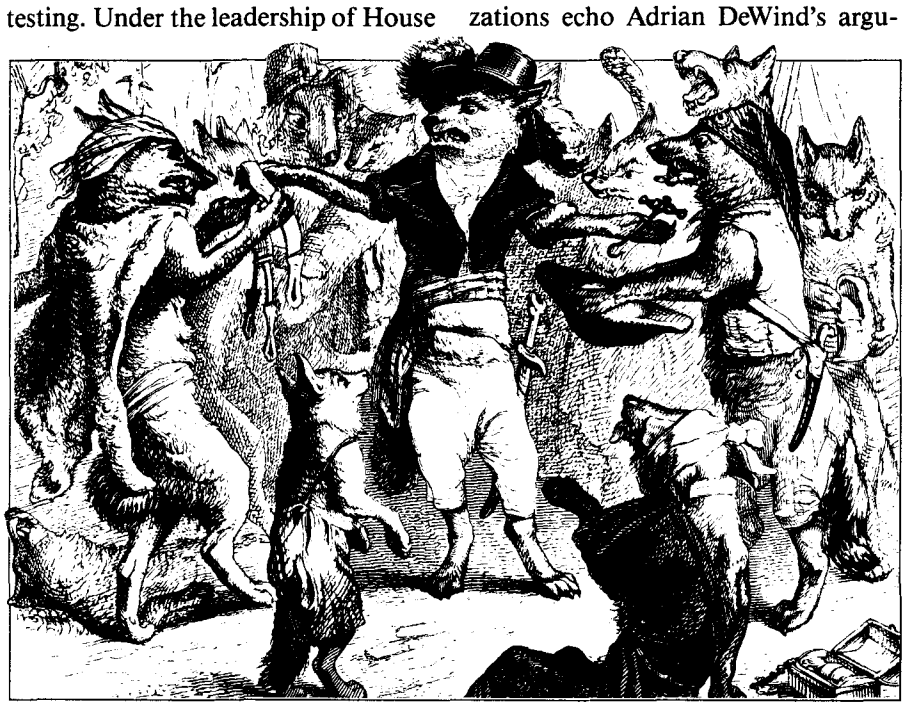
The amendment died when the Senate agreed to White House pleas not to tie the President's hands at the Reykjavik summit. But Congresswoman Pat Schroeder has announced that she will lead the fight to secure passage of a test moratorium in 1987, a fight that may prove easier to win now that both houses have Democratic majorities. That effort is not likely to be deterred by the Soviets' resumption of testing, for Gorbachev has not given up the campaign promising to reinstate the moratorium as soon as the U.S. agrees to stop testing.

The moratorium has become the chief target of the entire "peace" lobbying network. In part the network, like the Soviet government, sees a test ban as a way to stop SDI. Thus the NRDC's Robert Norris and Thomas Cochran, arguing for a CTB in an op-ed essay in the *Washington Post*, write that "U.S. weapon labs are working on various nuclear-driven directed-energy concepts for 'Star Wars' and other applications, and claim 500 to 1,000 tests may be needed to develop them."

The network also sees a CTB as a backdoor to the moribund freeze. The freeze peaked in May 1983 when the House of Representatives voted 278-149 for an amended freeze resolution. Ironically SDI, which the CTB campaign is designed to head off, had received much of its impetus from the success of the freeze movement. To the Administration it became clear that if public support for the policy of nuclear deterrence could not be maintained, an alternative defensive policy would have to be found. And SDI, with its promise of removing the nuclear sword of Damocles by other means, did indeed derail the freeze movement.

The NRDC, along with the rest of the freeze network, could not fail to see that in the CTB they had a more salable issue than the freeze. Unlike the freeze, which originated in a 1979 brainstorming session held by far left groups ranging from the American Friends Service Committee to the Institute for Policy Studies, a CTB had been the subject of negotiations by prior American administrations, most recently the Carter Administration. Moreover, for all its brilliance as a public relations device, at its heart the freeze was empty. For while Leonid Brezhnev might lend his rhetorical support, the Soviet Union had no intention of freezing all research, testing, development, and building of nuclear weapons. Following the pattern established in the freeze campaign, activists have begun to persuade city, county, and state governments to pass resolutions demanding a U.S. moratorium on testing. Under the leadership of House Speaker Irving Stolberg (who was one of 57 Americans named as members of the Soviets' premier front organization, the World Peace Council, for the 1980-83 term), the Connecticut legislature passed such a resolution on February 18 of this year.

In addition to its importance for advancing a major Soviet policy initiative, the NRDC-Soviet monitoring pact is significant in dramatizing the extent to which the environmental movement is becoming integrated into the anti-Western defense movement. As Congressman Ed Markey noted in his book *Nuclear Peril*, which called for a merger of the environmental and peace movements, the environmentalists' opposition to nuclear energy provides a bridge to cross over into opposing nuclear weapons production. More and more environmental organizations are crossing that bridge. Greenpeace, Environmental Action, and Friends of the Earth were among the first to do so. But recently even the "mainstream" organizations have moved across. By 1985 retiring Audubon Society President Russell Peterson could describe as his chief contributions making Audubon "more of an activist group" and making it "face up to global issues like overpopulation and nuclear war." And while there was division within the Sierra Club on whether to make prevention of nuclear war a priority issue—the compromise was to make it an "unfunded priority"—it seems only a matter of time before funding follows. The club has already produced an anthology on the CTB. And even the National Wildlife Federation, the Trust for Public Lands, and the Wilderness Society joined with the NRDC, Audubon, the Sierra Club, and others to sponsor the 1983 National Conference on "The World After Nuclear War." More and more environmental organizations echo Adrian DeWind's argu-



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ment: "If we don't control nuclear arms, why worry about the quality of the environment?"

In some regions of the country environmental organizations have spun off a whole network of "peace" groups. For example, Alston Chase, author of *Playing God in Yellowstone*, points out that the environmental coalition, the Northern Rockies Action Group, established or helped to establish Western Solidarity (a peace and disarmament organization), the Tri-State MX coalition, the Wyoming Nuclear Freeze Coalition, the Last Chance Peacemakers Coalition, and Montana Citizens to End the Arms Race.

The enthusiasm with which the foundations traditionally most supportive of environmentalism have moved into "peace" funding has encouraged environmental organizations to fall in line. George Weigel points out in the *Wilson Quarterly* that foundation funding in the area of "peace" studies and action rose from $16.5 million in 1982 to $52 million in 1984. The NRDC seems to have had no difficulty in raising the $2.4 million which the monitoring project is costing in the first year alone, although this means it has had to raise a third more than its normal annual budget on short notice. Major foundations, notably Ford, MacArthur, and Carnegie, have invested heavily in the NRDC's test ban project, along with smaller foundations traditionally supportive of left-wing organizations like the J. M. Kaplan Fund (whose president, Joan Davidson, is an "honorary trustee" of the NRDC), Ploughshares, Scherman, and the Tides Foundation.

In addition to their zeal, financial strength, numbers, expertise in the ways of Congress and the bureaucracy, and seal of legitimacy, environmentalists have been able to provide the peace movement with a powerful tool for obstructing U.S. defense efforts: the environmental impact statement (EIS). The NRDC has been particularly proficient in wielding the EIS to that end, seeking, for example to prevent the restarting and expansion of DOE's Savannah River Plant, which produces nuclear materials for weapons programs, and the renovation of the Feed Materials Production Center in Ohio, which enriches uranium. (The freeze movement considered cutting off production of fissionable materials as a way of indirectly stopping U.S. nuclear weapons production.) The NRDC sees the EIS as a weapon against SDI; it threatened the Energy Department with a lawsuit if it tested laser beam weapons without an environmental impact statement.

Alston Chase points out that for a long time the focus of the environmental movement was on what it opposed, for it lacked a vision of what is to replace the existing order. Environmentalists "rejected traditional science, but had not yet developed a new one. They rejected the old political ways, but lacked a new plan." Chase says that environmentalists have been moving toward a new faith with the emergence of so-called "Deep Ecology," according to which all things have equal rights to "self-realization." And although mainline environmental organizations continue to practice what the new philosophers of environmentalism dismiss as "Shallow Ecology," treating "symptoms" and not "causes," they were in fact influenced by the new philosophers of nature in turning toward a more radical global activism. From specific concerns with plant and wild life, air and water pollution, and toxic chemicals, environmental attention has shifted, as Chase notes, to become "riveted on the ecological effects of Armageddon," with solutions to environmental problems sought in ideology rather than biology. Chase points out the extent to which ideological environmentalism has been counterproductive at Yellowstone National Park, as the park's rich animal and plant life die, victim to the concept of preserving the "purity" of some abstract nonexistent eco-system.

A comprehensive test ban, should it be achieved, will almost certainly prove equally counterproductive for the NRDC's ostensible goal of sharply reducing nuclear arsenals. The Western alliance has chosen, for good or ill, to rely primarily on the nuclear deterrent for its defense. It thus becomes essential to maintain the credibility of that deterrent. Since testing uncovers normal deterioration in nuclear warheads, missiles, and their safety systems, a test ban lowers the confidence that can be placed in nuclear stockpiles. Robert Baltzell, the head of Lawrence Livermore laboratories, recently told a House Armed Services panel that the existing U.S. nuclear deterrent was not designed so as to enhance endurance in a no-test environment. But the less reliance each side can place upon its arsenal, the more it will feel compelled to make up in quantity for the loss in "quality." Ironically, as Dr. Richard Wagner, Jr., a former assistant to the Secretary of Defense for Atomic Energy, pointed out in 1986 hearings on nuclear testing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, safety systems would be the most severely compromised by a CTB.

The project was initiated by Oleg Sokolov of the Soviet embassy, who attended a LANAC meeting and suggested a delegation travel to the Soviet Union to engage in arms control negotiations.

The Administration has failed to respond effectively to the NRDC's challenge. Its initial reaction was uncertain and divided. The NRDC claims, apparently with good cause, to have received encouragement from State Department officials. By the time the Administration, spurred by the Defense Department, put its act together, the media had broadcast the NRDC's claim of State Department backing. As Congress, under the NRDC-fostered illusion that a "verification breakthrough" had been achieved, pressed for a moratorium on all testing, the Administration tried to contain the damage by granting concessions to the activists.

To be sure, the concessions were as cosmetic as the NRDC's monitoring agreement. The Administration sent the two unratified treaties on limiting the yield of nuclear tests to the Hill and asked for the Senate's "advice and consent" in two steps. The Senate would vote for ratification contingent on the U.S. and the Soviet Union coming to an agreement on verification. Once such an agreement had been reached, the treaties would be resubmitted to the Senate, and would come into force following a renewed Senate vote. From the Administration's standpoint this was a smart maneuver, since in effect it postponed ratification until the Soviets had accepted verification measures—which had been the Administration's position all along. To further assuage congressional desire for a total testing ban, the Administration promised that, once the two steps were completed, it would "immediately" negotiate with the Soviets for further testing limitations, although these were left vague.

But the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted for one-step ratification, also weakening the language on verification requirements. Should this resolution be approved on the Senate floor, it would open the way for a future President (since Reagan would presumably not sign a treaty lacking verification provisions) to sign these treaties in the absence of any provision for effective verification.[4] In the meantime, although at this writing hearings have not yet been scheduled for the Schroeder bill mandating a testing moratorium, the prospects are strong that it will pass the House again this year, and its chances in a Democratic Senate have of course improved. (President Reagan may hope that the prospect of a treaty with the Soviets on intermediate range missiles may serve as a sop to the congressional Cerberus for this session, much as the prospect of the Reykjavik summit held it off from pressing the testing moratorium issue further last year.)

By failing to make any effort to educate the public on what lies behind the NRDC's "public interest" facade, the Administration paves the way for further defeats. Administration policy in Central America has already fallen victim to a series of pro-Marxist groups that have been able to pass themselves off as "human rights" advocates. If the NRDC is allowed to maintain its mainstream liberal image, it may well succeed in simultaneously destroying the credibility of the American nuclear deterrent and ending SDI, if not during this Administration, then during the one that follows. The NRDC certainly has no intention of advocating a drastically stepped up conventional defense to counter the strong Soviet superiority in that area. As "conservation" is supposed to supply our future energy needs, so "trust" is presumably to provide an unlimited fund filling all our future defense needs. □

[4]The arms control lobby directs all its efforts to signing agreements, none to securing their enforcement by the Soviets. Even such a blatant violation of the ABM treaty as the great radar station at Krasnoyarsk is shrugged off by the lobby. At the same time that the lobby denies, obfuscates, or dismisses as insignificant Soviet violations, it demands that the U.S. scrupulously abide by the terms of treaties, rigorously interpreted (note the lobby's fury at President Reagan's interpretation of the ABM treaty as permitting deployment of SDI). Ultimately, of course, arms control agreements that bind us and require only Soviet lip service become untenable for any U.S. administration.

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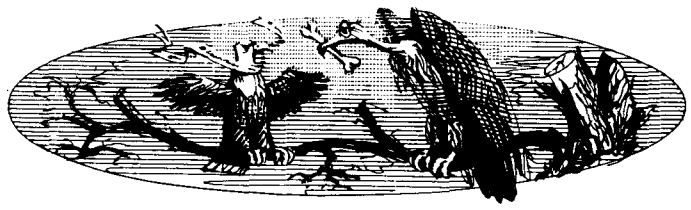

WASHINGTON RULES

by Fred Barnes

Last February, Donald T. Regan was run out of the White House in unimaginably ignominious fashion. His fall, engineered by First Lady Nancy Reagan, prompted lots of cheers and no weeping. There was simply no one to weep. In two years as President Reagan's White House chief of staff, Regan had developed no cadre of friends and allies in Washington. This was a negative achievement of the first rank, given that Regan had held so much power in a town that reveres power so much, and done so little with it. When the scandal hit, he had nothing to fall back on—no coterie of journalists ready to give him a sympathetic ear, no chums on Capitol Hill willing to defend him publicly, no network of officials in the Administration inclined to take his side.

Don't jump to the wrong conclusion. Regan's demise wasn't a fresh example of how Washington is cruel to conservatives. Nor is the replacement of Regan in the White House by former Senator Howard Baker proof that, as Richard Viguerie puts it, "the Washington establishment always wins." That's mindless cynicism, and it's wrong. The establishment doesn't always win. If it did, Reagan would never have made it to Washington in the first place and then been re-elected to a second term. But the Washington establishment, characterized by Viguerie as "the congressional/bureaucratic/special interest axis," does win more often than not.

The reason is not what you think. True, the establishment is powerful and doesn't like the conservative zealots that Reagan brought to town or their ideological agenda. So what? It doesn't like anyone who upsets the comfortable status quo in Washington, even liberal zealots. The establishment in 1933 wasn't too keen on the New Deal, but Franklin Roosevelt and his aides prevailed anyway. The FDR crowd proved that strong-willed outsiders with a substantive agenda actually have an advantage over the establishment, which prefers tinkering, compromise, and drift. Reagan has proved the same thing. But there's more to success in Washington than unyielding adherence to an agenda. You have to play by the rules. Don Regan didn't, and he got the boot, like so many other conservatives.

Nearly everyone, as a matter of survival, handles the rules of the Washington game better than do conservatives in the Reagan Administration. To many liberals and all pragmatists, this comes naturally. But conservatives, who tend to be holier-than-thou about their mission in Washington, often act as if they were too good to play by the rules.

Take Rule No. 1: build a base of supporters. Why should a conservative have to do that? Doesn't the Reagan agenda speak for itself and bring its own set of backers? Not automatically, and not personal backers. Regan thought all he needed to do was let Reagan be Reagan, and the rest would take care of itself. It didn't. As chief of staff, Regan was in a perfect position to recruit allies throughout the Administration. He refused. He also could have developed links to conservative activists in Washington. He declined invitations to do that. Regan operated on the faulty premise that his jury consisted of one person, Reagan. If this were so, he'd still be chief of staff. And James Watt would be Secretary of Interior. No President is going to save a single aide who has no visible defenders in a town full of bloodthirsty detractors. In fact, no President should. The political cost is too high.

For most appointees (though not for those at the White House), building a base also means reaching into the federal bureaucracy. According to an enduring conservative myth, this can't be done, since all the bureaucrats are big-government liberals. Not so. In *Policy Review* two years ago, William Kristol examined three conservatives—William Bennett at the National Endowment for the Humanities, James Miller at the Federal Trade Commission, and Tom Pauken at ACTION—who were successfully running federal agencies. The three agreed that plenty of career bureaucrats were willing to go along with new policies. Some career types even liked conservative policies. The three officials, Kristol said, were convinced that "neither the bureaucracy nor the media make Washington ungovernable for a conservative."

Rule No. 2 may be the hardest of all for conservatives: find some friends in the Washington press corps. I know, most reporters are liberals, you can't trust them, they are only out to dig up dirt and sensationalize, and so on. But having good relations with some journalists is indispensable. Take it from Patrick Buchanan, the former White House communications director and a harsh critic of the press. "You've got to build a clientele in the press of those who will be fair and honest and get your story out," he says. "You've got to do that to survive." When the Iran scandal descended on Regan, Buchanan says, he had no one "to get his side out." Instead, he cut off all contact with the press, "went into the rope-a-dope and that was it."

Another reason for dealing closely with reporters is that everyone else is. If you don't, you give your opponents an edge. When James Baker was chief of staff in Reagan's first term, I used to hear conservatives in the White House complain about how reporters put out the Baker line. Of course reporters did. Baker and his subordinates talked to them regularly and gave them information. Reporters largely reflect what their sources tell them. And they rarely attack their sources. Once trouble came in the flap over the Carter debate book that fell into Reaganite hands in 1980, reporters showed little passion for trying to implicate Baker. He had treated them well.

What reporters need is regular access and inside information. Providing this isn't so unpleasant. You don't have to hand over the plans for deploying Star Wars. But you do have to give reporters more than a defense of conservative policies. Washington journalists, no

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matter how liberal, relish information and details that aren't routinely handed out by press secretaries. They like to write about how a policy was cobbled together, the political calculations involved, who balked and who didn't, and so on. Given a steady diet of this stuff, reporters thrive. They become dependent on their source of information. And when their source gets in trouble, they can be counted on to give him a fair shake, if only because that serves the reporters' best interest.

Rule No. 3 goes against the grain of some conservatives: court Congress. Nobody in Washington is more self-important than your average member of Congress. Nobody is more fickle or more transparently interested in pursuing self-interest under the cloak of serving the national interest. Nobody is more bent on impeding or diluting or thwarting what Reagan Administration officials want to carry out. Still, the folks on Capitol Hill can kill you if you get on their wrong side. So wooing them makes sense. Ignoring them doesn't. Then they get the idea that you think they're unimportant. "You have to pay them their due," says Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's former White House political chief. "When you think you're a prima donna and they don't matter, you get in trouble."

That was precisely Regan's problem. He couldn't take the time to schmooze members of Congress, and they were painfully aware of the slight. The contrast with Jim Baker was striking. Baker, a very shrewd politician, devoted many hours to listening to senators and representatives. He returned their phone calls. He went to Capitol Hill to confer with them. Now, I doubt if Baker liked all the courting, but he did it. Regan didn't, except in the case of a few Republican leaders. Senator Bob Dole defended him on occasion. But in the crunch, when Nancy Reagan was after him and the press was breathing hard, Regan had no allies in Congress. When the press scoured Capitol Hill for comment on Regan, it was all critical. There was no one to take his side. If there had been, he might still be chief of staff.

Finally, there's Rule No. 4: be gregarious and inclusive. This was no easy feat for Regan. He had no interest in socializing. But neither do lots of other officials who make the rounds in the Washington political community and mingle with lobbyists, public policy hucksters, consultants, and fundraisers. Becoming a fixture on the Georgetown circuit is not the point. The idea is to convey the impression that you're not too big to cozy up to the permanent Washington crowd. "You have to go out and pull people in," says Nofziger. The best at this was Drew Lewis when he was Secretary of Transportation. Evening after evening, he got into his limo and went to fundraising receptions for senators and House members, sometimes five or six in a night. It had to be breathtakingly boring for him. Even the most lively fundraising event is a drag. But Lewis got what he was after, a high reputation with nearly everyone in Washington. Regan could have done the same. He chose not to, and he paid a high price.

The biggest complaint about the rules of Washington is that they are unnecessary, trivial, kid's stuff. True, true, true. Another complaint is that they're liberal rules. Maybe. But if conservative rules are the opposite—don't build a base, stonewall the press, snub Congress, and wall yourself off from the rest of Washington—they are amazingly destructive. Don Regan followed them, and look what it got him. Achieving conservative goals while following a few piddling liberal rules may sound silly, but politics is often silly. It's silly, after all, for presidential candidates to have to devote month after month of their lives to campaigning in Iowa. If they don't,

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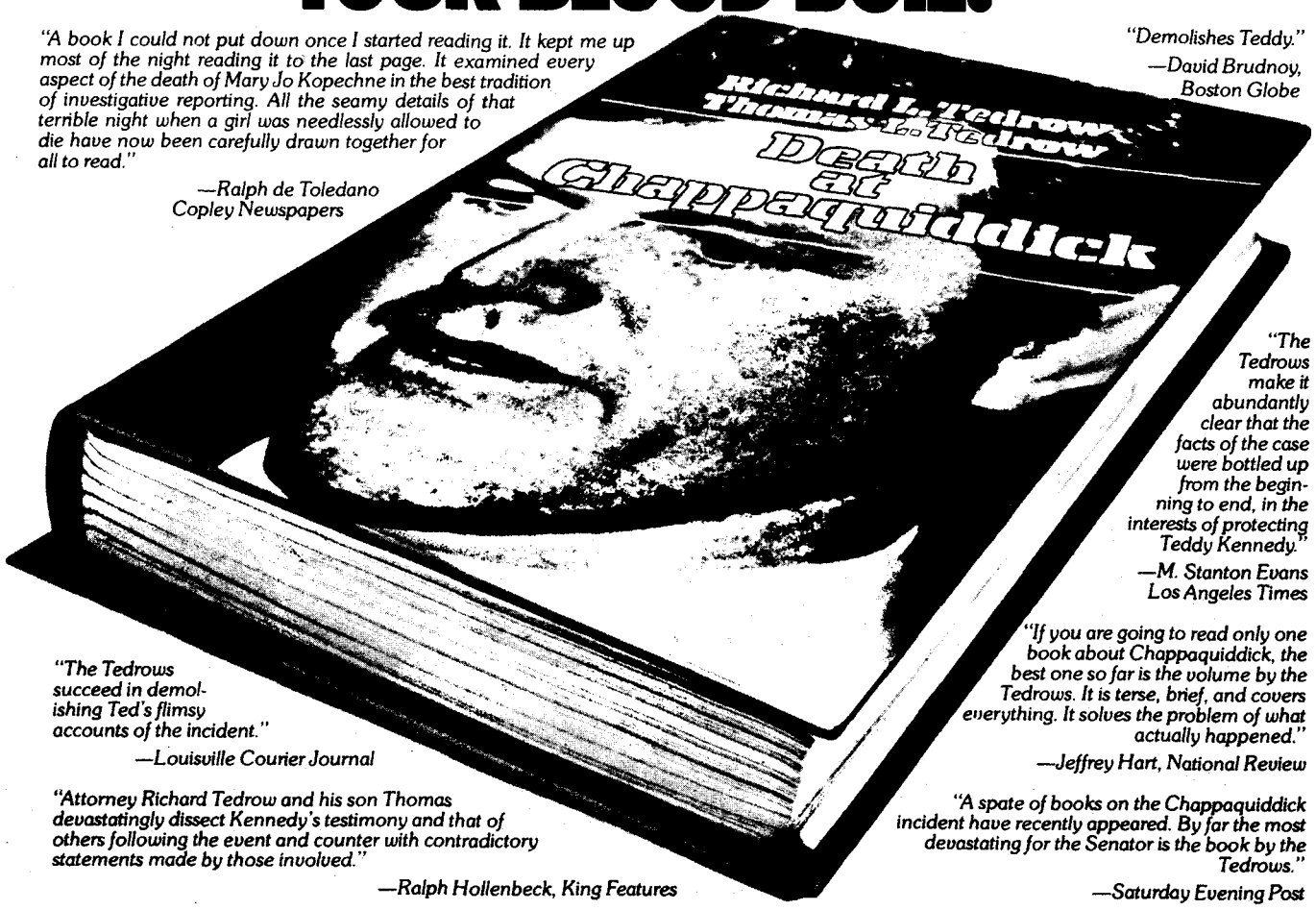

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however, they aren't likely to be any party's presidential nominee. Success in Washington requires some equally demeaning activity.

The most effective conservatives have long since learned this lesson. Who's the big surprise of Reagan's second term, the guy who came out of nowhere to wield real clout? It's Bill Bennett, the Secretary of Education. Bennett hasn't sacrificed his agenda by playing by the rules of Washington. He's broadened his influence and become a national voice for conservative solutions in education. In Bennett's early days as education secretary, he was described in the press as an ideological thug. Now, the press verdict is that Bennett has changed, that he really does favor improved education. In truth, he hasn't changed. The press has responded to Bennett's adept politicking. Bennett, a smart guy with a good issue, might have been effective in Washington anyway. Playing by the rules has made him all the more so. And in his case, unlike Regan's, the establishment lost. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

THE DEMOCRATS' DILEMMA

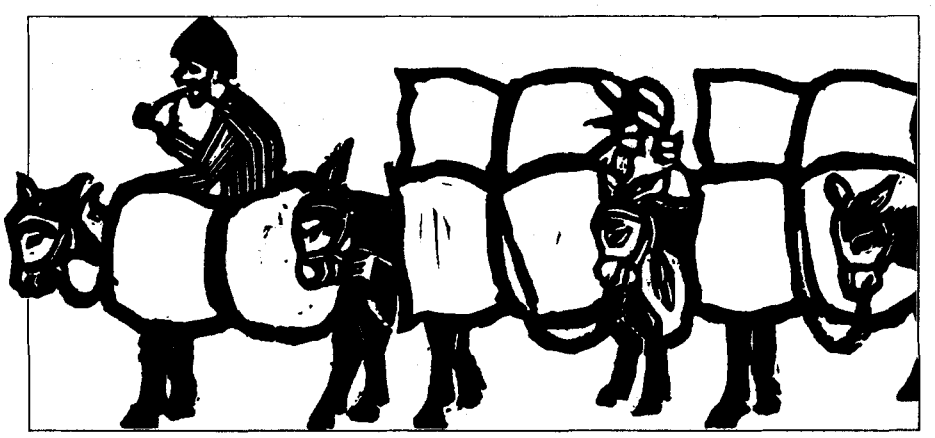
by Mark Falcoff

Ever since the humiliating defeat of Jimmy Carter in 1980, the Democrats—through their allies and surrogates in the media—have been announcing their rediscovery of "realism" in foreign policy. There was Walter Mondale's speech to the Coalition for a Democratic Majority in 1984, which at least in theory held out the possibility of a return to his party's internationalist traditions. The Democratic Leadership Council recently issued a report on foreign policy issues which the *New York Times* characterized as "a move toward the Center." And from time to time hardline statements can be heard from Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia or former Virginia Governor Charles Robb, both moving forces behind the DLC, as well as from Senators Daniel Patrick Moynihan or Bill Bradley. The recent revelation that the Reagan Administration was selling arms to Iran—apparently in exchange for hostages—elicited a reaction from Democrats which should properly have struck fear into the hearts of terrorists near and far. Now that the putative majority party has recaptured control of both houses of Congress, and arguably stands within striking distance of the White House, it is fair to ask whether there has been a serious shift in its mood on international issues. Would a Democratic administration in 1988 return to the kind of bipartisan foreign policy associated with Harry Truman or John F. Kennedy? Or will the Democrats persist in being—as they have been for a dozen years now—a species of Third World at prayer?

First, the good news: there *has* been a change, at least to the extent of recognizing that there is a problem. It is most apparent in rhetoric. With the exception of such obvious ideologues as Jesse Jackson or Donald McHenry (or, at times, Jimmy Carter himself), most Democrats no longer sound like watered-down Marxists. No more anti-Americanism; no more "history" (on whose side we weren't but presumptively ought to be); no more apologetics for Third World Marxist regimes—not even, now, for the Sandinistas. No future Democratic Secretary of State is likely to assert that the Soviet "leaders" share "the same hopes and aspirations for the future" as our own; no future U.N. envoy is likely to present himself—as Andrew Young once did—as a virtual ambassador-without-portfolio from the Third World Marxist states to Washington. At least as long as the outcome of any electoral contest is in doubt.

The bad news is that the Democrats have become more "centrist"—if that is indeed the term—out of prudence rather than genuine conviction. Theirs is a geographical, not political, position. A careful reading of Mondale's speech shows his internationalism to be so hedged in with qualifications as to be almost meaningless; the DLC report, it was learned shortly after its release to the press, was seriously challenged by another, quite different document drafted under the direction of Rep. Stephen Solarz; many of the same people who damned the Reagan Administration for bargaining with terrorists are themselves partisans of negotiations with just about everybody over just about everything. People who think that the Democrats have come home to patriotism need to read the *Congressional Record* for the first forty-eight hours after the liberation of Grenada by U.S. troops. And those who imagine that the party can now make hard choices need to resurrect and read the text of the candidates' forum at the 1984 New Hampshire primary, when all seven hopefuls were forced to conceptualize a response to a hypothetical Communist revolution in Mexico.

But the main problem with the Democrats' supposed centrism is not so much that it is cosmetic—although obviously to some degree it is—so much as that it simply isn't operational. To be in favor of all good things and against all bad is not a foreign policy, simply because the world outside the United States doesn't offer such easy, pleasant options. This explains why Democrats are constantly misrepresenting the external environment: not out of perversity, but because, truly, they have no other choice. Put another way, if you start with the idea that the United States should spend less and less of its Gross National Product on defense and more and more on education, welfare, the environment, and various bureaucratic boondoggles intended artificially to level social, class, and gender distinctions—in other words, if you want the United States to resemble more nearly Sweden or Holland, you have to look at the world as it appears to the Swedes and the Dutch.



Thus, the Soviets *have no choice* but to be serious about arms control; Castro is *naturally* in favor of resolving his differences with the United States; there *cannot* be a problem in Central America, or if there is, it can easily be resolved through "multilateral negotiations"; the Soviets have no interest in the Third World, and so forth. When—as must, unfortunately, occur from time to time—reality pokes its ugly head onto the scene, the Democrats either express tepid "disappointment" with our adversaries (never, please note, our enemies) or find a way to blame everything on the Reagan Administration.

This is a viable strategy, perhaps, for an exotic sect which never expects to exercise power, but hardly one which can serve the nation's putative (and perhaps actual) majority party. Take just two foreign policy issues which agitated the 99th Congress. For more than six years the Reagan Administration continued to observe the SALT II treaties negotiated by its predecessor—accords which even President Carter did not dare submit to a Senate controlled by his own party. This was partly due, one imagines, to inertia, and partly out of reluctance to face a bruising debate which would mobilize all of the "peace" constituencies that gave it so

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much trouble over El Salvador in 1981. When, however, in 1986 the State Department finally announced that it would no longer continue to observe the accords, what was it that struck terror into the hearts of Senate Democrats? Not that we were breaking our word (the treaties had never been ratified) or even that we might be destabilizing the U.S.-Soviet relationship—but rather, that Senator Dole or Senator Helms might actually bring the treaties up for a definitive vote! Some innocents might imagine that treaties worth observing are worth ratifying. But the Democrats knew perfectly well that an up-or-down vote would require the kind of examination which would, inevitably, have brought their deficiencies clearly to light. So better to shift the premises of the argument altogether: somehow not to observe a flawed treaty is worse than the fact that it is flawed in the first place, and to discuss the matter rationally then becomes a threat to world peace, arms control, and all other desiderata in the Democrats' Christmas stocking.

Then there was the little matter of Nicaragua. Readers will have to indulge your correspondent here, since he played an active role in the floor fight in the Senate which resulted in $100 million in aid being voted to the Nicaraguan resistance fighters. The Democratic case against such aid—which stretched out over three days and nights—can be stated somewhat telegraphically without seriously misrepresenting its content: The Sandinistas are bad—repressive, totalitarian, allied to the Soviet Union, Cuba, the Eastern Bloc, etc. But this is not the way to fight them—particularly since an easy solution is at hand, namely, the Contadora process. Once we sit down and negotiate seriously with the Sandinistas, their neighbors, and such honest brokers as Mexico (!), all good things will materialize and all bad things disappear: Nicaragua will redemocratize; the Sandinistas will disarm; they will constitute no threat to their neighbors or to us; milk and honey will flow. But by conniving with ex-National Guardsmen and other undesirable, criminal elements (the sole reference to the social base of the contra movement—as if more than 10,000 peasants and Miskito Indians did not exist)—by conniving, as I say, with such elements (who can never win, but who just might, which would be awful), we are making matters worse. Moreover, to oppose the Sandinistas in this way may lead to U.S. military intervention—indeed, it follows logically from President Reagan's definition of the threat—and that is everywhere and always the worst of all possible outcomes. (Those who imagine that this is an unfair caricature are invited to peruse the *Congressional Record—Senate*, for August 12, 13, and 14, 1986.)

A careful deconstruction of this rhetoric illustrates my point perfectly: the Democrats have no stomach for military intervention in Central America, even by proxy. Fair enough. But this alone does not provide the combination of moral superiority and papier-maché realism which the party's tactical rule book requires. Therefore all of the facts have to be rearranged. The contras somehow have to be made at least as bad, and probably worse, than the Sandinistas. The difficulties of negotiating with a Communist regime have to be glossed over as if the Nicaraguan state were something utterly different from what it is. The role of outside forces (the Soviet Union, Cuba, East Germany, Bulgaria, *e tutti quanti*) must be minimized almost to the point of invisibility. The importance (and the diplomatic, political, even military strength) of regional powers like Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, and Panama must be exaggerated out of all recognition. And all of this somehow has to be reconciled with a basic fact which can no longer be denied, even by the likes of Senator Howard Metzenbaum—namely, that the Sandinista state is Communist and, in spite of the convenience of both Democrats and Republicans, persists in acting as such.

Of course, the Democrats are absolutely right about one thing—that a straight-line extrapolation of today's policy of assistance to the contras, if unsuccessful, would lead either to full-scale military action by the United States, or a frank admission that domestic factors make it impossible to do anything about a new Soviet base two hours' flying time from our borders, not to mention the potential for the destabilization of an entire, virtually contiguous region. The former carries its own dangers; the latter would assuredly be a national humiliation, with repercussions near and far. But whose fault is that? Surely no nation can create its own set of easy options, just because it finds foreign policy an unpleasant diversion from more agreeable tasks at home. Particularly when it happens to be a great power, on whom the survival of liberal and democratic values throughout the world depends.

No wonder Democrats are so fascinated with South Africa: it provides the kind of foreign policy choices they prefer—or rather, the only kind they prefer, which is to say, none at all. To favor sanctions combines action and inaction in perfect balance: moral posturing (at apparently low cost or no cost) combined with a perverted kind of zero-sum reasoning (bad governments are inevitably and always replaced by better ones). When this proves not to be the case, the same intransigents and hardliners suddenly discover not merely the expediency, but also the moral superiority of "quiet diplomacy" and "constructive engagement" (as in the case of Angola and Mozambique). The problem is that the number of states like South Africa are dwindling in the world, and the number of regimes which are partly the product of Democratic mismanagement and failure of nerve—Iran and Nicaragua, to name just two—are growing. Soon there will be no place to hide, and ready or not, the Democrats will have to face the full consequences of policies which even now it is dangerous and risky for them to espouse and for the rest of us to endure. □

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What are the facts?

■ Israel is a democratic country—an open, pluralistic, and egalitarian society. Different religions, cultures, and social traditions co-exist. Protection of such diversity is embedded in Israeli's traditions and confirmed by the government. Seventeen per cent of the total population (700,000 people) are non-Jews, most of them Arabs, and some Druze. Like all other Israeli citizens, they have full rights to vote and to hold elective office. Both Arabs and Druze hold seats in the Knesset, the Israeli parliament. Every Knesset, since the founding of the state in 1948, has had Arab and Druze members. All transactions in the Knesset are simultaneously translated into Arabic, and Arab members may address the Knesset in their own language.

■ It is official policy of the Israeli government to foster the language, culture, and traditions of the Arab minority, in the educational system and in daily life. Arabic is an official language in Israel, together with Hebrew. Israel's Arabic press is the most vibrant and independent of any country in the region: there are more than 20 Arabic periodicals. They publish what they please, subject only to the same military censorship as Jewish publications. There are daily TV and radio programs in Arabic. Arabic is taught in Jewish secondary schools. Israeli universities are renowned centers of learning in the history and literature of the Arab Middle East.

■ Education and literacy of the Arab population in Israel is as high and probably higher than in any Arab country. The literacy rate among Israeli Arabs is 95%, virtually the same as for Israeli Jews. There are some 700 Arab educational institutions in Israel, with about 200,000 students—17 times as many as in 1948, when the State of Israel was created. 90% of Arab children attend school, probably the highest ratio of any Arab population anywhere. Israeli universities and technical institutions are freely available to the Arab population. About 3,000 Arab students attend such schools.

■ All religious communities in Israel enjoy the full protection of the State. Israeli Arabs—Moslems, as well as many Christian denominations—are free to exercise their faiths, to observe their own weekly day of rest and holidays, and to administer their own internal affairs. Each community has its own religious councils and courts, and has full jurisdiction over religious affairs, including matters of personal status, such as marriage and divorce. The holy sites of all religions are administered by their own authorities and protected by the government.

■ In contrast to the non-Israeli Arab world, Arab women in Israel enjoy the same status as men. Israeli law grants women equal rights, including the right to vote and to be elected to public office, prohibits polygamy and child marriage, and has thus vastly changed the status of women, to far above that of any country in the region. Israeli health standards are by far the highest in the Middle East. Israeli health institutions are freely open to all Arabs, on the same basis as they are to Jews.

■ There is, however one difference between the "rights" of Arabs and Jews in Israel. Israeli and Druze men are required to do three years of military service (women do 18 months) and then serve one month every year until they are 50. Arabs are exempted from military duty and are not required to perform any compensating civilian service. Since the surrounding Arab states, with the recent exception of Egypt, are the avowed enemies of Israel and are dedicated to its destruction, this exemption is granted by the Israeli Government to its Arab citizens, so as to spare them conflicts of loyalty and conscience.

Contrary to propaganda and to what many believe, the Arabs in Israel are full-fledged citizens, enjoy every civil right, and have the same status in law as Jewish Israelis. In summary, they enjoy the highest standards of living and liberty of any Arabs in the Middle East. It is instructive and sobering to compare the condition of the approximately 700,000 Arabs in Israel with that of the pitiful remnants of Jewry in Arab countries. Jews have been living in Arab countries for almost 2000 years. Under Arab dominance, they were always third-class citizens and subject to harassment and to persecution. They were about 900,000 Jews in Arab countries in 1948—now there are fewer than 25,000. But there are now 700,000 Arabs in Israel, as against 150,000 in 1948—a more than four-fold increase. These figures alone would seem to prove that things can't be all that bad for Arabs in Israel.

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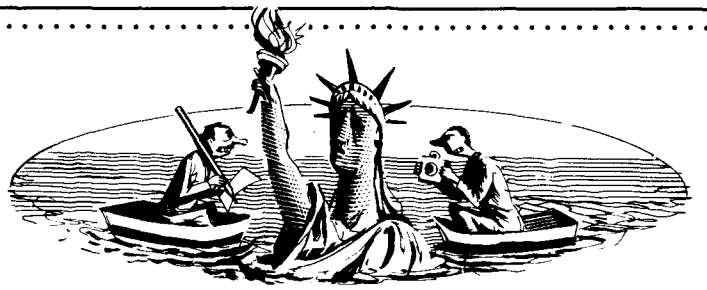

THE SHAME OF IT

by Michael Ledeen

Let us start with a quiet item, buried on page 12 of *U.S. News & World Report* in its March 9 edition:

White House officials aren't the only ones who goofed in the Mideast. Pulitzer Prize winner Seymour Hersh apologized to former National Security Council aide Howard Teicher for mistakenly saying he knew profits from Iran arms sales went to the Contras. Hersh also reported U.S. intelligence placed Libyan leader Qadhafi in his office hours before last year's air raid, but records show bombing orders were given 10 days earlier, when nobody knew where Qadhafi would be.

It's rare when a journalist apologizes—indeed, when *anyone* apologizes—so we should applaud Seymour Hersh for his forthrightness. But we should ask the editors of the *New York Times Magazine*, where Hersh's long article on the American bombing raid against Libya originally appeared on February 22, why this information was not checked before going to press. The question becomes more pertinent in light of the last sentence from the *U.S. News* report, since it blows away the central thesis of Hersh's story. Hersh had claimed that the raid was secretly designed to assassinate Qaddafi, and not simply to "teach the Libyans a lesson." He had written that the ubiquitous Lt. Col. Oliver North had received information from Israeli intelligence that enabled the United States to know precisely where Qaddafi would be at the time of the raid, and hence to plan his murder.

I have spoken to many of the people involved in planning the Libyan raid, and, like *U.S. News*, am convinced that Hersh was wrong. Indeed, it is hard to imagine such an experienced journalist as Hersh failing to know that the story was wrong, for a variety of reasons. First of all, Qaddafi's personal habits are highly unpredictable. He shifts his location constantly, moving between various offices and tents, many of them far away from urban centers. Fearful of assassination from his domestic opponents and other African leaders, he tries to keep his behavior as irregular as possible, thus making it difficult to stage any planned attack against him. American officials—like American journalists and all students of the Libyan dictator—were aware of this idiosyncrasy, and hence none of the Americans planning the raid could possibly predict Qaddafi's location with any great assurance.

What about the Israeli connection? To begin with, there is no evidence to suggest that Israel pays great attention to Libya. In case you hadn't noticed, despite his vociferous rhetorical attacks against Israel, Qaddafi has not launched any actual attacks against the Jewish state. The Israelis have all they can do to watch their real, active opponents, from Syria to the PLO. Indeed, the Middle East intelligence experts with whom I spoke on this matter unanimously argued that Israel finds the existence of Qaddafi to be useful: Libya frightens the United States and Western Europe, sponsors terrorism, yet leaves Israel alone.

Finally, the White House has publicly stated that "no tears would have been shed" had one of the bombs fallen on Qaddafi's head (or tail), but that there was no deliberate intention to kill him. That checks out: according to one of the people who actually participated in the selection of targets, the probability of doing physical damage to Qaddafi himself was assessed as no more than 20 percent.

So why was Mr. Hersh's article the cover story of the *New York Times Magazine*? Why were these claims not checked more carefully? These are not mere academic questions, for a story of this sort provides people like Qaddafi—and those who share his murderous view of the world—with a ready-made justification for further attacks against Americans . . . and Israelis. Thus, the Hersh story—wrong in its essential claims—joins the several articles by Bob Woodward of the *Washington Post* (who, it will be remembered, argued in his famous "disinformation" articles that American efforts to deceive Qaddafi actually provoked Libyan terrorist attacks against Americans last year) in providing a rationale for Libyan terrorism. Shame.

It should not be forgotten that the pen is often the ally of the sword, and those who wield writing instruments should ponder the effects of their words. This holds for accurate accounts as well as for inaccurate ones, and should have been pondered by the authors of the Tower Commission Report on the Iran/contra matter. I believe this document to be unique in world history, for never before has a sitting government revealed so much sensitive information about its own operations.

Remember that the commission was supposed to study the functioning of the National Security Council, and report to the President about its findings. This task was fulfilled, and fulfilled quite well. The commission concluded that the system is a good one, but that the individuals charged with its operation failed on several occasions. Fair enough; it's hard to find a person over the age of ten who would disagree with that (and the commission members and staffers should be commended for resisting the political temptation to "restructure" the national security system). But why on earth did they find it necessary to publish so much sensitive information? Was it really necessary to name so many of the secret contacts developed by the CIA and by the various intermediaries in this affair? What purpose does that serve, other than to place many of these people at risk? And, to repeat a theme that has been stated many times before in this space, how can we expect peo-

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ple all over the world to take risks on our behalf if we are going to publish their names whenever the political atmosphere in Washington makes that attractive? Shame.

Studying the Press

All aficionados of the media should race out and read *Impact: How the Press Affects Federal Policymaking*, by Martin Linsky of Harvard.[1] The conclusions of six detailed case studies will not shock the readers of *The American Spectator*, but the wealth of detail, the careful analysis, and the good common sense of this book make it required reading for all of us. "The roles of reporters and officials increasingly seem inextricably intertwined," Linsky writes, and he is certainly right. I had always believed that this generalization applied across the political spectrum, and that liberals and conservatives alike had realized that effective policymaking requires an active collaboration between governmental officials and journalists. But Linsky found that conservatives are far less likely to "leak" than their liberal counterparts: "Liberals and members of Congress were much more likely to have initiated over 50 percent of the stories about themselves than were moderates, conservatives, or persons who served only in the executive branch."

[1]W. W. Norton, $19.95.

On reflection, we should have expected this finding, for conservatives have always been uncomfortable with the tools of mass politics, while liberals feel more at home in the rough-and-tumble atmosphere that characterizes our current politics. Those conservatives who have learned to work closely with the media are, of course, those who have to run for re-election, rather than those who are appointed to office in the executive branch. The "leak" is an integral part of life with the media, and those who depend upon the media for survival feed the journalists their daily bread.

This, in turn, points to the basic fact of the media in modern politics: the Fourth Estate is an integral part of government, and operates just as the other branches do—advancing policies, attacking opponents, shaping perceptions. If that is so, then shouldn't the media be subject to the same standards of accountability as the rest of the government? The problem is that those members of the other Three Estates who depend upon the journalists for their own careers are unlikely to call the Fourth Estate to account, in part because they fear the media's reaction, and in part because they themselves might be hoist by the same petard. To take the most common example of legislation passed in order to advance the interests of the media (and the Congress) at the expense of the executive branch: the Freedom of Information Act applies *only* to the executive, not to the Congress, and assuredly not to the media. Yet if we are to strive for greater openness in American society, surely that openness should apply to Congress and the press as well as to the executive branch. That has not happened; indeed, things have gotten worse. When I was in high school and college, it was quite simple to get into the morgue of any of the leading newspapers. I found that the journalists were delighted to find a young person interested enough in their trade to come in and go through the press clippings in those fascinating metal drawers that filled the morgue. Today it is virtually impossible to get in (and not just because everything is electronic nowadays); newspapers protect their secrets as jealously as any other branch of government. Shame.

Brilliant Thoughts on Socialism

In *Forbes*, February 23, we find a useful article by James Cook, entitled "There Are No Garage Sales Here," on efforts to reform the Soviet-bloc economic systems. Cook sees clearly that the socialist systems are falling apart, and

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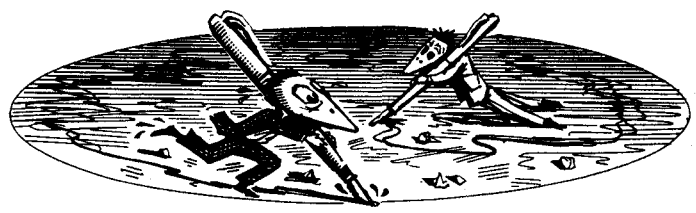
that Gorbachev's call for change is a response to a failure so manifest that even the Kremlin must now admit it. But Cook slides into one of the more blatant contradictions I can remember. Just consider these two consecutive paragraphs from what is basically a sound piece of analysis:

> Say this for socialism: By equalizing everyone's standard of living, it eases the problem of envy. Any effort to improve productivity by paying some people more than others increases economic inequality and encourages envy. That's the basic socialist dilemma. . . . If you pay people according to productivity, you breed envy and economic inequalities. If you fail to, you don't get economic inequality, but you don't get much productivity, either.
>
> Since it is almost impossible to maintain a bearable standard of living by honest means, corruption flourishes on a scale that few democratic societies would tolerate. Poland is turning into a nation of hustlers and chiselers, a society split between those who have and who have not . . .

In other words, there is no such thing as "equalizing everyone's standard of living," and hence the "basic socialist dilemma" does not exist in the real world. In the socialist bloc there are enormous inequalities. There is even a special word for those who *have*: the *Nomenklatura*. So what is this dilemma that Cook writes about? It is a dilemma spawned by a romantic attachment to the *concept* of socialism, rather than anything that grows out of life as it is actually lived. Cook remains trapped in his confusion to the very last paragraph: "In short, every step toward efficiency and productivity is a step away from socialism and thus bitterly resisted." He should have added, "by those who are in the *Nomenklatura*." Those who are down among the great unwashed will celebrate the end of "socialism."

What we want from our journalists is a description and analysis of the real world. Deep thoughts should be left to the philosophers and the occasional politician. □

AMONG THE CONSTITUTIONALOIDS



PARTY POOPERS

by Terry Eastland

As the Constitution nears its 200th birthday, it is receiving the expected encomia from columnists, lawyers, judges, and others. One cannot help but notice, however, that many of those lavishing praise upon our founding charter are at the same time implying if not explicitly stating their belief that in key parts (if not the whole) it lacks intrinsic meaning. Some chalk this lack of meaning up to the Framers, saying they meant to be vague. Others are skeptical, even agnostic, denying the possibility of knowing the meaning of a 200-year-old document. Whatever the reason, these "friends" of the Constitution nonetheless all share a healthy belief in the ability of judges to give the Constitution meaning. For many, it seems, there is no Constitution, only constitutional law.

This is hardly an appropriate way to observe the Constitution's bicentennial. But that is not the deepest problem. The fact is that this understanding of the Constitution is not the correct way to think about our basic law in general, or the role of judges under it, in particular. Yet all too often this is the way the Constitution is being "celebrated" in this special year.

The *New York Times* kicked off its commemoration with an article in January by a law professor who, in describing a position he apparently agrees with, said that the Constitution has "many ambiguous and open-ended phrases." The *Times*'s professor went on to write that these vague phrases should be "put to the service of evolving contemporary values"—no doubt by judges.

In February, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* offered its readers the views of a lawyer who also doubles as a professor. He said that the "real" Constitution isn't the one framed and ratified by the people. No, the "real" Constitution is found in the "endless task of constituting its meaning in the crucible of the impassioned claims of citizens, the forceful arguments of lawyers and, above all, the principled decisions of judges."

These newspaper essays are far different from the ones written two centuries ago by "Publius" which still today are regarded as the classic exposition and defense of the Constitution. The authors of the *Federalist Papers* did not talk about some amorphous document, and by no means did they ever argue that the "real Constitution" would be found in endless litigation in which judges have the final—actually, the endless—say.

Such views of the Constitution as one now finds routinely expressed in large, respectable newspapers may astound the layman who thinks that the Constitution as written actually intended to say something that can still guide us today. But these views command a substantial if not majority following among those whose professional lives are devoted to thinking, writing, and arguing about law. A little-known industry is booming in the nation's law schools, as professors busily engage in what one writer has approvingly called "the meaning-giving enterprise." The meaning that the Constitution putatively lacks is being manufactured outside the text, from such abstract materials as "deeply embedded cultural values," "moral evolution," and "human dignity." Judges also employ themselves in this industry, although they seldom are as candid about their work as the law professors. Bottom lines tell the story, and the bottom line of this industry is that the people's Constitution must be made to yield to that of the judges.

This notion of the meaningless-Constitution-made-meaningful-by-judges is not a new one. Its development precedes the current era and indeed can be traced to the turn of the century, to the writings of Woodrow Wilson.

Wilson was one of the first public men of consequence to depart from the traditional view of the Constitution as a document of fixed, objective meaning—meaning supplied by those who had framed and ratified it. As Christopher Wolfe has pointed out in his recent

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book, *The Rise of Modern Judicial Review*, Wilson instead saw the Constitution "as a collection of broad and rather vague principles that require judicial specification."

Wilson arrived at this view of the Constitution largely as a result of ideology. Like so many of his age, Wilson believed in progress. For him, the Constitution, to secure progress, could not be understood according to its original terms; it could not be comprehended, that is, in its historical particularity. Rather, it had to be comprehended generally, and the level of generality depended on the degree of judicial specification necessary to secure the sort of "progress" deemed appropriate.

Ideas have had their consequences, and since Wilson's time many provisions of the Constitution—such as the due process clause, the equal protection clause, and the free speech clause—have come to be regarded as "great" and "majestic" generalities that judges, influenced by various modern ideologies, must turn into something specific. Consider, for example, the free speech clause. Inquiry into its original meaning requires consideration of the text itself as well as its relevant history, specifically the English common law tradition that prohibited prior restraints on speech yet permitted subsequent punishment. But in the first decades of this century civil libertarians sought to understand the clause, not according to text and history, but in a way general enough to accommodate a libertarian view of free speech (which, incidentally, they claim to find in the 14th Amendment's due process clause, a story in itself). With the Supreme Court's adoption in 1937 of the "clear and present danger" test, the clause became, as Wolfe has described it, a statement of vague principle creating a very strong presumption in favor of free speech, with judges left to determine whether the utterance at issue creates such a danger.

As the judges' constitution has supplanted the original one, there have been some occasions on which the Court has not so much generalized a provision of the Constitution, and made it into something else, as it has simply rejected its obvious meaning in order to reach a desired end. Perhaps the most outrageous instance of this involved the contract clause, which forbids the states from impairing the obligation of contracts, a primary concern of those who framed the Constitution in 1787. In 1934, the Supreme Court upheld a Depression-inspired Minnesota law that provided for a moratorium on mortgage payments. Disparaging the original intent of the contract clause as something for "earlier days," the Court opinion based its decision on "a growing appreciation of public needs and of the necessity of finding ground for a rational compromise between individual rights and public welfare." Such is the language employed by judges bent on keeping the Constitution in tune with the times, rather than the other way round.

Remarkably, although not surprisingly given the trends of recent decades, on occasion the Constitution itself simply vanishes from court opinions. Earlier this year, for example, eight justices of the Supreme Court joined in a judgment holding that the state of Florida violated the First Amendment's free exercise clause by denying unemployment compensation to a woman who had lost her job on account of her religious convictions (she converted to a religion that forbade her working on the schedule she had agreed to work when hired). Whatever one may think of this decision, none of the three opinions concurring in the judgment made any effort whatsoever to base it upon the text of the Constitution or the intentions of those who framed and ratified it. Instead, the three opinions relied solely on the Court's own earlier opinions in this area—opinions that themselves are only tenuously grounded, if at all, in the original understanding of the First Amendment.

Seen against this backdrop, the bicentennial of the Constitution should be the occasion for recovering some important truths about our Constitution and the kind of government it instituted. One of these is obvious: that the only legitimate source of political power is the people. A second is that the people's intention—its will—should govern. And this will, guided by the principles of the Declaration of Independence, is expressed in the Constitution itself. A third is that the Constitution, as Herbert J. Storing once put it, provides "a design of government with the powers to act and a structure to act responsibly." And it is "in that design," said Storing, "that the security of American civil and political liberty lies."

This design includes a division of power between the national government and the states, and a division of national power into three branches. One of these, of course, is the judicial branch, which is granted the power of judicial review. But in a government of enumerated powers granted by the people in a written Constitution, judicial review can be justified only as judicial enforcement of the popular will—the consent of the governed—as expressed in the Constitution. As Alexander Hamilton explained it in the *Federalist Papers*, the task of the courts is to compare the "intention of the people" (the Constitution) to the "intentions of their agents" (the legislative and executive acts at issue) and to judge the latter in light of the former. For "the intention of the people" is, in the language of the Constitution itself, nothing less than "the supreme law of the land."

It is worth noting that without the Constitution modern judges could not even pretend that what they are doing is judicial review, for the very power to hold acts of the democratic branches unconstitutional requires, obviously, that there be a superior instrument by which those acts are to be measured. But it is one thing to hold acts unconstitutional under the Constitution, and quite another, indeed an illegitimate exercise of power, to void (or uphold) them according to the judges' constitution. For as Judge Robert Bork has pointed out, the judges have no

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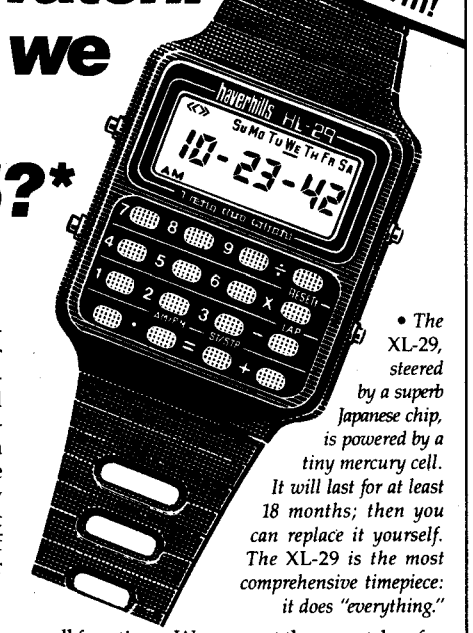

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authority under our Constitution to legislate constitutional meaning.

One may agree with all of this, of course, and still argue that the Constitution is vague and unintelligible. To this it must be said, in the first place, that the Constitution does possess objective meaning supplied by those who have framed and ratified it, and it can be found. This is not to suggest that constitutional interpretation as faithfully done by judges is or should be an easy task. It can be hard work, depending on the provision at issue. The mind must labor, as John Marshall once put it, to discover "the design of the legislature," seizing "everything from which aid can be derived." Such labor involves consideration of the text, but may go well beyond this to include reflection on the text's structure and history, including its framing and ratifying. In many instances, although not all, this approach will yield the intention of the instrument, as Alexander Hamilton called it, and thus give judges a principled means by which to decide constitutional cases.

This is the traditional understanding of what judges should do in expounding the meaning of the Constitution, and according to it courts are required to focus on what the Constitution objectively means in the effort to enforce "the intention of the people," and to void acts of the other branches or the states only in the case of clear incompatibility. It may well be the case that the courts must decline action, precisely because there is no clear incompatibility. There may be legitimate disagreement over the original meaning of a provision, or the facts to which judges seek to apply a principle may not constitute something plainly within its reach. In these "doubtful cases," judges will leave the issue with the political branches, and thus the people.

This point is worth stressing, because one reason believers in the judges' constitution are agnostic about the real one is that they assume a wrong model of the Constitution. The criticism of some constitutional provisions as "vague" and "open-ended," the efforts over the decades to generalize the text and have judges specify a meaning—all of this assumes a model in which judges determine policy. But nothing could be further from the political theory of our Constitution. The Constitution was not designed to be a ouija board that judges manipulate to get the answers to society's most pressing questions. The Constitution rather was designed to enable the people to answer those questions, consistent with the terms of the Constitution itself, through the elected branches.

If the traditional approach to the Constitution had been followed in recent years, the Court would not have legislated in many of the areas it has, for it could not have found warrant in the text of the Constitution even for entering them. For example, the Court would have stayed out of the battles over reapportionment, capital punishment, and abortion. The Constitution isn't "vague" about these matters; it just doesn't speak to them. Or rather, it speaks to them in the sense that it leaves them to the political branches for resolution.

The traditional understanding of the Constitution can still serve us today. But first it must be recovered and restored. And this task will require the removal of the academic myths and judicial confusions that have encrusted our basic charter in recent years, as well as the development of a political culture in which all branches of the federal government, and also the states, take more seriously and conscientiously their responsibilities under the Constitution. That is why, during this bicentennial era, no commemoration will be more important—both intellectually and politically—than that which endeavors to restore to our political order the centrality and intelligibility of our written Constitution, and the role of judges under it. □

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THE TALKIES

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEYS

by Bruce Bawer

My Sweet Little Village is a sweet little movie, a Capra-esque tribute to village life and virtues courtesy of the Czechoslovakian director Jiri Menzel (*Closely Watched Trains*) and screenwriter Zdenek Sverak. The hero of the film—which is said to be based partly on life in the village where Menzel himself grew up—is the corpulent, middle-aged Pavek (Marian Labuda), who drives a truck for the Mir (Peace) Cooperative Farm in the village of Koutna; his working mate of five years is the village idiot—a winsome young beanpole named Otik Rekosnik (Janos Ban). Together they're a regular Iron-Curtain Laurel and Hardy, with Otik's dimwitted maneuvers constantly landing the exasperated Pavek in hot water or exposing him to his comrades' ridicule. The last straw comes when Pavek—following Otik's directions—backs their truck into a post outside the fancy home of Mr. Rumlena, the village's affluent "Prague weekender." For days Pavek is the butt of local jokes; supremely embarrassed, he insists that after the harvest Otik be teamed with someone else—even though that someone will probably be the cruel Turek, who would make Otik's life hell.

But soon it looks as if the problem has been taken out of local hands: a higher-up in Prague requests Otik's transfer to Metalwood, a factory in the capital. Plainly someone of importance—or with connections—wants Otik out of Koutna. But who? Pavek? Or perhaps Otik's friend Vaclav—an engineer, transplanted urbanite, and boyfriend of Turek's lovely young wife—who has been using Otik's house for romantic assignations and may be attempting to gain title to it? Whatever the case may be, the villagers are worried about Otik's moving to Prague, because they know that he could not survive there. The city, we are meant to understand, is decadent, indifferent, and amoral, whereas the village is a place where people care about each other. The film ridicules a strident song, "Prague's Calling You," which boasts inanely of the capital's noise and bustle, and contrasts it with the lyrical poems in praise of the countryside that the village doctor (Rudolf Hrusinsky) recites while driving alone in his car. That the doctor—whose wry, humane point of view is essentially equivalent to that of the filmmakers—keeps having car trouble is not just a running gag but a symbol: to a man of his solid, old-fashioned virtues, automobiles will always be alien and uncooperative.

To an extent, the film associates modern decadence not only with the city but with the West. When it turns out that Otik is being called to Prague because the director of Metalwood wants his house for a weekend place, an itinerant artist who has become Otik's roommate derides the director's city-slicker taste for Western accoutrements—for "imported plastic thatching from West Germany" and "an English lawn." Likewise, after Otik reports to Metalwood and shakes the director's hand vigorously, the director tells his secretary, "Bad habit, handshaking. They've given it up in the West." And Menzel mercilessly parodies American movies (one of which Pavek's family eagerly gathers around the TV set to watch), depicting them as absurdly violent and depraved, crammed with murders and explosions, populated by characters whose only thoughts are of money and sex and drugs. By contrast, positive human values are associated not only with the village but with the cooperative farm—and indeed the film closes on a shot of the farm's main gate, with a large red star looming over it.

But it must be added that *My Sweet Little Village* also pokes fun at its own viewpoint—at the doctor's paeans to the countryside, for example, and at the corny homespun music programs on Czech TV. It also criticizes the use of the word *comrade*. When the itinerant artist, just arrived in the village, addresses an old woman as "aunty," she tells him not to call her by that old-fashioned honorific, or to call her "comrade" either; she prefers "ma'am."

The film is full of small, interesting touches. Pavek's son Jarda, for instance—whose adolescent crush on his sister's teacher forms one of the movie's slighter subplots—wears a University of Utah sweatshirt in one scene. (Curiously, the same shirt appears on another village kid later in the film, causing one to wonder: do the locals pass this prized shirt around, or did the cooperative farm receive an entire shipment of them as a reward for fulfilling production quotas?) And then there is the fact that Pavek's family lives next door to a graveyard—which is not only a *memento mori*, but a suggestion, I think, that villagers are more conscious of, and more comfortable with, their mortality than city dwellers, and consequently less likely to succumb to a distorted set of values, less likely to forget that people are more important than possessions. Lazarus figures abound: the doctor feels miraculously better soon after his car rolls over him; Turek backs over a fellow worker with his truck, but the man hardly has a scratch on him; a truck driver unwittingly dumps a load of earth onto a sleeping Otik, but Otik emerges unscathed. Just as these villagers survive their encounters with cars and trucks—those dreaded modern phenomena—so the village of Koutna and its values ultimately triumph over the big city.

To be sure, *My Sweet Little Village* is rather slight, its denouement is extremely predictable, and its plot is based on a dubious premise (would a director of a major Prague business concern really have to go to such lengths to secure a country house?). But the film is redeemed by its affectionate and funny depiction of village life, and by the very fine performances of several of the actors, particularly Hrusinsky, who is strikingly reminiscent of Denholm Elliott.

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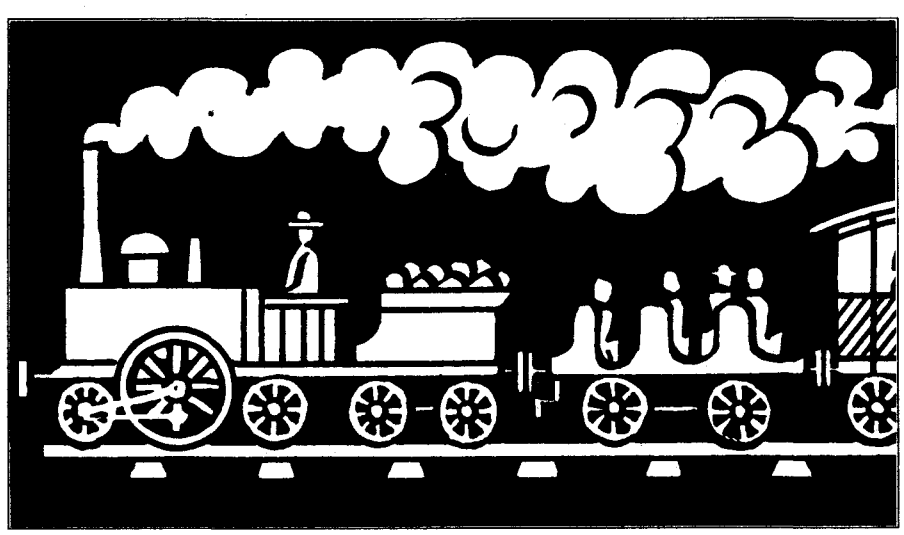

Like *My Sweet Little Village*, Woody Allen's *Radio Days* is small, sweet, and sentimental—a relatively minor film by a major director, set (in large part) in the lowly precincts of his youth. It is also an *hommage*. Allen, of course, goes in for *hommages* in a big way: *Stardust Memories* was an *hommage* to Fellini, *Interiors* to Bergman, *Love and Death* to the Russian novel, *Broadway Danny Rose* to the New York show-biz world, *Annie Hall* to Diane Keaton, *Manhattan* to Manhattan, *The Purple Rose of Cairo* to the movies. So it should come as no surprise that Allen, who grew up in the

Bruce Bawer, TAS's movie reviewer, spent March in residence at the Djerassi Foundation in Woodside, California. His review of David Herbert Donald's Look Homeward: A Life of Thomas Wolfe *also appears in this issue.*

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radio era, should make a nostalgic film called *Radio Days* set in New York in the early 1940s. Though it is more plotless by far, *Radio Days* resembles *Annie Hall* insofar as it is an anthology of episodes, loosely tied to a theme, which Allen (who serves here as narrator, but never appears on camera) encourages us to view as autobiographical. He expects us to think of the eleven-year-old redheaded Jewish kid Joe (Seth Green) as young Allen Stewart Konigsberg, to regard the kid's Rockaway Beach family as his own (though he grew up, as the whole world knows, in Brooklyn), and to believe that at least some of the things that happen to them—the less outrageous, more sentimentally depicted things—really happened.

For the movie *is* sentimental, and unabashedly so. In *Annie Hall* Allen portrayed his hero's folks as uncouth, ignorant, and argumentative; in *Stardust Memories* his protagonist's sister remembers their parents as "always fighting, always screaming at each other." In *Radio Days* there is some fighting and screaming, but the picture of childhood is mostly rosy. Take Joe's first visit to Radio City Music Hall. It's a shamelessly romantic sequence; while Frank Sinatra sings "If You Are But a Dream," the camera—equipped with a wide-angle lens and shooting up at everything from a small boy's height—moves slowly through the majestic lobby, up the grand staircase, and into the dark auditorium, where, on the huge screen, James Stewart is kissing Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story.* (Was it then that Allen first decided he wanted to be rich and date *shiksas*?) The sequence has nothing to do with radio, but it captures the child's sense of wonder very touchingly, and one does not doubt for a moment that it is based upon a real childhood memory of Allen's.

The sequence brings to mind other romantic epiphanies in Allen movies: the Central Park carriage ride with Mariel Hemingway in *Manhattan*; the moment in *Stardust Memories* when Allen's character (in a point-of-view shot) looks up on a Sunday morning in his apartment to see Charlotte Rampling smiling up at him from her newspaper; the hour of happiness at a Marx Brothers movie in *Hannah and Her Sisters*. To Allen, life is mostly meaningless and miserable, but it is redeemed, at least to some extent, by occasional blissful moments of this sort, most of them made possible either by romantic relationships or by some form of art or entertainment. (Remember his eccentric list of things, near the end of *Manhattan*, that make life worthwhile: Louis Armstrong's recording of "Potato Head Blues," Flaubert's *A Sentimental Education*, the Marx Brothers, "Tracy's smile.") His pre-*Annie Hall* movies were designed to provide such moments of joy; *Annie Hall* and its successors, on the contrary, have been intended largely as meditations upon the evanescence and transcendence of these moments.

About half of *Radio Days* consists of unconnected episodes—mostly radio-related—in the life of Joe's Rockaway Beach family. In one sequence, for instance, Joe—whose idol is a radio-serial hero called the Masked Avenger—purchases a Masked Avenger ring with the money he has helped collect for the establishment of a state in Palestine; when the rabbi angrily upbraids him for this, the radio-obsessed boy replies, "You speak the truth, my faithful Indian companion." In other sequences, Orson Welles's *War of the Worlds* broadcast scares the hell out of a boyfriend of Joe's aunt (Dianne Wiest), and a love song played over the radio causes another boyfriend of hers (Robert Joy) to break down in tears and confess that his previous beloved was a man. The other half of *Radio Days* consists of briefly glimpsed episodes in the lives of radio personalities whom one member or another of Joe's family particularly admires. The most prominent of these in the film is Sally White (Mia Farrow), a dumb Brooklyn blonde with a squeaky voice who—thanks to the help of a mobster (Danny Aiello) who at first intends to rub her out—becomes a celebrated gossip reporter. There are also Roger and Irene, a pair of high-toned first-nighters who chat wittily about their glamorous life every morning on "Breakfast with Roger and Irene"; though they give an impression of marital bliss, they are both manically unfaithful to each other (forming a nice contrast, by the way, with the surface discontent and deep affection and loyalty of Joe's parents).

But even Roger and Irene are human; indeed, the surprise about *Radio Days* is how *nice* almost everybody is—even that mobster, even the crooks who break into a Rockaway Beach house (and win its owners hundreds of dollars' worth of appliances when a radio quizmaster telephones during their burglary). But then, to Allen, radio itself is nice—a force for niceness. Significantly, the last line of *Radio Days* is "Beware evildoers, wherever you are," spoken by the Masked Avenger (Wallace Shawn) just before he descends from the roof over the ballroom where he and several other radio personalities are celebrating New Year's Day, 1944. Earlier in the film, when we get our first glimpse of the Masked Avenger—short and bald and nerdy, not at all the super-hero type that his young fans imagine him to be—we laugh; but by the final scene we don't find him ridiculous at all. He has come to symbolize radio itself, which (regarded in retrospect from the Age of Television) seems small and harmless, and which is truly a "masked avenger" because its faceless entertainers and announcers wreak vengeance upon the evils of everyday life—its banality, its disappointments, its alienation (just as the movies did for Mia Farrow in *The Purple Rose of Cairo*). Radio not only entertains Joe's family, but also—when it brings them war news, for example, or up-to-the-minute reports on the fate of a little Pennsylvania girl who fell into a well—binds them together with the rest of the country. (In a derivative, most un-Allen-like sequence, the film cuts from Joe's family huddled around the radio, to other families, bar patrons, and soda shoppe customers who are huddled around other radios and listening to the same reports.) The film's cozy, friendly feel is enhanced by the presence in the cast of several familiar faces from the Allen repertory company—some of them, to be sure, seen very fleetingly. Aside from Farrow, Shawn, Wiest, and Aiello, there are Jeff Daniels (reprising his Biff Baxter role from *Purple Rose*), Diane Keaton (who, in the role of a radio chanteuse, serves up "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To"), and Tony Roberts (as a radio quiz-show host).

Critics have carped that the two halves of *Radio Days* don't fit together. While it's true that there is no dramatic connection between them—and, for that matter, precious little dramatic connection within them—this isn't as significant a weakness as one might expect. For *Radio Days* is not a story but a rambling personal essay; the anecdotes of which it consists are designed not to advance a plot but to communicate what the word *radio* means to Woody Allen. For the most part, they do so with considerable charm and wit. □

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BOBBY SHORT'S CAFÉ CARLYLE

by Richard Brookhiser

Though I have lived in New York for going on ten years, I never arrived until a colleague whose tastes in nights out I had formerly associated with Springsteen concerts suggested that we and our women go to a saloon he knew. In previous pieces for this series, I have pushed that word pretty hard, writing about Lüchow's (RIP), a restaurant, or Fazil's International, a nightclub. But in this case, I use the term on the authority of no less than the establishment's pianist, who the night we went to the Café Carlyle announced, "We're a saloon. We sell hooch, principally." We took a lot of cash with us, and if you plan to visit this saloon, you would be well advised to do the same: one fifty dollar bill per person will do it, provided you don't eat, and you stick to a drink apiece. Of course, the Café Carlyle doesn't charge those prices for the hooch, but for its pianist, Bobby Short.

The Carlyle Hotel's main entrance is on 76th Street, but the Café is around the corner on Madison Avenue. The prestige seats are supposed to be the banquettes along the far wall; the no-prestige seats are, without question, behind the pillar; we sat in the curve of the grand piano, and liked it just fine. The wall paintings look to be about the same vintage as the decor of The Four Seasons—Popular Modernism, which long since stopped looking modern, and in about ten years should give the same nostalgic kick as the Chrysler Building gives now.

Short spends most of the year touring the hinterlands, but this is his home base. He is supported by musicians on drums and bass (the fiddle, he calls it). Shows are at ten and midnight and, as he told an interviewer recently, he plans them differently: By the last show, the customers know whether they are going home with their dates, or alone, and so he programs more introspection for the wee hours. Since I'm married and my colleague is engaged, we went to the ten o'clock.

He looks like a Victorian Christmas tree cherub—old ivory with a patina. His first gig, as a child performer, was in 1936. For vocal warmth, listen to Sinatra albums; Short's voice, instead of filling his head, and the space above and in front of it, seems to come entirely from the top of his throat—sometimes, by the sound of it, a sore throat. But as you listen, you become aware that, after half a century, this voice, whatever its natural luster, does absolutely anything its owner wants. And what he wants most of all is to carry the words—carry them so that his listeners comprehend, as well as hear.

Not that being heard is a trivial feat. In my short and decidedly amateur career as a singer, I have competed with college mixers, firetrucks, madmen, ghetto blasters, and roaring drunks, in conditions when merely to break through the surf of background noise was an achievement. Even with the benefit of a sound system, or an attentive hall, how many singers have you heard mash their words into nonsense, so that the national anthem refers to "the dawn surly light," or the Hallelujah Chorus to "the Lord Gottem nipotent"? Short makes sure you catch every syllable of his songs; and with the help of his sidemen and his own piano playing, you catch their meaning and mood as well.

Is it necessary to say that the songs he sings are not rock and roll? This is not to criticize rock and roll; anybody who still doubts how necessary rock was only has to listen to the airless and enervated fifties jazz in the movie *Round Midnight* (better yet, go to the first fifteen minutes of the movie, walk out, and demand your money back). But isn't it time we who grew up with rock admitted that the words were always the least part of it—at their frequent worst, imbecile; at their rare best, severely limited. How happy I am, how sad I am, how bad I am, how horny I am—that about covers it. Great tunes can be written for such a limited repertoire of sentiments; the Elizabethan madrigalists actually made do with fewer. But there are times when you want more.

The more Short gives you is, with an occasional excursion into the blues, the golden age of the American popular song—Porter, Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart. They represent a rare combination: music of a high order (several of these tunesmiths studied with Nadia Boulanger), as well as lyrics that are equally high. But what do these songs have to do with New York?

If they were showtunes, of course, they opened in New York, after suitable dry-runs in New Haven or someplace. But they also express a facet of New York, what F. Scott Fitzgerald called "metropolitan urbanity." Better say, a former facet, for this particular New York is virtually dead (Short is a kind of curator).

It appeared, Fitzgerald thought, after World War I: " . . . the blending of the bright, gay, vigorous elements began then. . . . If this society produced the cocktail party, it also evolved the Park Avenue wit, and for the first time an educated European could envisage a trip to New York as something more amusing than a gold-trek into a formalized Australian bush." What killed it? Hard to say, but I nominate Holden Caulfield. "In case you don't live in New York, the Wicker Bar is in this sort of swanky hotel, the Seton Hotel. It's one of those places that are supposed to be very sophisticated and all, and the phonies are coming in the window. . . . Most of the songs were either pretty dirty or in French. If you sat around there long enough and heard all the phonies applauding and all, you got to hate everybody in the world, I swear you did." *Phonies*—potent word. The chain reactions it helped set off, which are not done yet, may reasonably be said to include the fall of Saigon. But as far as New York was concerned, the disposition to treat the thoughts of a teenage kid on the brink of a nervous breakdown as profound meant the end of "metropolitan urbanity" as a cultural ideal.

It was an ideal that excluded a lot: for instance, America, the rest of the world, and most of New York City itself. John Gotti and Bernhard Goetz; Donald Manes and John Zacarro; did Cardinal O'Connor snub Shimon

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Richard Brookhiser, managing editor of National Review, *is author of* The Outside Story *(Doubleday).*

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Peres, or did Peres snub O'Connor; what is the meaning of Howard Beach; is Susan Sontag the last New York intellectual—Cole Porter might have put any of these people or issues in a song, but only on the condition that they not be taken seriously. If in the end nothing is taken seriously, then exclusion is mere snobbery and stupidity. But the urbane ideal did care about at least two things.

One was craftsmanship. The lyrics Short sings do not simply hang together; they are wound around internal rhymes and feminine endings like cat's cradles. One of the songs Short did the night I was there, an early Cole Porter called "Pilot Me," rhymed "aeroplane" and "narrow plane," "drive it, dear" and "private, dear," all in the first six lines. There was also a version in French. (Yes, Holden, it was pretty dirty too.) A teacher once told me that half the pleasure in attending a performance of *Cyrano de Bergerac* is waiting to find out how in the world Rostand will complete a couplet. The same goes for Lorenz Hart.

The other half of the pleasure, and all the thought, came from what the intricate little verbal machines were saying. They were love songs, principally, just like rock and roll. But unlike rock, you have to be older than seventeen to appreciate them. Maybe you have to be older than forty (I'm not there yet, but I'm closer to the latter age than to the former). A better test than age, probably, is that you must be married, and not to your first love—or that you realize, from some equivalent experience, that life is not one huge choice, two roads diverging in a yellow wood, or even a few of them, but an endless series, and that not all your choices will be wise. The manner fits the subject. By just sitting back on your heels and shouting, you can express many powerful emotions, but you can't express these. Artifice may not seem natural, but it's the only way to capture all of human nature.

These are the subjects and situations that the latter-day brand of metropolitan urbanity at the Café Carlyle is meant to explore. If that's too awesome to contemplate, order more drinks. But then you'll have to bring a fatter wallet, and you'll miss the fine points of a great act. And besides, there's all the rest of New York for escaping urbanity. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

THE SEYCHELLES TEST

by Micah Morrison

On November 29, 1985, a murder in London signaled a new phase in a quiet and largely obscure battle for control of the strategically important Seychelles island group in the Indian Ocean. The victim, Gerard Hoarau, was the leader of an organization of Seychellois exiles opposed to the Marxist government of President Albert René. The assassins—Hoarau was gunned down on his doorstep—are believed to be Libyan hit men working at the behest of René. Hoarau's death is a sign that the Soviet-backed René is growing increasingly nervous about discontent in the Seychelles. The rebels, however, are fighting alone, without Western aid.

The situation in the Seychelles poses an uncomfortable question for the Reagan Administration. An indigenous opposition movement has been fighting an illegally installed dictatorship for years; Communism is destroying the traditional Seychellois way of life; and there is evidence of Soviet plans to expand its naval and intelligence presence in the area. Here, it appears, is a justifiable case for application of the Reagan Doctrine of giving assistance to freedom fighters.

Instead, the Administration has been bolstering the regime with million-dollar deals and silence in the face of René's steady consolidation of power. Where, asked one Seychellois resistance leader, is Reagan now, when the opposition desperately needs the moral and material assistance the President pledged to the cause of freedom?

The Seychelles lie about 1,000 miles east of the African coast, astride the sea lanes plied by tankers leaving the Persian Gulf for Western Europe and North America. Six hundred miles west of the islands, well within electronic-monitoring range, is the important U.S. naval base on the island of Diego Garcia. Some analysts fear that the addition of a Seychelles anchorage to the Soviet Union's powerful northern Indian Ocean presence at Aden in South Yemen and the island of Socotra at the mouth of the Gulf of Aden would, in the event of superpower tensions, give the Kremlin the ability to control the area and choke oil-supply routes to the West.

But often lost beneath strategic considerations is the human-rights aspect of the Seychelles story. Less than a year after the islands were granted independence from Britain in 1976, René overthrew the elected government, declaring that he would make the little nation (population about 65,000) "free of capitalism and foreign countries." Opponents of René began to disappear; others were jailed or forced into exile. A new constitution was drawn up, making the country a one-party socialist state. Relations with the West cooled; ties with the Soviet Union and its allies dramatically increased. East Germany, Libya, Cuba, North Korea, and Tanzania contributed men and material to back up the René regime. The Russians, recognizing the importance of a Seychelles base, sent the former KGB station chief in Turkey, Mikhail Orlov, to head the Soviet embassy.

Following the "socialist" pattern, René proceeded to build what he called his "new society." Businesses were nationalized. Security expenditures were tripled. The independent press was shut down. A free National Health Service was trumpeted as a sign of René's progressive policies. (As in other Communist countries, however, medical care is channeled through party officials who use it to favor party members and keep non-party citizens in line; identical tactics are used in housing and employment agencies.) Seychellois children were sent to Cuban-style National Youth Service "education camps." Parental protests over these camps led to violent demonstrations in 1979. Tourism, once the economic mainstay of the lush tropical islands, rapidly declined.

The Reagan Administration has been following a curious path in its relations with the Seychellois ruler. Adhering to Lenin's dictum, the U.S. has been providing René with at least part of the rope with which to hang the resistance. The U.S. maintains a satellite tracking station in the Seychelles, and in order to keep it there Washington acceded to René's demand that the rent be more than doubled to around $2.5 million a year; additional grants and aid amount to several million dollars a year. Perhaps more importantly, the White House has aided René with the gift of silence and indifference. According to sources in the resistance leadership, the State Department official responsible for the islands, former Ambassador to Seychelles David Fischer, has repeatedly refused to meet with rebel envoys.

The "moral assistance" President Reagan pledged to freedom fighters costs very little and could be easily provided. There is a good case, too, for material assistance. Over the years the Seychellois resistance, which is sworn to a return to democratic rule, has launched repeated attempts to dislodge René. Since the assassination of Hoarau eighteen months ago, there have been signs that the resistance is moving to resolve internal quarrels, strengthen underground elements in the Seychelles, and step up the fight against René. Twice in 1986, in May and September, René abruptly acted to counter what appear to be attempts to force him from office.

Yet time is running out for the Seychelles. Moscow is increasing its stake in the islands. According to some reports, the East Germans have put up three radar units to monitor Diego Garcia, and the Russians have begun surveying the waters around the Seychelles, a procedure that could be the first step toward the establishment of a major new Soviet naval base.

Support for a return to democracy in the Seychelles is relatively cheap: a few words from the President and a small aid package from Congress would be an enormous boon to Seychellois fighting for freedom inside and outside the country. The irretrievable loss of a tiny island nation might not make a big splash today, but the strategic costs tomorrow could be great. The moral costs of remaining silent and inactive are incalculable. □

Micah Morrison is deputy director of the Committee for the Free World and editor of its monthly publication, Contentions.

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David Herbert Donald/Little, Brown/$24.95

Bruce Bawer

Literary greatness is one thing; icon status is another. Consider the major American novelists of the 1920s and thirties. The lives and personalities of Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway,* and F. Scott Fitzgerald have long since become a cherished part of American literary folklore; those of William Faulkner and Willa Cather, for whatever reason, have not. Every year the books keep coming: either a new biography of Tom or Scott or Ernest, or a journal by one of them, or a collection of letters, or some sort of book (usually autobiographical) which an immoderately ambitious editor has carved out of the scrap heaps in the Wolfe, Fitzgerald, or Hemingway archives. Every year, consequently, for what seems the hundredth time, we find ourselves reliving one or another of those tempestuous, tragic lives. Indeed, it doesn't seem too much of an exaggeration to suggest that, for Americans of a literary bent, the lives of Tom, Scott, and Ernest are (for better or worse) our great national legends—our answer, if you will, to the Greek myths, the Icelandic sagas, and *Beowulf*—which, partly for inspirational and partly for cautionary purposes, we feel religiously compelled to rehearse periodically, the way Jews, each spring, recite among themselves the story of Passover.

So familiar are the general outlines of Thomas Wolfe's life that it is surprising to be reminded that, prior to the publication of *Look Homeward*, by the distinguished Harvard historian David Herbert Donald, there were only two full-scale biographies of the North Carolina novelist—Elizabeth Nowell's in 1960 and Andrew Turnbull's in 1967. Though both of these books were commendable in many ways, both had considerable flaws. Nowell, a fine writer who had been Wolfe's agent, was too close to her subject; Turnbull, who was also the author of a celebrated Fitzgerald biography, often seemed less interested in comprehending Wolfe than in retailing juicy anecdotes. It is pleasant, then, to report that *Look Homeward* represents a notable improvement over both its predecessors. Lively yet thoughtful, scholarly yet lucid, Donald's book strikes an admirable balance between attention to the life and to the work, between an ironic and a deferential attitude toward its subject.

Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer. His latest book is* The Contemporary Stylist *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).*

And what a subject: a highly regarded American writer whom John Dos Passos described as "a gigantic baby," whom Hemingway called "a glandular giant with the brains and the guts of three mice"—a man whose self-absorption rendered him so incapable of functioning like a normal adult that his publisher was forced to handle his money for him, so cowardly that he brought his mother north to help him dump his mistress, so irresponsible that when one of his bed partners informed him that she was pregnant, he told her, "Why don't you telephone Miss Nowell: she's my agent; she takes care of everything for me." His warmth, candor, and humility—to which many of Donald's sources testify—could turn in a flash to suspicion, hostility, and egotistic rage. As for his literary taste, he was indifferent at best to the work of Henry James, T. S. Eliot, and Proust, but loved Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson. Donald keeps telling us that Wolfe had "the best formal education of any American novelist of his day" (he attended both Chapel Hill and Harvard), but to my mind Wolfe is vivid proof that there is a difference between going to school and being educated. Curiously, after strongly denying (on page xvii) that Wolfe was "a literary naif," Donald (on page 399) uses precisely that phrase to describe him. And though Donald makes an elaborate case for the influence upon Wolfe of his favorite professors' systems of thought, it is clear that, though he certainly did parrot each of these professors for a time, none of them ever really taught him to *think*, taught him how to process ideas, helped him develop breadth or subtlety of mind. Indeed, throughout his life he was fervently anti-intellectual, suspicious of logical, consecutive, coherent thought, convinced that the purest and truest sort of literary artist didn't go in for such things.

When he did express an intellectual opinion, it was an embarrassment. In the 1930s, unable to stay off the political battlefield, he spoke up in turn for both German fascism and American Communism, neither of which he understood in the slightest. Regarding Nazi Germany, for instance, he said in 1936 that Americans should bear in mind that "in Germany you are free to speak and write that you do not like Jews and that you think Jews are bad, corrupt, and unpleasant people. In America you are not free to say this." Later that same year, he described himself in a letter to his editor, Maxwell Perkins, as a "Revolutionary," "a brother to the workers," and proclaimed his apparently newfound belief "that this system that we have is evil, that it brings misery and injustice not only to the lives of the poor but to the wretched and sterile lives of the privileged classes who are supported by it." (Two interesting facts: Perkins cut a good deal of Marxist rhetoric out of *Of Time and the River*; Wolfe took the title of *You Can't Go Home Again* from a remark made at a dinner party by Lincoln Steffens's Communist widow, Ella Winter.)

But Wolfe was too full of himself to be sincerely devoted to any political idea. While reading proofs of his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*, at Scribner's, he wrote to John Hall Wheelock that "there are moments when I feel that no one else has a quarter of my power and richness . . . that, one way or another, I am a fine young fellow and a great man." He bragged to his mistress Aline Bernstein that she would be remembered in death because she would be "entombed in his writing" (a favorite image; perhaps Wolfe was identifying with his father, a carver of gravestones). As he loved himself, so he loved his own prose: his famous inability to edit himself manifestly derived not only from his lack of discipline and of editorial training but from his mindless adoration of every sentence, good or awful, that came out of him. "Every time he began a revision," writes Donald, "his incredibly tenacious memory recalled every word that he had included in all the previous drafts, and he could not bear to dispense with any of them." His short list of twentieth-century novelists included two names: his own and Hemingway's. One of his countless lady friends observed (with a rather Wolfean wordiness) that "he didn't really care about and care for other human beings

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in the way that most of us as human beings do."

Certainly Wolfe was capable of treating other people—even those closest to him—with remarkable cruelty and utterly unfounded distrust. This is especially true of his behavior toward Aline Bernstein, with whom he periodically severed all ties; not above hurling ethnic slurs at her, he brought their final encounter (in 1938) to a close by denouncing the Jews, wishing for them to be "wiped off the face of the earth," and calling for "three cheers for Adolf Hitler." In the end, however, his systematic alienation of everyone who cared for him hurt Wolfe more than anybody, and one cannot help but feel sorry for him. Time and again, one finds oneself reading a painful anecdote that brings to mind Scott Fitzgerald and Delmore Schwartz at their most pathetic. Early on Christmas morning of 1937, for example—having recently left his beloved editor, Max Perkins of Scribner's, for Edward Aswell of Harper & Brothers—Wolfe arrived at Aswell's home with a large stuffed toy dog for Aswell's little boy. But both man and dog were in horrible condition: "Gift-wrapped when Wolfe bought it, [the stuffed dog] had been used to wipe up the bars he had visited; the wrappings had come off, the box had disintegrated, and the tail was attached by only a few threads. 'Sorry to be late, Ed,' Wolfe greeted him. 'I hadn't meant to do this, but I got something here for your boy for Christmas.' "

Essentially, the story of Wolfe's life is a story of excess: too much liquor, too much impersonal sex (among his conquests was the wife of Soviet diplomat Maxim Litvinoff), too much disordered prose poured onto too many blank pages. Just as he loved America (of which, until the last years of his life, he actually saw very little) largely for its great size, and was very impressed by his own mammoth physical dimensions, so he seemed to regard sheer bulk as the prime characteristic of a great work of literature. You weren't a great writer, he believed, unless you produced a big, hefty book.

Donald does a good job of explaining, as far as is possible, how this disorganized, eternally dependent, incredibly puerile individual came into being. Interestingly, literature figured in his parents' first meeting. In 1884, in Asheville, North Carolina, Julia Westall, recently jilted by the love of her life, called on the newly widowed W. O. Wolfe to try to sell him the *Golden Treasury of Poetry and Prose*. The two fell into a literary discussion, a friendship developed, and within the year they were married. It was not a love match, however, but a practical arrangement: W. O. "needed someone to look after him and to cook for him," and Julia "needed someone to provide for her." As it turned out, though, Julia was the sort who liked to fend for herself, and Tom (born in 1900), the youngest of her seven children, grew up with both an unromantic image of marriage and an unusually chaotic view of family life. In 1904 Julia dragged most of her children to St. Louis, where she ran a boardinghouse that catered to World's Fair visitors; two years later, back in Asheville, she opened a boardinghouse called "The Old Kentucky Home" a few blocks from the Wolfe residence and took Tom to live with her there, leaving the other children with W. O. "For Tom," writes Donald,

> the move . . . marked a recognition that the turbulent disorganization of his family was not some transient phase but a permanent condition. . . . Constantly shifted from one room to another, obliged to eat his meals in a little pantry that Julia had scooped out in order to make more room for the boarders in the dining room, Tom was never sure whether his mother would caress him or neglect him. Growing up as an appendage to Julia, he did not develop a full sense of autonomy, the feeling that he was an independent person in his own right. For the rest of his life he felt obliged to attach himself to a stronger, older, wiser person, on whom he could lean, in order to feel complete.

Likewise, the extreme emotional shifts of his parents and siblings—affectionate toward Tom one minute, cruelly insulting the next—helped give rise to his own considerable talent for mood swings.

For the most part, Donald does not make excessive claims for Wolfe's writing. He admires Wolfe's fiction because "it offers a remarkably full social history of the United States during the first four decades of the twentieth century," and because it is "a barometer of American culture," reflecting the national temper of the twenties and thirties. While deploring the novels' formlessness and bad writing, moreover, Donald applauds Wolfe for his "unforgettable characters," "strong and crisply defined" individual episodes, and above all his "unique literary voice," particularly as manifested in his frequent outbursts of lyricism. These distinctions impress one as sensible and just. After all, for all the tons of chaff in Wolfe's novels, one cannot help but be moved by occasional lyrical passages such as the following (which Aswell placed at the end of the posthumously published *You Can't Go Home Again*, and which affirms that the most felicitous influence upon Wolfe's style was the King James Bible): "Something has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something has spoken in the night, and told me I shall die, I know not where. Losing the earth we know for greater knowing, losing the life we have for greater life, and leaving friends we loved for greater loving, men find a land more kind than home, more large than earth."

Oddly, on the dustjacket of *Look Homeward*, Gore Vidal writes that "It is Professor Donald's discovery, or insight, that Thomas Wolfe was to prose what Walt Whitman was to poetry, but thanks to two editors, Perkins and Aswell, he was cut up into conventional 'novel-length' sections—as if *Leaves of Grass* had been reshaped by John Greenleaf Whittier." But Donald, though he does take Aswell to task for his high-handedness, never says any such thing. And of course Vidal is all wrong about Wolfe being another Whitman, or Perkins and Aswell being Philistines who mangled his beautiful work. If Wolfe had not had the remarkable good fortune to happen upon Maxwell Perkins—whose reshaping of *Look Homeward, Angel* made it publishable (or, in Donald's view, "transformed it from an imperfectly executed American *Ulysses* into a first-rate novel about a boy's growing up") and who helped Wolfe carve *Of Time and the River* out of a mountain of disordered manuscripts—he would almost certainly never have become a published novelist, let alone one of the most celebrated authors of his time. The difference between Wolfe and Whitman—both of whom, admittedly, were capable of writing very, very badly—is that, whereas Whitman had an exquisite sense of form (notwithstanding the fact that he usually eschewed conventional forms), and revised his poetry numerous times in an attempt to perfect it formally, Wolfe was incompetent when it came to such things. In order for the words that he poured out in torrents to find any shape at all, he desperately needed an editor.

This is not to suggest that Wolfe's editors performed magic. Indeed, for all of Perkins's reorganization of the first two novels, Aswell's shaping and editing of *The Web and the Rock, You Can't Go Home Again,* and *The Hills Beyond*, and Nowell's meticulous condensation of his magazine pieces,

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Wolfe's *oeuvre* remains severely flawed. Though his books are at times charming and mesmerizing, to read them in sequence is, ultimately, to find them childish and tiresome in the extreme. There will always, perhaps, be those who fervently disagree: in death as in life, Wolfe is notorious for his ability to polarize readers. (Donald tells us of a *Saturday Review of Literature* poll conducted in 1935, in which *Of Time and the River* received the greatest number of votes for both best and worst novel of the year.) Besides, whatever the course of his literary reputation, one has the feeling that the legend of his life is here to stay, a romantic, compelling, strangely resonant chapter in the annals of American literary folklore. David Herbert Donald, in *Look Homeward*, has chronicled the life behind this legend—in all its craziness, fatuity, and chaos—with admirable intelligence and equipoise. □

UNDERSTANDING TOSCANINI: HOW HE BECAME AN AMERICAN CULTURE-GOD AND HELPED CREATE A NEW AUDIENCE FOR OLD MUSIC

Joseph Horowitz/Alfred A. Knopf/$30.00

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

For over one hundred years or so it has been this Republic's defect not to be 1500 years older, with ancient families of noble lineage, hoary and daunting traditions, and all the ruins seen in lands long inhabited by sophisticated cultures. In Rome there live families that go back to the time of the Caesars and do little else. In Paris there are still streets dating from the Middle Ages. Tourists take pictures of them. In America what past remains preservable goes back only a couple of centuries and has almost no bearing on the present. Nothing can be done about this lamentable defect.

But that does not stop the likes of Joseph Horowitz, a music critic, from being very cross about America's comparative callowness. In *Understanding Toscanini* he has gathered up fascinating pieces of information about the legendary conductor of the New York Philharmonic and the NBC symphony. He has also lugged in illuminating details about the growth of pioneering American orchestras, American audiences, and the amazing evolution of broadcasting, recording, music composition and criticism. But America is not Paris, and Mr. Horowitz cannot get over it. The greenness of America is for many otherwise intelligent minds, both here and over there, a source of schizophrenia, which is a serious mental illness.

Thus the patient writes: "More than Europeans, Americans abhor elitism and apply democratic values with broad strokes. In the realm of music, the nineteenth-century rise of the public concert and commercialization of opera here proceeded without court or state subsidies—a circumstance favoring both personal enterprise and marketplace exigencies." Alas, this was unfortunate, for the resulting "cult of personality, dragging high culture downward, has for over a century more dramatically articulated the musical scene here than abroad." I am not sure that it has, and Mr. Horowitz does not try to convince me. I wish he had. In fact I wish he had rewritten that sentence. A man of Mr. Horowitz's presumed good taste would have rewritten it as surely as he would have paused to demonstrate the Europeans' superiority at promoting (I dare not say selling) serious music.

All Mr. Horowitz does demonstrate is that media moguls, impresarios, and soap salesmen, along with Toscanini, made large amounts of money by coaxing ordinary Americans into orchestra halls. For over 400 gruesome pages Mr. Horowitz grinds his ax. His book grows out of a *Music Journal* article written nine years ago to provoke Toscanini-lovers. It should have remained an essay. As a book it is incondite: disjointed and cruelly repetitive. It contains solecisms such as "the hoi polloi," misinformation such as "Antonino Rocca, and other Italo-American fighters," and arguments that would not persuade a self-professed cat's-paw. At one point, to argue one or another variation of his thesis, which is the old canard about the corrupting process of the dollar, Mr. Horowitz insists that Toscanini, the son of a Parmesan tailor, educated and raised in Italy, is typically American; and he goes on to scorn Toscanini's tireless skirt-chasing. Of course Toscanini's passion for the fair sex was distinctly Mediterranean. Any American of the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s who pursued women with Toscanini's ardent inveteracy would have been incarcerated as a sex maniac. Mr. Horowitz, however, disapproves of lechery and so he chalks it up to Toscanini's being so very American.

Reality cannot illuminate Mr. Horowitz's gloomy anti-American thesis or restrain him from undercutting himself. He is angry at Toscanini for his superiority. He is angry at the middle class for its mediocrity. He reproaches Toscanini for playing the masters rather than the moderns. Nonetheless, he offers us no reasons why Toscanini should have, and he is disappointingly coy about identifying the moderns. Finally, he seems to depreciate even the masters, and then only because in past decades middle-class audiences whooped it up for them.

Of course, serious music is indeed in sorrier condition today than it was in Toscanini's time, and bearing in mind that Mr. Horowitz is a respected critic in the field I cannot stifle the suspicion that his impossible standards have something to do with the decline. When Toscanini was in his heyday *Life* magazine claimed that he was as famous as Joe DiMaggio. Was this all that bad? Serious art has nothing like this kind of presence in middle-class America today. Mr. Horowitz cannot establish a connection between Toscanini's career and the decline of serious music in America. To blame the decline on an obviously successful conductor from the past rather than the conductors, composers, critics, and impresarios of the present is an intellectually slovenly exercise in advancing an unproved hypothesis.

Mr. Horowitz obviously appreciates serious music and possesses an enormous amount of knowle e about it. His problem is that he is a arty to that camorra of shanty intell tuals who believe that to be serious a out art, or for that matter about life, one has to be painful on the subject. Hence, he explains art and life in America by resorting to such gloomy theoreticians as the late Dwight Macdonald, a radical journalist, and the nonsensical German Marxist, T. W. Adorno, a New Left sage whose work I had thought was interred with his unhappy bones. Both of these charlatans were assiduous promoters of the idea that art must cause painful cerebrations after which the truly enlightened discover that everything, particularly in America, is a scam. The morbidity that afflicts so many of today's shanty intelligentsia, destroying their relish for art and turning *joie de vivre* into endless sneers, can be traced to such lugubrious charlatans as Macdonald and Dr. Adorno.

Actually life is full of wonders. Think of Dr. Adorno's last days. In 1969 *Der Spiegel* caught a glimpse of the old boy at Frankfurt University during a demonstration of "planned tenderness" in which three revolutionary cuties from the "Basisgruppe Soziologie" circled the sixty-five-year-old Professor Adorno while he lectured, "at first waving their bouquets of flowers [!], then kissing him, exposing their breasts, and confronting him with erotic pantomime. Professor Adorno, who had called in the police last semester when 76 student radicals occupied his Institute for Social Research, tried to protect himself with his briefcase . . ." Soon thereafter Dr. Adorno departed for his Marxist happy hunting grounds.

I do not know what provoked these naughty frauleins, but if Dr. Adorno filled lecture halls with the intolerable nonsense that he wrote in his tracts, I cannot fault them for trying to give him a rise. "A successful [art]work," Mr. Horowitz quotes Adorno as having written, "is not one which resolves objective contradictions in spurious harmony, but one which expresses the idea of harmony negatively by embodying the contradictions, pure and uncompromised, in its innermost structure." Had Mr. Horowitz read these words and become a streaker I would understand. That he read them and wrote a book based on the author's insights puts him beyond sympathy.

There are unhappy souls who are incapable of wonder. They have to have it all explained to them, and the more abstruse the theory the more convincing they assume it must be. Modern art has fallen into the paws of theorists, who, like Adorno, are mostly frauds. They may not be able to write a minuet that anyone would listen to tomorrow, but they are fluent in devising theories of aleatoric dissonance bound to take in a man like Mr. Horowitz. The mystery is why Mr. Horowitz needs theory, and why a man so concerned about being taken in by Toscanini's barkers would allow himself to be taken in by the New Left, nearly two decades after it blew up. □

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is editor-in-chief of The American Spectator.

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WILL IT LIBERATE?
QUESTIONS ABOUT LIBERATION THEOLOGY

Michael Novak/Paulist Press/$14.95

John R. Dunlap

We give the name of socialism to a political regime in which the ownership of the means of production is removed from individuals and handed over to higher institutions whose concern is the higher good.
—Juan Luis Segundo, S.J.

Capitalism is the exploitation of man by man; socialism is the reverse.—Polish joke

Michael Novak dates the emergence of liberation theology with the second meeting of CELAM (the Latin American Episcopal Conference) at Medellin, Colombia, in 1968. The assembled Catholic bishops issued a document (oddly tinged with Marxian rhetoric) which decried the conditions of the poor in Latin America and called for drastic public policy changes. But it was a few more years before the fire sparked by the Medellin document had spread among clerics throughout the continent.

In 1971 Gustavo Gutierrez, a Peruvian priest commonly taken to be the father of the movement, published his *Theology of Liberation*, a book inspired by "Marxian analysis." The following year, in Santiago, Chile, a group calling themselves "Christians for Socialism," which had been organized under the tutelage of Fidel Castro, met at their first convention "to probe more deeply into the concrete experiences of Christians who are actively involved in the revolution to liberate Latin America." The draft of their charter was sewn with a less-than concrete jargon familiar to students of modern totalitarianism:

> Insofar as operational politics is concerned, the very notion of "revolutionary consciousness" will include as an intrinsic component the notion of power being held by the people—the latter being led by the proletariat—and of effectiveness as an indispensable element in the gradual attainment of power. This entails the elimination of any and every kind of idealism in visualizing the "Christian element," because our focus is concentrated on the historical terrain of the actual revolutionary struggle.

Despite an almost instant condemnation of "Christians for Socialism" by the Chilean bishops, the group's ideas continued to spread, flaming up in the writings of the new liberation theologians.

After Gutierrez, the most prominent liberation pioneers included the Uruguayan Juan Luis Segundo (*Theology for Artisans of a New Humanity*), the Argentine Enrique Dussel (*History and Theology of Liberation*), the Brazilian Hugo Assmann (*Theology for a Nomad Church*), the Mexican Jose Miranda (*Communism in the Bible*). In Fr. Segundo's estimation, the various forms of liberation theology have one thing in common: "the view that man, on a political as well as an individual basis, [should] construct the Kingdom of God within history now." But Michael Novak notes a few other items they have in common: a pervasive vagueness and abstraction; an uncritical adoption of Marxian predilections; a primitive notion of "capitalism"; a displacement of empirical issues "from the realm of practical reason to the realm of pure definitional logic."

In *Will It Liberate?*—a tightly organized collection of eleven essays, seven of which are new for this book—Novak frames a series of questions whose effect is to expose these and other obscurities in liberation theology. Novak's principal concession to the liberation theologians is that economic conditions in Latin America are absurd and appalling: the *favelas* and the *barrios* exist, sprawled out from the extravagance of well-heeled landholders and corrupt bureaucracies. For Novak, however, the moral imperative is to discover concrete ways for Latin America "to promote economic activism among its impoverished millions." His method of advancing that imperative is to counter the ideological contentions of the liberationists with empirical observations.

Fr. Gutierrez, for example, declaims against "capitalism," the standard devil-term of the liberation theologians. Yet in his native Peru, the empirical reality (common to Latin America) is that state regulation strangles the economic liberties of the lower "classes." There is no easy access to credit, no easy entrance into closed markets, no easy way to incorporate small businesses, no tax relief for local capital investment. There are more than two million street vendors, artisans, and small manufacturers who must work "informally" (that is, illegally) because they cannot cut through the red tape of the Peruvian government; almost all (95 percent) of Lima's public transportation (buses and taxis) is "informal," and 60 percent of Lima's food is distributed "informally." It takes from seven to fourteen years to acquire government authorization to build a home; and to form a legal corporation, the cost in bribes and fees is five times the average worker's annual earnings. That's capitalism?

Against liberation theology, Novak posits in nuanced detail a "creation theology," which acknowledges human wit and inventiveness as the real source of economic value and which promises not to bring the Kingdom of God on earth but "only to press the imperatives of that Kingdom—truth, love, justice, liberty and beauty—into daily life as yeast in stubborn dough." In Novak's theology, Latin America does not need utopian schemes; it needs the painstaking creation of concrete institutions, legal and social, to release the creative energies of the poor.

Novak has taken on an awkward chore: to engage in argument those who, to the extent they take their Marxism seriously, are inclined to reject argument itself as "bourgeois intellectualism." But how seriously do they take their Marxism?

The assumption is often stated or implied among critics of liberation theology that its proponents are motivated first by their Christianity and that "Marxian analysis" is merely a device they use to frame their propositions regarding social matters. John Paul II and Cardinal Ratzinger have

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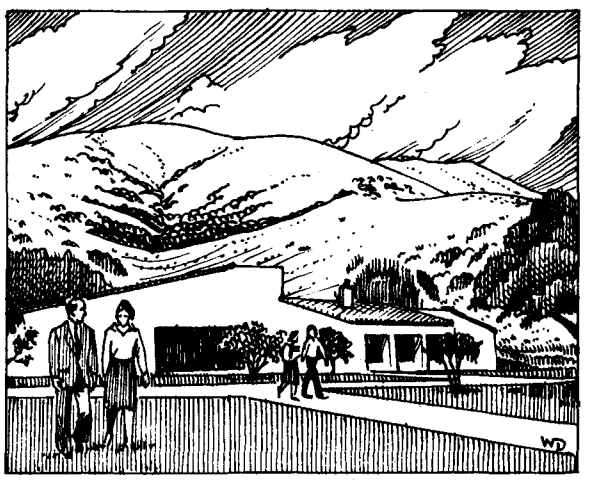

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both taken issue only with "certain aspects" of liberation theology, observing that Latin American clerics who rail against "imperialism" are oddly sanguine about the ideological imperialism they foster with their German categories. And Novak sustains an exemplary balance in his own critique, concentrating on "basic concepts" and certain poses (class struggle, hostility to private property, labor theory of value, bizarre geopolitical schemata, and the like), with frequent expressions of sympathy for the "concerns" of the liberation theologians, for their manifestations of Christian spirituality, and for their apparent mellowing amid the recent transitions of several Latin American dictatorships toward democracy.

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Now all this fuss, no doubt, is appropriate to the Pope and the Cardinal as pastors of the Church and to Novak as a careful thinker applying a rigorous method of analysis. And as Christians, no doubt, they must all attend to that most difficult injunction of their faith: to love one another, regardless of the other's asininity. But there is one question noticeably muted among the many asked in *Will It Liberate?*—although there is enough in the book to suggest a partial answer.

Novak alludes now and then, with characteristic kindness, to a certain naivete among the liberation theologians, in particular to their apparent innocence of Marx's most trenchant critics. Of course, Gutierrez, Miranda, Segundo, Dussel, and the rest—at the time (1970s) of their most influential writings—could not have known much of recent critics like Rydenfelt or Shafarevich or Sowell or Kolakowski or Paz or Voslensky, all of whom Novak cites in his own criticism. But well before the liberationists let fly their Marxian polemics, there already had been the sympathetic criticism of C. Wright Mills; the devastating critiques of Bohm-Bawerk, Weber, von Mises, Hayek, Schumpeter, Voegelin, Arendt, Aron; and the great literary witnesses against the peculiar vanities that nurture socio-economic totalism: Conrad, Zamyatin, Koestler, Orwell. All these were available to the scrutiny of the liberation theologians—not to mention a suggestive biographical and historical record: Marx's foul temper, Lenin's demonic cynicism, and, already by 1970, more than 80 million human lives violently snuffed out under Marxist-Leninist prescriptions.

How on earth, then—at just the time when most secular intellectuals had come to reject or ignore Marxism—how did this anemic system of gnostic attitudinizing grab the fancy of an influential minority of Roman Catholic clerics? Of men whom one would expect to be loyal to a tradition far more supple than what Raymond Aron once called the "Marxist Vulgate"?

The question is muted, and one may shudder to think how intricate a sufficient answer might be. But there is at least part of an answer buried in a passing reference Novak makes to "unhistorical neodoxy." More than a quarter century ago, shortly before Vatican II, a young Michael Novak had complained of "unhistorical orthodoxy" among his fellow Catholics. And he had a good point. By the time of Vatican II, the standards in much of Catholic higher education and seminary training had become crusty and brittle, so that after Vatican II many semi-educated Catholics, cut loose suddenly from a tradition they barely understood, had little by which to measure their heady encounters with a modernity they understood even less.

The smugness of an earlier "unhistorical orthodoxy"—an attitude that played down empirical analysis and critical reflection—made some energetic members of the Church patsies for "unhistorical neodoxy," including Marxism. By 1983 it was still possible for a somewhat mellowed Gustavo Gutierrez to refer to the dated, impressionistic number-crunching of the sociologists who most influenced him as "studies of the most rigorous scientific exactitude." With their faith in dogmatic theology shaken, the liberation theologians found a substitute in what Novak calls an "old-fashioned dogmatic faith in social science."

At any rate, that's a charitable image to give in partial answer to an embarrassing question: the naive cleric who—vaguely suspicious of modernity's achievements and caught up as well in Latin American habits of dependency—embraces modernity's whim-wham. But as Novak makes clear throughout this book (especially in a chilling historical essay on the death-obsessed "inner will of socialism"), ideas have consequences, and it is reasonable to expect good people who have fostered bad ideas to acknowledge responsibility for the bad consequences. Novak declines to judge the intentions of the liberationists, but he does point to effects, again with mild understatement and a wry play on Marxist jargon: "the cause of liberation theology has already been wounded, perhaps mortally, by the *praxis* of liberation theologians among the Sandinista ruling class."

Wounded? Or brought to fruition? Whatever the intentions of the liberation theologians, their silence about the hard realities they helped bring about in Nicaragua is every bit as conspicuous as their earlier insouciance regarding Marxist oppression elsewhere. To date, the great majority of the quarter million refugees from Sandinista Nicaragua are of the peasant "class" exalted by the liberationists. Each day in their model Nicaragua, the consequences of their shallow lucubrations become less revocable and more degrading. Yet they are silent.

Having graciously assumed good intentions on the part of the liberation theologians, Michael Novak has paid them a further honor more gracious than any received from their liberal admirers in the North: he has taken the trouble to call their intellectual bluff—and to invite them to get serious about serious matters. ☐

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SELLING CULTURE: BLOOMINGDALE'S, DIANA VREELAND AND THE NEW ARISTOCRACY OF TASTE IN REAGAN'S AMERICA

Debora Silverman/Pantheon/$17.95

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

Beware of boorish borehunters. Debora Silverman, whom her publishers identify as a teacher of European cultural history at the University of California in Los Angeles, is one of those unfortunate social critics who, through a mysterious process of osmosis, absorb some of the most objectionable characteristics of their subjects. In Miss Silverman's case, the result is an ostentatious, aesthetically affected book which can only be described as a snobbishly pretentious attack on snobbish pretensions.

Miss Silverman identifies her targets in her title, a rather long one for a book with only 158 pages of text. As she sees it, Bloomingdale's, Diana Vreeland, and a "New Aristocracy," symbolized by some of Ronald and Nancy Reagan's conspicuously affluent personal friends, are all symptoms of a perverse "aristocratic revival" that is "profoundly different" from those in the past. In her preface, Miss Silverman declares that

> other instances of aristocratic revival or invented tradition were marked by a heightened attentiveness to the historical record on the part of their participants; immersion in and reference to the details of the past they were recreating was a prerequisite for the legitimacy of their projects. The 1980s group, by contrast, pursue a fundamentally antihistorical project. As the managers and products of a media culture, they elicit aristocratic material . . . as novel images for consumer sales. For them, aristocracies are not a diverse elite, specified by their national and historical locations, but an undifferentiated vision of surface luxury, opulence, and dedication to the "good life." The purpose of the 1980s aristocratic movement is not, like that of its predecessors [here, Miss Silverman refers to eighteenth-century and Belle Epoque France, ironically both eras notable for their dedication to surface luxury, opulence, and indulgence], to create stability amidst change, but to promote transience, discontinuity, and novelty required by the engines of consumerism. . . . *The themes and personnel of the 1980s aristocratic movement have direct political meaning and significance* [my italics].

To begin with, Miss Silverman sees an "aristocratic revival" where there is none; she confuses marketing with movements and confounds taste, even culture, with fashion. For better or worse, a bevy of well-heeled wives—a few of whose husbands happen to hold public office—gaping at chinoiserie in Bloomingdale's or, for that matter, the Metropolitan Museum, are scarcely handmaidens of the Zeitgeist. Hence the "themes and personnel" of this non-movement have no "direct political meaning and significance" whatsoever. They are about as relevant to American civilization in the 1980s as Mrs. Onassis's bouffant hairdos and Empire and *Directoire* fashions were to American civilization in the 1960s.

Ah, but there is a difference, at least in Miss Silverman's jaundiced eye. While she politically approves of the 1960s, she politically disapproves of the 1980s. This political prejudice on her part—or a less likely ignorance of fact—leads Miss Silverman to repeated errors and false comparisons. Thus:

> In her reign [sic] as First Lady, Mrs. Kennedy brought to the White House high style, couture fashion, and lavish entertainment that may appear similar to the opulence favored by the Nancy Reagan coterie. Yet Jacqueline Kennedy had a strong and vital commitment to history. . . . Soon after her arrival . . . Mrs. Kennedy developed a plan to recreate the White House rooms using the original furnishings and decor exactly as they had been under President Monroe . . .

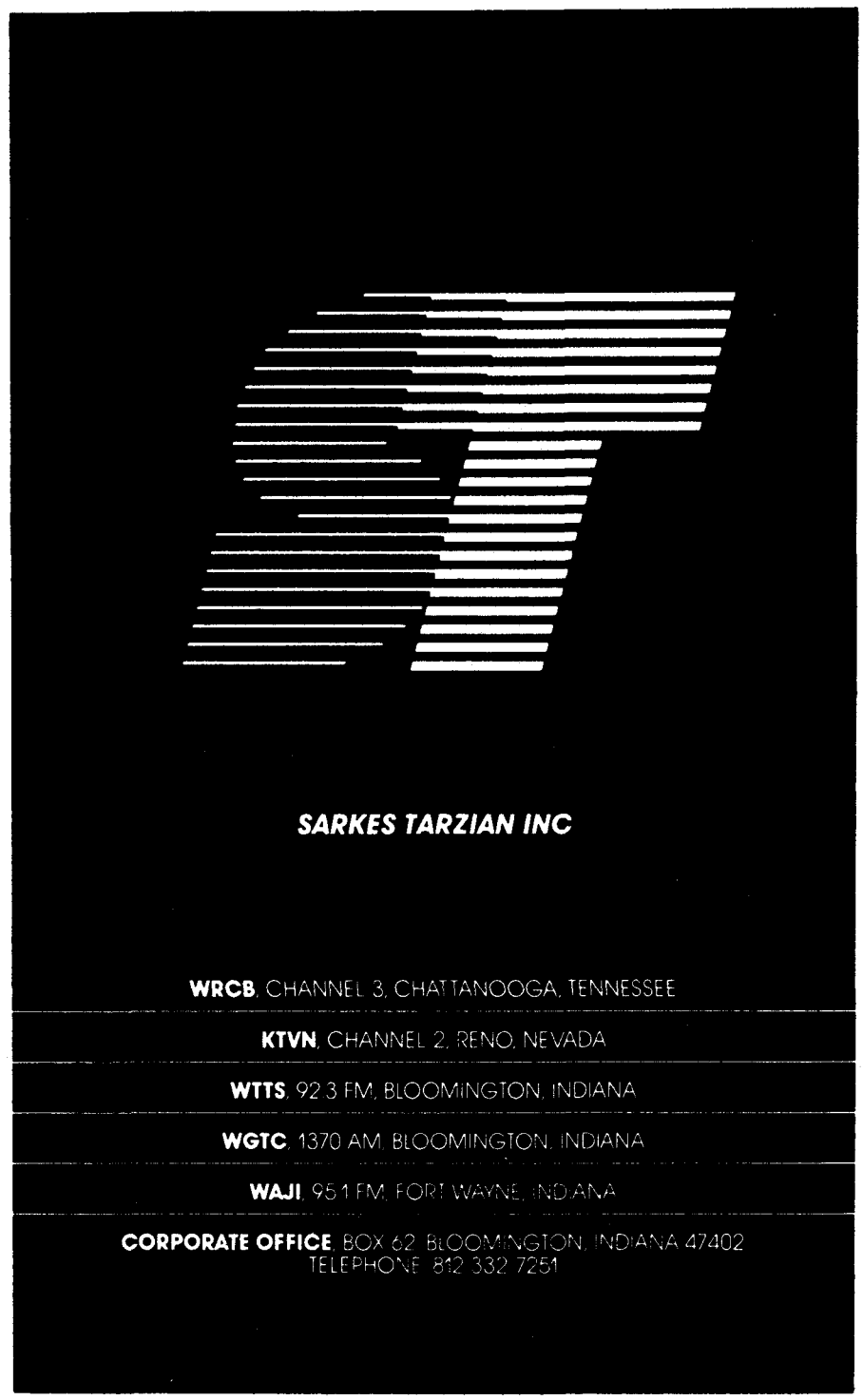
Here, one pictures James Monroe, possibly in a Chinese silk dressing gown, fingering upholstery swatches and wallpaper samples, his celebrated doctrine cast aside in favor of fashion "coordinating." But Miss Silverman is more interested in Kennedys than Monroes: "Jackie Kennedy's 'preoccupation with history' sets her apart from the 1980s aristocratizing elite with their powerful impulse to obliterate history. . . . The high-society followers of Mrs. Reagan and Mrs. Vreeland celebrate aristocracy as posture, as external trappings, and as luxury without responsibility."

Having constructed this false dichotomy, Miss Silverman unveils a series of shaky proofs, notably a sinister triad of events—a Bloomingdale's promotional show, an exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum designed by Diana Vreeland, and Nancy Reagan's refurbishing of her White House bedroom—all held together by the slender thread of chinoiserie. Thus: "The year 1980 unfolds like a Chinese imperial triptych, beginning with Bloomingdale's, reappearing at Vreeland's Metropolitan Museum, and ending with Nancy Reagan's own project of redecorating the White House, which incorporated chinoiseries and repudiated the Kennedys' historic legacy."

Here is a tenuous, muddled conspiracy theory that makes the Grassy Knoll hypothesis seem sweet reason by comparison. It is true that Mrs. Onassis did begin the historical restoration of the *public* rooms of the White House. But it is also true that every succeeding First Lady, including Nancy Reagan, has continued that work. Year by year, the White House Historical Association has continued to acquire new heirloom pieces and incorporate them into the Executive Mansion's decor. Under First Lady Pat Nixon, for example, a number of errors in style and authenticity made during the initial Kennedy redecorating were corrected, a fact conveniently overlooked by Miss Silverman.

The process goes on. Indeed, thanks to the generous donations of some of the wealthy Reagan friends so despised by Miss Silverman, it has, if anything, accelerated. As to the alleged repudiation of the Kennedy legacy, Nancy Reagan's redecorating of the *private* family quarters upstairs (probably much in need of first aid after four years of occupation by the Carter clan) had nothing to do with the historical integrity of the White House proper.

Much related twaddle follows, but I will spare you. About the only person likely to enjoy the book, despite the repeated catty attacks on her, is Diana Vreeland, a talented if superficial designer and stylist who is magnified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into a cultural Fury, all-powerful, all-pervasive, and unleashing a national "flight from reality and the erosion of compassion."

Fiat Glitz. Miss Silverman's repeated vague, unquantified references to growing hunger, poverty, and callousness in American society at a time when a larger percentage of the population is employed than ever before, and both government and the private sector are spending more on social welfare, are as childish as they are irrelevant. They are rooted not in a positive, compassionate worldview, but in leftist-elitist pique at a society that will not be bullied into confiscatory statism and which, in its own sweet time, will decide what is art and what is tasteful with a minimum of professorial scolding.

That many wealthy people, like most poor people, have less than perfect taste goes without saying. And, though some of my best friends are flush, I would be the first to admit that a good many of the current generation of the newly-rich are rhinestones—rather than diamonds—in the rough. Any fool who reads the gossip columns knows as much. It was ever thus.

But that contemporary America is more vulgar, crass, plutocratic, and callous than it was in the past is unlikely; to suggest that Bloomingdale's, Diana Vreeland, and Ron and Nancy could make it more so, even if they wanted to, is sophomoric. It is certainly unsupported by the hard facts of voluntary charitable support for the arts, the humanities, and the needy, and unprecedented governmental largesse which, unfortunately, often perpetuates the very cycles of poverty, degradation, and dependence it was meant to cure. Certainly, nothing contained in Miss Silverman's labored polemic makes a convincing case to the contrary. Which, I suppose, is a rather roundabout way of saying give it a miss. □

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LESSONS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Dr. An Wang, with Eugene Linden/Addison-Wesley/$17.95

Michael A. Scully

There is a great deal of talk these days about improving the quality of American education. Since the decline in educational standards roughly coincides with the introduction of huge federal expenditures on education, and levels of total expenditure greater than at any time in history, it occurs to some people that the commonsense view was right all along. Namely, that the successful education of the young is not, in any simple sense, a function of spending money. It is, for example, much more a function of students' motivation.

Thus this modest proposal: why not put all that audio-visual equipment to good use, by developing and distributing to schools videotapes of interviews featuring successful living Americans—"Horatio Alger stories." (A corollary proposal, this one for a foundation: finance well-written Spanish and Portuguese adaptations of some of Alger's books and cast them as bread upon the waters of South America and the Philippines.)

The "Horatio Alger" story succeeds insofar as it convinces the reader that the improbable is possible. Of course, such stories easily degenerate into the merely formulaic, becoming parodies of themselves, and boring as well. That is the charge critics level against most of Alger's own 100-plus books, and surely they are right about many of them. Yet what critic ever awoke in a boy a willingness to try, as Alger did, with the story of a street waif named "ragged Dick," who slept in a box in an alley near Fulton Street?

It is often suggested, especially by people who denigrate "Horatio Alger stories" (though few of them have read one), that they are unbelievable—that they are, literally, fantastic. Yet the "ragged Dick" of Alger's first book did not grow up to be rich as Croesus. He managed, by application and some luck, to become respectably middle class.

And that is not unbelievable at all—not then (the 1850s), not now. In the next couple of decades, *thousands* of kids who sleep in boxes in the stinking streets of Third World cities will do it. Had they a Horatio Alger, they might be *hundreds of thousands.*

One superb candidate for the video library of inspiring American stories is Dr. An Wang, the founder of Wang Laboratories, nowadays best known for its office computers. There is no doubting Dr. Wang's genius, an attribute shared by few. It is his good sense, however, and his willingness to share it, that makes his autobiography, *Lessons*, worth reading. And, of course, there is also the encouragement that comes from knowing that the improbable is possible.

An Wang was born the eldest son of a middle-class family in Shanghai, China, in 1920. His father taught English in a private elementary school in a nearby city. At 13, young Wang left home to attend a boarding school ten miles away, and at 16 entered Chiao Tung University in Shanghai. Japan invaded China about this time, and Chinese authorities moved the university to leased buildings within the French concession inside Shanghai's International Settlement, a border the Japanese respected until Pearl Harbor. (The "concessions" were a nine-square-mile area which had been under the control of foreign powers, including the U.S., British, and French, since the Opium War of 1839-42.) Wang spent the next three years in the International Settlement, isolated from the war whose sounds he could hear all around him.

A sensible man, Wang appreciates the importance luck plays in shaping a life. Indeed, like many remarkable men, he seems to have had a genius for good fortune. He remarks toward the end of one of his early chapters:

> . . . I never dismiss luck as a factor in a person's destiny. How foolish it would be for a survivor of war and anarchy not to believe in luck. In fact, I believe that it is self-deceptive—even dangerous—to think that one's life is entirely the product of one's own decisions and actions.

At the age of 20, Wang graduated

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from the university. He spent a year teaching there, before sneaking to one of the Central Radio Corporation facilities in the interior of the country, where he and his colleagues designed and built radio transmitters for Chinese government troops, often with scavenged and improvised parts. The International Settlement was overrun by the Japanese within months of his departure.

In 1945, Wang took advantage of an opportunity to spend a year in the United States. Shortly after arrival, it occurred to him to apply to study physics at Harvard. Since few G.I.'s had yet returned from the war, admissions were easier than they would have been in subsequent years, so Wang insists, and attributes his admission to the lucky timing of his arrival. After about a year, Wang took a job in Canada, but almost immediately returned to Cambridge, to a seven-dollar-per-week boarding house, and pursuit of his doctorate. Sixteen months later he had his Ph.D. in applied physics (a result of hard work, not luck).

Wang soon found a job as a research fellow at the Harvard Computation Laboratory, which was nurturing an infant technology, computers. In the most engaging section of *Lessons*, Wang describes how, within the next several years, he invented one of the essentials of computer technology (memory cores), patented his discovery, and founded his one-man company in an unfurnished 200-square-foot office.

Wang stresses the importance confidence played in his decision to enter business for himself. A man naturally moderate and prudent, he determined to build his business at a steady pace, one within the bounds of his own growing knowledge of business.

Within the course of the next 25 years, Wang essentially re-founded his company three times. In its first incarnation, Wang Laboratories sold memory chips and the computer expertise of Dr. Wang and a small group of colleagues. In the early and mid-1960s, Wang Laboratories developed and sold the first desk-top calculator, called LOCI (an acronym for logarithmic calculating instrument). It was an enormous success, especially on Wall Street. This, too, was a stroke of good fortune, as Dr. Wang discovered when he took his company public in the late 1960s.

One of the marks of a great entrepreneur is the ability to foresee changing circumstances and alter his company accordingly—though that means, in a sense, erasing part of his own life's history and legacy. By the early 1970s, Dr. Wang could foresee that the microchip would make calculators into a commodity. Sales would be based merely on the lowest price. Thus he transformed Wang Laboratories once again, this time pioneering the office computer market, which Wang dominated for most of the 1970s.

My favorite passage in *Lessons* is rendered all the more delightful by the reader's sense that Dr. Wang has made his living doing what he likes doing, and he considers that the mark of his success. The paragraph is as follows:

> We established the [family] trust with Marty Kirkpatrick as trustee [in 1957], and . . . a fifteen-thousand-dollar par debenture. . . . This is the only asset I ever gave the trust. . . . Today, although the Family Trust is some fifty-thousand times larger than it was at the outset, Marty is still the trustee.

Joseph Epstein has written that readers lose interest in biographies at precisely the point at which the hero succeeds. Dr. Wang is a great man, who has done great things, and given greatly to improve life in and around Boston. Unfortunately, however, his autobiography does not escape Epstein's dictum.

The last third of the book engages neither its readers nor, it seems, its writers (*Lessons* was written with the assistance of Eugene Linden). The further one reads beyond the first half of *Lessons*, the more its prose and perspective degenerate into those of a corporate annual report.

Of course, the truth behind Epstein's wise comment is that people read biographies out of self-interest. The business biography, especially, is a high-class form of self-improvement book. The further *Lessons* proceeds, the more its focus shifts from Wang the man to Wang the company. Yet it is Dr. An Wang who interests us, whose life inspires, and whose lessons we seek to learn. □

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL: ROAD TO VICTORY 1941-1945

Martin Gilbert/Houghton Mifflin/$40.00

Spencer Warren

Surely the longest biography ever written, Martin Gilbert's magnificent life of Winston Churchill reaches its seventh volume in *Road to Victory*, which takes us from America's entry into the war in December 1941 to Germany's surrender in May 1945. As the authorized biographer, Gilbert sees his role as chronicler rather than interpreter. He has artfully spun Churchill's government and private papers, as well as memoirs and diaries of Churchill's colleagues and staff, into a compelling narrative of 1351 pages, charting Churchill's course, often day by day, through the momentous decisions of the war.

Of the countless strategic and political issues confronted by Churchill and recounted here by Gilbert, the most important are the timing of the opening of the second front in France and Anglo-American dealings with the Soviet Union. After America's entry into the war, the American chiefs of staff, led by General Marshall, proposed an invasion of France for September 1942. Both the Americans and the British saw northwest Europe as the decisive theater of operations and also felt the keen imperative of relieving pressure on Russia, where the Germans, a year before Stalingrad, still had the upper hand. Stalin was pressing, almost pleading, for a landing in France. But Churchill and his chiefs of staff (led by General Sir Alan Brooke), who, unlike the Americans, had had first-hand experience of German might, had a far more realistic appreciation of the difficulties of a cross-Channel invasion.

At their frequent conferences in 1942 and 1943, Churchill and his service chiefs persuaded their American colleagues of the advantages of campaigns first in French North Africa and then in Sicily and the Italian mainland; the British were already engaged against the Germans in Egypt and Libya, and Algeria and Morocco were occupied only by the forces of Vichy France. Meantime, they reasoned, forces could be built up in Britain for a cross-Channel invasion. President Roosevelt agreed, seeing this as the best way to get Americans into combat in the European theater in 1942, and thus solidify his Germany-first strategy. The landings were made in Algeria and Morocco in November 1942, but American timidity prevented the British landing in Tunisia. This allowed the Germans to counter with powerful forces, delaying conclusion of the campaign for many months, until May 1943.

During the stalemate in Tunisia, the Anglo-American dispute over the second front came to a head at the Casablanca Conference in January 1943. Marshall advocated closing down Mediterranean operations after Tunisia in favor of an invasion of France as soon as possible.

But Churchill's influence with Roosevelt and the force of the British chiefs' arguments that the enemy should be continuously engaged (an invasion of France was not possible until later in the year) carried the day. The Allies agreed the next objective would be clearance of the Mediterranean for shipping and, to facilitate this, a landing in Sicily. Finally, in Washington in May 1943, they agreed an invasion of France was not possible that year (ironically, in part because the Americans were sending too many landing craft to the Pacific despite the Germany-first strategy). Operation Overlord, as the cross-Channel invasion became known, was set for May 1, 1944.

Following the liberation of Sicily in the summer of 1943, Churchill succeeded in persuading the Americans to continue on to the Italian mainland. He again argued that Allied forces had to be kept engaged somewhere, rather than sit idle till the next spring and let the Germans catch their breath (and probably reinforce France). He also stressed the advantages of knocking Italy out of the war.

As the Italian campaign proceeded, and Mussolini was overthrown, Churchill's fertile imagination was fired by the possibility of a rapid advance up the peninsula, followed by a strike into southern France or eastern Europe. Deeply troubled also about the hazards of Overlord, he fought against withdrawals of troops for that operation and came to see Italy as the main theater. In this he was wrong and the Americans right. There was no "soft underbelly" of Europe and Italy was not the road to Germany; the Appennines made rapid advance difficult and, beyond them, the Alps barred the way. Northwest Europe was indeed the place to make the massive, decisive blow. →

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But it was Churchill's caution and realism that checked the Americans' impetuousness and brought about the conditions for the success of the American strategy, which at one time had also been his and which in the end he supported with all his usual enthusiasm and vigor. The Mediterranean strategy was crucial to the success of Overlord. In June 1944, the Germans had twenty-eight divisions in Italy. Had these been available for the battle in Normandy, the invasion might have failed. In addition, from 1942 to 1944 the Allied air forces had crushed the Luftwaffe and had also damaged the French rail network, limiting sharply the Germans' ability to reinforce Normandy. In those two years of war the German reserve had been badly depleted. Further, the added time gave Allied, mainly British, deception schemes (Operation Bodyguard) time to work so effectively as to play a key role in Hitler's holding back Panzer divisions from the landing beaches; Hitler was convinced that Normandy was a diversion from the main landing, which he thought would be across the Pas de Calais.

Churchill's record is more mixed on the second major issue, relations with Soviet Russia. As the original (and still most eloquent) anti-Communist—he was the leading proponent of Allied intervention against the Bolsheviks in 1918—Churchill entered into dealings with Stalin with a healthy skepticism. In October 1942 he wrote, "It would be a measureless disaster if Russian barbarism overlaid the culture and independence of . . . Europe." The fear haunted him throughout the war (and led him to send British troops to Greece late in 1944 to prevent a Communist takeover).

Yet he was under a number of constraints. Until Overlord, Russia carried the main burden of the war; there were even some indications that it would make a separate peace. Moreover, Churchill knew that with the collapse of France and the coming destruction of Germany, no power would stand with Britain against Russia in the future except the unpredictable United States. And he could not diverge from Roosevelt, who assured Churchill he "could personally handle Stalin"; FDR was also eager to enlist Russia in the war with Japan. While Churchill's realism placed limits on how far he would go to placate Russia, these factors, along with his own hopes for a peaceful world, led him to conciliate Stalin. At times he even seemed influenced by Stalin's charm.

This ambivalence can be seen in Churchill's policy on the main issue dividing the Big Three, the future of Poland. He agreed to let Russia keep the area of Poland it had annexed in the infamous Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact of 1939. He had no choice. Yet he then fought hard for Poland's independence and was prepared to sunder the alliance over the issue once Germany was defeated.

In retrospect, after forty years' experience with Soviet duplicity, we can say that Churchill (and, much more, Roosevelt) was at times too accommodating towards Stalin. His Polish policy was right in the fundamentals, but he showed too much readiness to pressure the Polish government in London on Russia's behalf, and also failed to get a *quid pro quo* for his efforts. The atmosphere at the Teheran and Yalta conferences (two good arguments against summits) was too friendly. Along with Roosevelt's unhelpful attitude when he wanted to take a tougher line, this may have emboldened Stalin to be more aggressive in asserting control over eastern Europe.

In the weeks before Roosevelt's death in April 1945, as Russian repression in Poland made clear Stalin's bad faith at Yalta, Churchill pushed for a confrontation. At the end of the war he strongly urged President Truman that Allied troops not be withdrawn back across the Elbe to the zonal boundaries which had been agreed for the postwar division of Germany. But this was not possible. Following heavy fighting on Iwo Jima and in the midst of fanatical opposition on Okinawa, the Americans had to withdraw their armies from Europe for the expected invasion of Japan. Nor would American and British public opinion, which had been conditioned by strongly pro-Russian propaganda, have understood or countenanced a break right after the joyous victory in Europe.

But in the end there is probably little Churchill could have done given the military developments that allowed the Red Army to sweep into the heart of Europe. Much has been written about Churchill's opposition to Operation Anvil, the invasion of southern France in August 1944 as an ancillary to Overlord, which required further withdrawals from Italy. Churchill urged instead that the Italian campaign be pressed to its conclusion and that a force then be sent through to Yugoslavia, cutting off German forces in the Balkans, and marching on Vienna. This might have saved some of eastern Europe (but not Poland) from the Russians. Gilbert accepts this analysis, but he also produces evidence that the British Joint Planning Staff and General Brooke had grave doubts about the practicability of the operation, which would have involved a winter campaign in the Alps.

More important for the future of Europe were the conduct of the campaign in France and the generalship of Dwight Eisenhower and his chief lieutenants. The Germans' collapse at the end of the battle in Normandy in July-August 1944 gave the Western Allies the opportunity to march into Germany and quite possibly end the war in 1944. (They would also have saved perhaps hundreds of thousands of casualties; two-thirds of allied losses in the French and German campaigns came after September.) Russian forces could have ended the war well to the east of Germany. This opportunity was lost in part through Eisenhower's indecision and inability to overcome the problems inherent to coalition warfare.

Gilbert has been much criticized for heavily emphasizing fact over analysis. Some issues, especially Churchill's dealings with Stalin, need interpretation. But on the whole this criticism misses the point. As the volumes are now running well over 1000 pages each, analysis can only come at the expense of the extraordinarily rich detail which is the hallmark of the work. Gilbert is letting Churchill tell his own long, immensely complex, fascinating story. It is up to others to analyze and judge.

One more volume is to come. That the reader can be engrossed by thousands of pages of detail about one person is itself fitting testament to Churchill's greatness and largeness of spirit. The reader who has time for only one volume ought to turn to the preceding one, *Finest Hour, 1939-1941*, when Britain stood at the abyss and Churchill's courage, nobility, and eloquence were her salvation. □

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MEXICO: CHAOS ON OUR DOORSTEP

Sol Sanders/Madison Books/$18.95

Herb Greer

When the Viet Cong were the world's favorite heroes, and the United States was Amerika-with-a-big-K, it was awfully modish to speak and write about the arrogance of power. A parallel phenomenon was common at the time; it is still prominent in the sort of compassionate reportage which makes Daniel Ortega into a neo-George Washington, the victim of American oppression. The phenomenon I mean is the arrogance of weakness. It is expressed among us by the knee-jerk assumption that because a country or some ethnic group is, in the cant expression, "underdeveloped" or "oppressed," it is therefore instilled with a chemically pure brand of virtue. Our liberals like to contrast this invidiously with the strength, the prosperity, and the confidence of America, which they hold up as the *felo de se* of Western democracy.

In a little book called *The Ordeal of Change*, Eric Hoffer wrote: "It has been often said that power corrupts. But it is perhaps equally important to realize that weakness too corrupts. Power corrupts the few, while weakness corrupts the many. Hatred, malice, rudeness, intolerance, and suspicion are the fruits of weakness."

The majority of Western media reporting on Latin America is rotten with the arrogance of weakness, while public attitudes in Latin America—where they concern the United States—are riddled with the corruption described by Hoffer. In this book Sol Sanders attempts to correct, the one and explain the other in the case of Mexico. He provides some information that will interest the general reader, but the book has to be handled with care. Much of its discussion is spoiled by obstinate superficiality, apparent haste, and much lapsing into tabloid-speak, beginning with the title: *Mexico: Chaos on Our Doorstep.*

The author says that the purpose of this book is "to present a panorama of Mexico's problems as they relate to the U.S." His text records a number of alarming observations: Mexico is not a real democracy but a fief of the PRI (Party of Institutionalized Revolution), which runs a sclerotic and corrupt system of government that may well break down. Among the factors tending to this is an economy ruined by socialist dogma, largely inherited from fatuous American academics. These people still toady to xenophobic Mexican Marxists, a breed that infects Mexico's intellectual elite like mold rotting damp bread. Mexico offers help to those who wish to subvert the United States. In particular it harbors the largest contingent of KGB personnel this side of the Iron Curtain, and furnishes a conduit for the infiltration of Soviet agents into America, North and South. Naturally Mexico's government supports the Marxist-Leninist regimes in Cuba and Nicaragua. It also abets a venal police force, helping in the traffic of drugs across Mexico's northern border; a few token arrests have done nothing to change this. The Mexican population is growing like a runaway tumor and cannot feed itself, much less attain some version of the Good Life. And the principal feeling of Mexicans toward their *gringo* neighbors is a venomous envy and loathing, sometimes mitigated by grudging admiration. If the Mexican system should collapse, this loathing would not prevent a flood of refugees, millions of them, from crossing into the United States. Collapse and exodus would allow the USSR and Cuba to create "greater problems" for the United States. (Mr. Sanders mentions these "problems" several times, but is never specific about them.) American policy worldwide would be "skewed," demanding "an immediate reordering of military priorities of a magnitude not seen since Pearl Harbor." Mr. Sanders is horrified that American public opinion, even among "Hispanics," seems indifferent to these facts and contingencies, and that our government has no cogent policy to cope with "the chaos that is descending on the Latin States."

Like the expression about "greater problems," Mr. Sanders uses the word "chaos" vaguely, apparently in order to create a mood of impending doom. The curious quality of his melodrama, coming as it does from an obvious conservative, is that the framework is so very Marxist. It is the typical Red Revolutionary or quasi-Jacobin scenario, with internal troubles weakening the system and eventually causing a general *effondrement*, followed by the rule of hard men and horrors that will send millions of suffering wretches into the sanctuary of our (formerly Mexican) Southwest. The precedents of Cuba and Nicaragua are not labored, but they are a grim double presence in the wings.

Other possibilities are offered in rather a token manner, but Mr. Sanders strongly implies that Mexico is going to fall apart, unless the Mexicans simply abandon cultural and political attitudes which they have inherited from centuries of Spanish rule, and which are the tissue of their politics today. Given that Mexican (not to say human) history makes this radical and collective change of spirit very, very unlikely, one is driven to the conclusion that this book is actually *predicting* a collapse, and urging Americans and their government to get ready for it, or else.

This Vance Packard approach to international politics is undermined by several passages in the book itself. For example:

> Mexican society, for all its weaknesses and failures, has proved through the centuries to have great inner resources, great flexibility, and built-in attributes that keep it operating against enormous odds. These include close family relationships that provide economic and social security in a society that has few government welfare services, and a feudal hierarchy in the villages and city *barrios* that keeps order and provides an indigenous social organization, however archaic and undemocratic to the modern eye. The tradition of ***aguantar***—to bear suffering and affliction—which is so much a part of the Indian heritage of the poor in Mexico, also permits the society to ride out bad economic and political periods that might destroy a more rigid and sophisticated culture.

A little warmed-over McLuhan—TV, the global village, and all that—is of-

Herb Greer is an American writer and playwright living in England.

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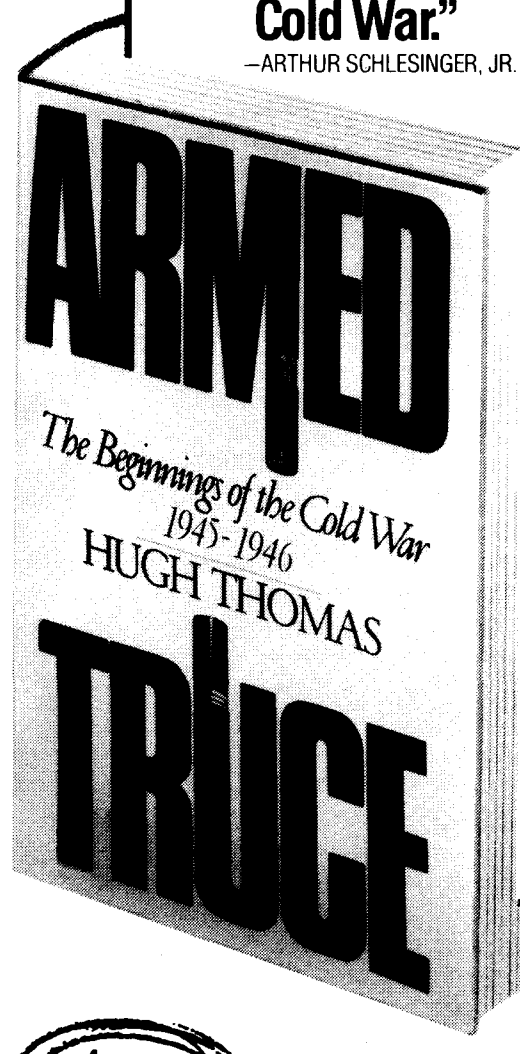

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fered up to counter this and suggest that everything is different now. But it is not very convincing. Mr. Sanders also points out that the Mexican army, based on a traditional scattering of local warlords, is not the sort of organization conducive to a military takeover as seen elsewhere in Latin America. Even the influence of neo-Pelagian acolytes of "Liberation Theology" have not much altered the basic passive conservatism of the Mexican poor. Growing urbanization, it seems, has not done so either, as the quote above implies. Another factor not mentioned by Mr. Sanders is that the Mexican people have had several generations' experience of revolutionary rhetoric and its failed promises—however much their small and *pimpant* intellectual elite likes to take it seriously. All in all these facets of Mexico, plus considerable North American involvement in the country, throw doubt on the massive spontaneous collapse predicted by Mr. Sanders.

But there is one more scenario the author appears to have missed. It is not only feasible, but in certain circumstances rather likely. It goes like this: Americans elect an administration full of *good* liberal instincts, urgently favoring human rights, hating corruption, and determined to do the *right* thing for the Third World, including Mexico. The continuing drug traffic is used to stimulate public insistence that something be done. Like Batista, like Somoza, the PRI oligarchy is a scandal, it is ruining Mexico, it is corrupt, undemocratic, and dictatorial. There are electoral and other atrocity stories. Certain American academics, with "contacts" in Marxist circles in Mexico, urge the government to condemn the messy, decaying situation in Mexico, and help open the country to change—for the better, naturally. Covert help is given to undermine the PRI and reform the structure of the army with new "liberal" officers. Underground activity is encouraged, spreads, helped by army deserters, and—after a bit of bloodshed here and there—a new coalition is installed in Mexico City. It is made up of all the factions who want "progress"; of course Marxists are included, because this is a real democratic arrangement. The Marxists work very hard, with plenty of "co-opting" help from Americans (academics and others), until—the rest is familiar, right down to European and U.N. demands that we leave "poor little Mexico" alone to educate the peasants and improve their health care. The process has not been melodramatic but gradual, fueled by many Yanqui good intentions and righteously approved by our media.

In short, the danger where Mexico is concerned may well be more intense in the United States than in Mexico itself. For now I doubt that Mr. Sanders will have much luck in exciting Americans with his dire prophecy of collapse, Russian and Cuban "problems," and so on. For *gringos* the south-of-the border archetype remains Villa-cum-Zapata or Speedy Gonzales, and *mañana* in a land of lazy brown anarchic *peons* who, whatever happens down there, cannot do us much damage. Not even the Cuban Missile Crisis could wipe out this prejudice, which informs the obsequious and watery "co-opting" activity of American liberals. For historical reasons sketched by Mr. Sanders, this is no more likely to alter than the cultural attitudes of the Mexicans themselves.

It may be that Americans will come to notice that their southern border marks off a Hobbesian world, whose politics are more than a little like those of the Italian Renaissance. If we have fallen foul of that world in recent years, it may be because we have taken the co-opters as our guides rather than Machiavelli. If we should happen to trade the one for the other, this might well give us the "cogent policy" which Mr. Sanders would like to see. ☐

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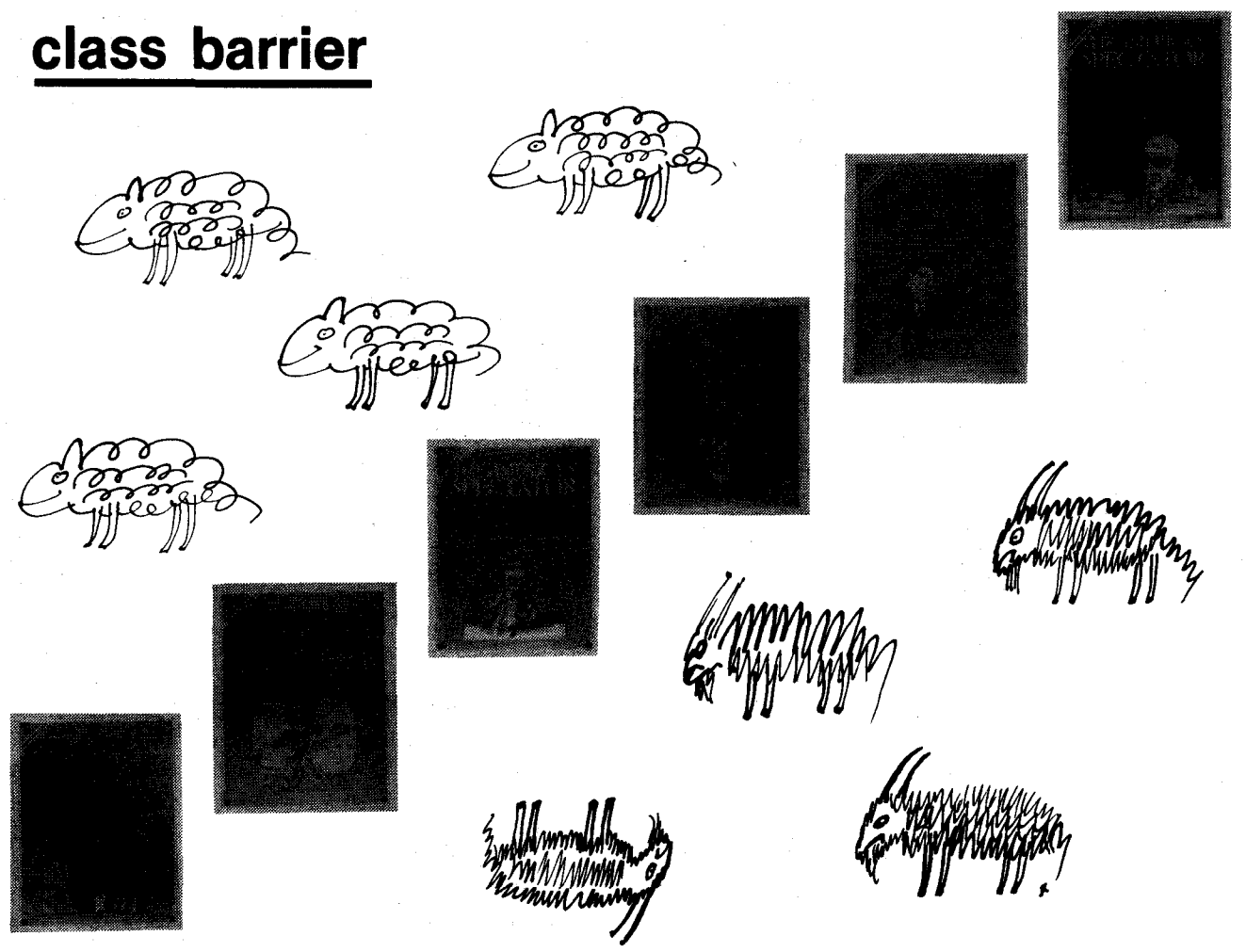

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For example, back in 1978 Jude Wanniski and Paul Craig Roberts introduced our readers to supply-side economics; in early 1983 Gregory Fossedal and Karl O'Lessker expounded the doctrines of SDI; in the early 1970s Edward Banfield used our pages to call for welfare reform. In these (as in many other) cases . . . ***you read it here first.***

In 1986 we featured Rael Jean Isaac on the Legal Services Corporation (a bureaucratic hotbed of empire-building and abuse), Bill Tucker on The Farm Crisis (agricultural subsidies suck non-farmers into agriculture—get rid of them), Fred Barnes on Democratic Presidential Candidates Conservatives Could Live With (Bradlee, Robb and . . . ?), and in 1987 Dixy Lee Ray on Acid Rain (saying it really wasn't important), and That Guy on AIDS (calling for quarantine). In these (as in many other cases) . . . ***you could read it nowhere else.***

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EINSTEIN'S MONSTERS

Martin Amis/Harmony Books/$12.95

Richard T. Marin

In the middle of Martin Amis's "polemical introduction" to his new book, *Einstein's Monsters*, sits an account of an argument: he vs. his father, Kingsley Amis, on the subject of nuclear war.

Martin, 37, informs his father that he is writing about nuclear weapons.

Kingsley, 64, responds: "Ah. I suppose you're 'against them,' are you?"

Martin, ever the rude boy, counters: "Well, we'll just have to wait until you old *bastards* die off one by one."

Kingsley winds up the bout with remarks along the lines of: "Think of it. Just by closing down the Arts Council we could significantly augment our arsenal."

Such testy polemics, we are told, usually dissolve into cooing over Martin's one-year-old son—Kingsley's grandson. But the scene has been set. It is as vivid a one as you are likely to get of the differences between father and son, or of the family feud that pushes their books so far apart on the literary-political map.

With the release of *Money*, two years ago in this country, Martin Amis cut a flamboyant swath across the precious, cultivated landscape of American prose. This was no cloistered suburban tale of backyard melodramas or romance kindled by Hibachi flame. It was a speeding transatlantic picaresque loaded with porn, greed, liquor, drugs, obscenity, and money both real and imaginary: gleaming metallic credit cards, heavy bricks of travellers checks, dense wads of cash. It was a novel of wretched excess, a long joke about sex and death; a "suicide note" to the world scrawled by a character called John Self, bequeathed to another called Martin Amis. Like Saul Bellow's *Herzog* (Amis regularly invokes Bellow as *the* great influence on his prose), *Money* is a huge angry screed, overstuffed with learning and allusion, each sentence dense with metaphor. "My head is a city, and various pains have now taken up residence in various parts of my face. . . . As for my brain," says Self, "it's Harlem up there, expanding in the summer fires. It boils and swells. One day soon it is going to burst."

Richard T. Marin is an assistant editor of Harper's.

Money was the story that had been boiling and swelling in Amis since his first book, *The Rachel Papers*, a wickedly lewd coming-of-age novel published when its author was himself but a callow 24. His subsequent output, both fictional and otherwise, furthered his expeditions into social satire. Ripping through the seventies, Amis ravaged the drugs-and-love culture left over from the previous decade; he jeered at the crumbling British class system and punctured the political ideals of left and right. In a recent collection of journalistic pieces and pontifications, *The Moronic Inferno*, he engaged in more of the same, this time on American soil. Despite his years spent in this country (while his father was ensconced at Princeton); despite the glaring effect upon his writing of its life and literature, the younger Amis has few kind words for the U.S.A. Too vulgar, you see. Nice place to write about, but live there?

In fact, Amis over the years has had few kind words for anyone or anything. Not since Charles Highway, the eager young narrator of *The Rachel Papers*, has a genuinely sympathetic protagonist graced Amis's fiction. The pressure of writing his way out from under the paternal shadow seems to have weighed heavily upon him. Such is the anxiety of influence when one is born the *enfant* of so celebrated an *enfant terrible* as Kingsley Amis, Angry Young Man of yore, author of *Lucky Jim*, and recent recipient of the Booker Prize, Britain's most prestigious literary garland.

But now Martin Amis has a cause to champion. He is *engagé*. Just as some people "get" religion, he has gotten Peace, or The Fear—not of God but the split atom. *Einstein's Monsters*, Amis announces in its 24-page introduction, titled "Thinkability," is all about living with, and hating, the bomb.

Jonathan Schell's doomsday prognostications (in *The Fate of the Earth* and *The Abolition*) served as the catalyst for Amis's sudden awakening to the present danger. He thanks Schell both "for ideas and for imagery," while praising him reverentially: "He has moral accuracy. He is unerring."

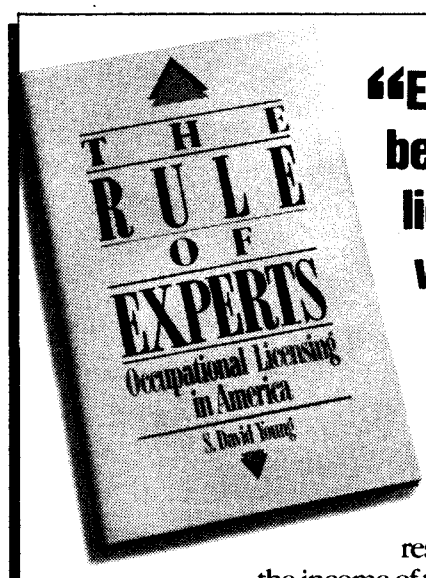
As for the ideas, they are shopworn and uncharacteristically woolly: unilateral disarmament, "dismantling" nuclear weapons. The imagery is more provocative: it evokes life in a "Manhattan of missiles," which "squat on our spiritual lives." Ask what lies on "the other side of the firebreak" and Amis will tell you—"Necropolis." Take his ideas or leave them, Amis is still pushing words hard across the page. It's not easy to argue with someone who's talking so fast. But read on, and you discover that the five stories in this collection are not pitched to the high style promised in the introduction.

The first, "Bujak and the Strong Force," tells of a hulking Polish émigré *cum* Samaritan who polices his neighborhood not so much with physical violence as the threat of it. That this bullet-headed tower of a man is actually a Minuteman/SS-20 in disguise is made just a little too clear by the narrator (one of the neighborhood's policed and protected), who calls Bujak "our deterrent." He is a weepy sort, this narrator, prone to saying things like, "I have nothing to fear, except the end of the world." After John Self's rollicking stream of consciousness, the diffuse, nondescript voices through which the stories in *Einstein's Monsters* trickle down come as something of an anticlimax. In the end, we are told, Bujak "laid down his arms," and the moral shouts through loud and clear. A little too loud, actually.

If these stories "arouse political feelings then that is all to the good," Amis says, after insisting that their primary purpose is to give "various kinds of complicated pleasure." Always a stern moralist, Amis has never before been a dour one. *Dead Babies*, his quintessential gross-out novel, was a graphic cry of revulsion at the sight of decency's decline and fall. Random copulation laced with deviant sexual practices, brain-frying drugs—these things disgusted Amis, but he could still laugh at them. In *Einstein's Monsters* he's so busy hanging crepe over the last days of Western Civilization he can't even muster a few *Strangelove*-style barbs, black though they might be.

Perhaps the problem lies in the species of writing undertaken. As Amis points out, most imaginative fiction to deal with this subject "belongs to the genres": fully one-quarter of science fiction novels are set after "W.W. III." To me, that adds up to several hundred-thousand pages of crushing tedium—and to Amis as well. Thus the problem he sets for himself: how to write about the holocaust differently, more skillfully?

The five stories in *Einstein's Monsters* are set sequentially, two pre- then three post-holocaust. The one closest to Amis's "thinkability" mindset is the second, called "Insight at Flame Lake." It recounts the diary of a mad teenager, a boy of 13 resembling "Franz Kafka or Ivan Lendl," whose thermonuclear obsession sends him first into schizophrenia then self-destruction. But as in "Bujak," the symbolism squats flatly on the story's spiritual life. Neither the boy nor his



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uncle "Ned" comes off as real flesh-and-blood folk, but rather as didactic stand-ins, ideas in search of a character.

"The Time Disease" conjures a cyber-punk Hollywood future-world, where life imitates TV and sex is moribund. Now it's "*time*" (always in italics) that looms as the omnipresent oppressor. Nuclear winter persists and the heavens have gone dark ("Oh, the sky, the poor sky"). But, a nit-picker might ask, how come all the TVs are working? After the blasts wiped out the electromagnetic field? It seems Amis chooses only those aspects of Schell's post-nuclear dystopia that suit his fictional purposes.

Time is also the lead player in "The Immortals," a pompous lament by a man literally as old as the hills, who finds himself stuck on a dead earth with a few millennia to kill. "The first batch of ape people were just a big drag as far as I was concerned . . ." And so on. The tone is closer to Mel Brooks than Borges, whom Amis claims as the inspiration for "The Immortals." The gags miss the mark, though, leaving us a protracted bromide by the world's oldest and most boring raconteur.

Of all these stories, "The Little Puppy That Could" is the most traditional piece of SF speculation—and the most lively. Set in a ragged village on the edge of chaos, a small contingent of our descendants live in mortal fear of a terrible creature called "the dog." They sacrifice "Queers" (their malevolved cousins) to the evil canine's voracious appetite until a lesser beast (the doglet of the title) intervenes. Lassie-like storyboard aside, there are several deft and welcome brushstrokes here. In this inverted community the women are "all rugged and ruddy and right; the men all drab, effaced, annulled." Genetic bedlam reigns and human beings are "mildly dismayed to find themselves travelling backward down their evolutionary flarepaths—or worse, sideways, into some uncharted humiliation of webs and pouches, of trotters and beaks."

At last, a whiff of the old (the young?) Martin Amis, cataloguing the nasty byways of perversity, as Balzac did cheeses in the market square; spinning an improbable but compelling yarn, and relaxing, enjoying it. To hell with polemics, "thinkability," and the moronic superinferno. The surest way to a reader's heart isn't through his conscience, but a good story. Or a good joke. □

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JONAS SAVIMBI A KEY TO AFRICA
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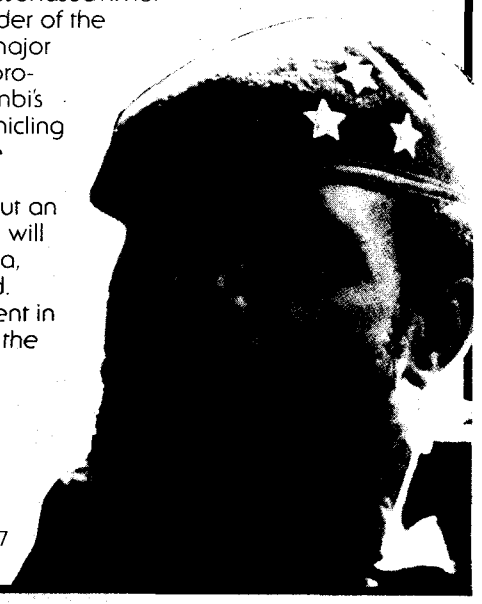

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(continued from page 9)

operators with banishment to the "commercial oblivion" of the upper reaches of channel positioning (channels 2-13 are more heavily viewed), this did not come to pass. Local cable operators backed down in the face of united opposition from all local television broadcasters and KCPQ-TV, Channel 13, remains on the channel 13 position in cable homes throughout the Seattle-Tacoma market.

—Chris Kelly
KCPQ-TV/Channel 13
Tacoma, Washington

The article on Ted Turner was quite illuminating. Recently, a group of friends and I were discussing the riddle of what had converted an apparently patriotic and conservative entrepreneur into an "agent of deception." The conversation was triggered by Turner's antics and mouth-frothing indignation in connection with ABC's "Amerika." Turner put on a number of hours of propaganda designed to counteract ABC's "harsh" treatment of the poor, well-intentioned Soviets. As everyone knows, taking over the U.S. is the farthest thing from their minds. If you don't believe Turner, ask Marshal Ogarkov.

We all agreed that the most likely explanation for Turner's apparent quick conversion was that, during a trip to Cuba, he had been the victim of a classic entrapment, i.e., videotaped in a sexually compromising situation and blackmailed. However, from your article, it seems he is not the type of man to be bothered by revelations of sexual peccadillos—at least if his partner were female. So it looks as if the explanation is not a sudden change of any kind, but a revelation of what has been there all along—a shallow, power-hungry opportunist who is willing to be used by the Soviets in the belief that he is using them.

—J. Edgar Williams
Carrboro, North Carolina

Why Go Navy?

My congratulations to the person who writes your headlines. I would be hard pressed to think of a better title for Thomas Donatelli's recent cannonade against the Military Reorganization Act than "Go Navy" (*TAS*, February 1987)—except, perhaps, "Go Navy, Beat Army." Central to Mr. Donatelli's argument is the idea that a nation cannot be both a "sea power" and a "land power" at the same time. This idea may have had validity for its author. Admiral Mahan was, after all, a nineteenth-century man who based his opinions on the lessons of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naval campaigns. However, before we sacrifice our hopes of a coherent strategic policy on the altar of Poseidon, we should consider whether Mahan's dichotomy holds true in an era where wars are not merely fought in the land and the sea, but also in the air, in space, and in the electromagnetic spectrum.

An object lesson in the danger of failing to coordinate strategy at the highest level can be found in the history of the same Prussian General Staff that Mr. Donatelli erroneously implicates as a model for the reformed JCS organization. The Prussian General Staff was a one service staff that brought victory as long as Prussia could win its wars in the course of a land campaign that culminated in one or two decisive battles. In World War I, the Prussian General Staff continued its tradition of operational excellence by leading the German Army from victory to victory on land. By the end of 1917 Serbia, Rumania, and Russia had been removed from the anti-German alliance. France, Belgium, and Italy had lost the capacity for offensive operations. These victories in one sphere, however,

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were not enough to stave off eventual defeat. Defeat came because the German nation was unable to deal with the economic, psychological, and, yes, the naval superiority of its enemies. In short, they concentrated their efforts on one aspect of the conflict while ignoring others.

Freeing the Chairman of the JCS and his staff from the need to act as salesmen for their services of origin will not guarantee that we too will not emphasize one form of warfare to the detriment of others. Nor will it guarantee that fiascos like those that attended the liberation of Grenada and those that prevented the rescue of the Teheran hostages will not occur again. What the Military Reorganization Act will do, however, is give those uniformed decision makers who must think in terms of using all available resources the opportunity to acquire and express a broader view of strategy. As such, it is a step in the right direction. *—Bruce I. Gudmundsson*
Medford, Massachusetts

Thomas Donatelli replies:
I am dismayed by Mr. Gudmundsson's suggestion that implied in my argument is the desire to undermine our Army. Indeed, it is precisely this kind of pettiness which has characterized and, at the same time, distorted the entire debate over military reform. I would never assert that America is, or should be, solely reliant on sea power. Nevertheless, whether we like it or not, we are *primarily* a sea power. Should Mr. Gudmundsson like to contest this point, may I suggest that he rent a car and take a drive around the periphery of the country. He will have ample opportunity to go swimming.

Given this fact, a maritime emphasis in U.S. global strategy should be the cornerstone of our defense policy. It provides us with the most convincing capability to limit damage through offensive and defensive counterforce. It is also the most reliable and *cost-effective* equalizer for our theater defense deficiencies.

Maritime power projection by Britain and France was far superior to the land power projection by Imperial Russia in the Crimea. Additionally, Russia was at a distinct disadvantage in Manchuria and Korea against the Japanese during 1904-5. It is a fact that, given the present state of transport technology, a U.S.-led maritime alliance could project power far more economically to the Soviet Far East front than could the USSR itself—a fact.

Now that we have a centralized JCS, the question is: to what extent will this centralized bureaucracy, with an overly influential Army and Air Force, be sensitive to the needs and requirements of our vital maritime and amphibious forces come "strategy coordination" time (whatever that means). I believe the prognosis is bad. Maybe certain "uniformed decision makers" now have greater latitude. That fact translates into less relative information for our politically accountable civilian leaders. That doesn't seem to bother Mr. Gudmundsson. Perhaps he had recently conferred with Messrs. Poindexter and North?

Housing Solutions
William Tucker's article on the housing shortage in New York City ("Homeless People, Peopleless Homes," *TAS*, February 1987) is heavy on propaganda but light on facts, much like the news reporting favored by the Soviet soldiers that he describes marching in Red Square.

In seeking to condemn the City's rent control system, which is imperfect at best, Mr. Tucker carries his arguments to absurd extremes, unfairly attacking all of the City's many housing efforts. His indictment of everything the City does is based on dangerous misperceptions and a fundamental misunderstanding of the purpose and value of our programs.

Mr. Tucker's arguments against rent control are familiar, and not without merit (although it is a bit hard to feel

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sympathy for Carly Simon's landlord for getting only $2,208 a month for her apartment). Rent controls clearly do provide a negative incentive for housing construction and may not always benefit the most needy.

But having accepted those two points, what would Mr. Tucker and other anti-rent control zealots suggest we do? Forty years of a distorted market cannot be swept away tomorrow without enormous suffering. Perhaps Mia Farrow should pay more than $1,870 for her Central Park West apartment, but what about the elderly widow who uses most of her social security check to pay her below-market, controlled rent? Where is she supposed to go if her landlord is given the unlimited right to increase her rent at will?

Having described the City's housing shortage, Mr. Tucker even manages to find a dark side to Mayor Edward I. Koch's ten-year, $4.2 billion housing plan to preserve, construct, and rehabilitate 252,000 housing units. He suggests that funds from the program are being used to fund upper income housing, such as Battery Park City, when the exact opposite is the case. The revenues from Battery Park City are being used to help fund the Mayor's program for low, moderate, and middle income housing, not the other way around.

Mr. Tucker fears that the City will not be able to sustain the burden of debt from the Mayor's plan, but offers no evidence. There are no data, no facts, and no analyses produced by anyone that suggest that the plan is not sound fiscal policy.

Mr. Tucker's greatest venom is reserved for the 7A program, which currently includes only 265 of the City's approximately 119,000 buildings. His description of such a small program as playing "such a large part in New York's housing and [typifying] so much of the City government's housing philosophy" shows what happens when propaganda intrudes upon the facts.

The 7A program, run not by the City but by the courts, is used only in the most extreme cases where a landlord has walked away from a building. The goal is for court-appointed administrators to stabilize a building before conditions deteriorate to such an extent that the building becomes unlivable.

Mr. Tucker suggests that many 7A Administrators are not properly trained, but then he criticizes the City for trying to provide training. He describes 7A as a "fast track whereby [the City] uses neighborhood preservation companies as shock troops in an effort to get more and more real estate into city hands." The fact is the opposite: the 7A program is intended to restore basic services without forcing the city to take over ownership.

His description of one case, involving a building formerly owned by Katherine Ricks and managed under the 7A program by Toby Sanchez, resembles a Grade B movie with a villain and a victim. Ms. Ricks bought the building in 1984 and conditions went from bad to worse. The number of violations increased greatly from when she purchased the property to the time when Ms. Sanchez was appointed the 7A. During the winter of 1985, when Mr. Tucker's "victim"—Ms. Ricks—owned the building, the tenants suffered without heat or hot water. As a result, the City took Ms. Ricks to court. She was fined $4,250, and control of the building was given to Ms. Sanchez.

Ms. Ricks did not live in the building, as Mr. Tucker claims, and did not have to suffer from the lack of basic services. The apartment she claims to have been living in was in fact occupied by another couple when Ms. Sanchez took over the building.

Mr. Tucker's overriding point seems to be that the City is conspiring to "socialize" the housing market and take over all private property in the tradition of Stalin. That is a paranoid fantasy with no basis in reality.

We believe the opposite: the solution to the housing crisis lies with the private sector. The vast majority of dollars included in the Mayor's ten-year plan, for example, will be spent on incentives for private development, with very little spent directly by the City. We do not want to stifle the private market; we want to invigorate it.

—Paul A. Crotty, Commissioner
Department of Housing
Preservation and Development
New York, New York

I have just come across your February issue in which William Tucker in his essay, "Homeless People, Peopleless Homes," used a specific small building in Brooklyn and named the executive director of a local, non-profit housing organization to make his point that New York City's housing policies have had disastrous consequences.

I am the executive director about whom Mr. Tucker made several false statements and insulting innuendoes. The lawyer with whom I discussed the article advised me that I have grounds for a legal case against the writer and *The American Spectator*. I prefer to resolve the matter at this time by requesting that you print my response to Mr. Tucker's baseless and irresponsible attacks on me.

My involvement with 2086 Nostrand Avenue, the Brooklyn building mentioned in the article, began in 1983, many months before it was purchased by Katherine Ricks, the 62-year-old nurse also mentioned. Several tenants came to my office to complain of the lack of heat, hot water, and other services and the presence of drug dealers at all hours. Many merchants, landlords, and residents of that block and my board of directors had also complained about the building. It was a dangerous fire and crime hazard, which impeded our commercial and housing revitalization efforts in the Brooklyn College area.

My first step was to contact the person listed on the tax rolls as the tax payer, who turned out to be a lawyer representing the several private mortgagees. He said the building was hopeless, and he could do nothing about it. I asked the N.Y. City Department of Housing Preservation and Development (HPD) to appoint an administrator, but the City's lawyers were at that time leary of the tenants. Merchants on the block were negotiating to buy the building when Mrs. Ricks appeared as the new owner.

She began to make improvements (as I acknowledged to Mr. Tucker in our several telephone conversations), and I helped her by persuading the mother of the drug dealers to sign a court stipulation to move out and by obtaining from another tenant $1700 in back rent from Public Assistance so that Mrs. Ricks would have the wherewithal to make repairs. It is not true as Mr. Tucker stated that Junction/College Development Corporation spent its time "organizing tenants and starting rent strikes," as a matter of unvarying policy. There are times, however, when tenant organizing and rent strikes are necessary.

Unfortunately, after receiving the $1700, Mrs. Ricks stopped doing anything in the building and the tenants spent the winter of 1984-85 (the first under her ownership) again without heat or hot water. Mrs. Ricks, the heroine of the article, was sued by HPD and eventually fined $4250.

The tenants asked me to manage the building and signed a petition to that effect. We went to several meetings with the HPD lawyers and this time they agreed to ask the court to appoint an outside administrator to replace the owner temporarily. I was appointed the 7A Administrator in April, 1985.

The point of this long recital is that I did not, as Mr. Tucker implied, insinuate myself into the affairs of 2086 Nostrand Avenue, nor did I take the building away from Mrs. Ricks illegally or underhandedly. The problems in the building began long before she bought it and the appointment of a 7A Administrator involved two legal proceedings, two judges, three city lawyers, numerous court appearances by the tenants, Mrs. Ricks, her lawyer, and myself. In addition the three mortgagees were notified in writing of the dangerous conditions in the building and then of the hearing regarding appointment of a 7A Administrator.

Mr. Tucker stated falsely, "The day after her building was put into 7A administration, she [Mrs. Ricks] came back to find that Toby Sanchez had already taken over her apartment. All of Ricks's belongings disappeared—

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including her dog, which she has never seen again." The truth is the apartment in question was occupied by a couple with two children. Mrs. Ricks did have belongings there and I wrote her lawyer asking her to remove them. She never came back to do so, until a month later. She abandoned her dog for 30 days and so it was turned over to the ASPCA. All my actions were taken with full knowledge and consultation with HPD lawyers and the mortgagees' lawyer.

I managed 2086 Nostrand Avenue for 15 months (with the knowledge and approval of my board of directors) as part of my job description to improve the neighborhood and make it attractive to potential customers and investors. I collected $21,000 in rent from tenants who had not paid rent in years and put all of it back into the building for heat, repairs, new equipment, etc. Mr. Tucker failed to tell his readers that Mrs. Ricks sold the building in July, 1986 to a new owner, and soon after I was relieved of my responsibilities by the court and HPD.

Rather than thwarting the private ownership of rental property, the 7A program assists it. A good 7A Administrator, like a good doctor, restores a sick building to health. I preserved 2086 Nostrand Avenue as a habitable dwelling for six families, repaired numerous hazardous conditions, and made it attractive enough to a new owner so that tax foreclosure was prevented.

I believe that all groups benefited from my work as 7A Administrator, including the tenants, Mrs. Ricks, the new owner, the mortgagees, the neighborhood, and the City. I accounted monthly for every penny of rent collected. I did not trick Mrs. Ricks or anyone else.

It is Mr. Tucker who played tricks. I spoke with him frankly and at length several times on the telephone, and in exchange I was libeled.

—Toby Sanchez
Brooklyn, New York

William Tucker replies:
I don't think I differ much with either Toby Sanchez or Commissioner Crotty in their account of the incidents involving Katherine Ricks. Where we differ is in the matter of interpretation.

Before Mrs. Ricks bought the building, she was living with her sister. She originally took a first floor apartment, but later turned it over to a superintendent (the "couple") with the understanding that she would retain the use of one room. When Toby Sanchez took over the building, she immediately kicked out Mrs. Ricks and told the superintendent that he could have the whole apartment. When Mrs. Ricks returned a few days later, she found the locks changed. When she tried to climb in a window, Sanchez accused her of trying to "break into" her own building. (Sanchez told me all this over the phone, but omits it from her letter.) This is why Mrs. Ricks was unable to reclaim her belongings.

Far more important though, I think, is the sense that emerges from Sanchez's letter about the role of neighborhood preservation groups and 7A Administrators in New York housing. The point of my article was that housing in New York is completely politicized, from the fixing of most rents right down through the battles over control of individual buildings. City council members appoint all the members of the Community Planning Boards, which work hand in hand with the state-funded "neighborhood preservation companies," which in turn—as Sanchez's letter clearly indicates—feel it is their personal and professional responsibility to supervise private enterprise in their neighborhoods. It was obvious, both from my interview with Sanchez and from her letter, that her main objection to Mrs. Ricks was that Ricks bought a building in her neighborhood *without asking permission*. "She just showed up one day and said she was the new owner," is the way Sanchez described it over the phone.

Although it may be only a "paranoid fantasy," to me this top-to-bottom political supervision seems eerily reminiscent of the thorough-going formal and informal controls "the party" exercises over all private enterprises in socialist and quasi-socialist countries. (In New York, of course, there is only one major party—the Democrats—but when it comes to housing politics, bipartisan politics loses all significance and the whole system converges into one big machine.)

As far as the heating violations are concerned, Mrs. Ricks told me she made continuous efforts to provide heat and hot water during both winters. Her major dispute with her tenants was not over her failure to provide services, but over her attempts to collect rents. The tenants had long lived in one of those informal truces—so common in New York—where tenants will not demand too much in services if landlords do not try to collect any rent. Mrs. Ricks repaired the boiler several times but her tenants continually sabotaged her efforts, breaking through locked doors several times and flooding the basement with oil. Then they called the housing inspectors. It might be argued that the lack of heat was the tenants' fault, but New York City doesn't care and ruthlessly fines landlords $250 a day for not providing heat, no matter what the cause. (Thus $4,250 in fines represented only 17 days of not providing heat over the two years Mrs. Ricks owned the building.) The fact that Mrs. Ricks was able to get two new $400-a-month tenants to move into the building in the midst of all this probably indicates two things: (1) Mrs. Ricks was offering reasonable services; and (2) people in New York are desperate for housing.

I am glad Commissioner Crotty mentioned Mayor Koch's ten-year, $4.2 billion housing plan because it gives me the chance to make a point I didn't have room for in the story.

Here is the breakdown on the housing that the ten-year plan is supposed to produce, according to a press release from the Mayor's office:

A. Low-Income (family income up to $15,000)—126,000 units
   1. Reconstruction of vacant units in city-owned buildings—16,000
   2. Units preserved from abandonment—74,000
   3. Rehabilitation of occupied units in city-owned buildings—36,000

B. Moderate income (family income between $15,000-25,000)—93,000 units
   1. Reconstruction of vacant units in city-owned buildings—10,000
   2. Newly constructed units under home-ownership program—7,000
   3. Support for upgrading of private units—76,000

C. Middle-income housing (family income $25,000-40,000)—33,000 units
   1. Support for new units in home-ownership program—33,000

Notice that the government financing of *new* units—rather than rehabilitation of already-occupied units—breaks down like this:

A. Low-income—16,000
B. Moderate-income—17,000
C. Middle-income—33,000

Thus, *half* the new housing units to be built under the plan will be going to families with incomes *over* $25,000. The median family income in New York City is only $23,000.

Now note the category "preserved from abandonment," which constitutes almost 60 percent of the units to be provided for low-income families. This category simply refers to the number of apartments that the city *anticipates* taking over from private landlords, mostly through the 7A program.

Thus, I think my evaluation of New York City's housing policies still stands. The lion's share of benefits goes to people with "moderate" and "middle" incomes. The only plan the city has for the poor is to continue driving small landlords out of business.

The Jesse Factor
I wonder if trusting patients of William Hazlett, M.D. (Correspondence, *TAS*, March 1987) scheduled to receive sore throat and tonsillitis examinations were surprised, if not dismayed, to learn that their doctor, à la Jesse Jackson, does not see fit to wash his hands after urinating.

—Robert L. Cook
Gilbert, Arizona

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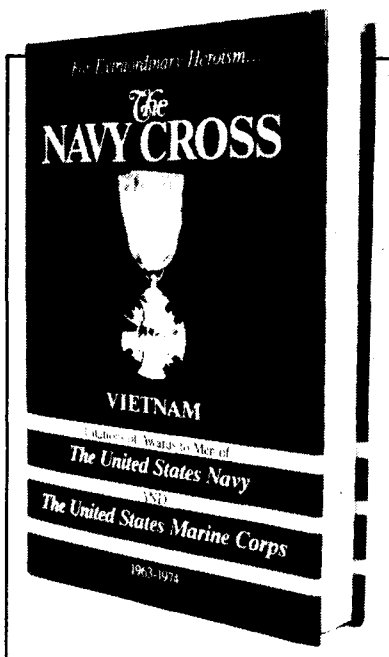

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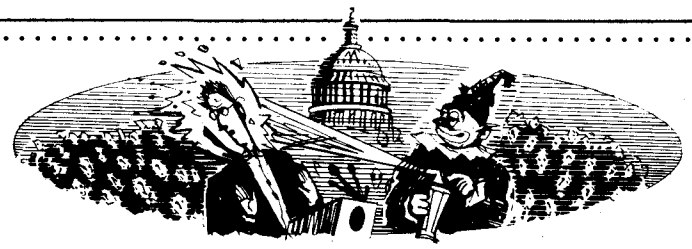

Beforehand, everybody thought that the press conference on March 19 was *the* Most Important Press Conference of the President's Career—and by Everybody Thought, I mean, of course, that Most Observers Concluded, Several Experts Termed, and Many Sources Agreed—by which I mean, in a word, that it was Widely Regarded as (for brevity's sake) the MIPCOPC. Coincidentally, many of these terming experts, concluding observers, and wide regarders were in attendance in the East Room on the evening of March 19; the few that weren't were back in the studio. "Tonight's press conference is widely regarded as the MIPCOPC," said Tom Brokaw in New York to Chris Wallace on the White House lawn, and Chris couldn't have agreed more. This insistence was odd. For the three weeks before the MIPCOPC, Ronald Reagan had acceded to almost every demand the herd made of him: Must Don Regan go? Then he was gone—fired, rudely and gracelessly, as if the herd had done it themselves. Would they like one of their own to replace him? They got Howard Baker. Should Reagan apologize, grovel even? He did so, in a nationally televised address. Normally such steady milking would elicit a long, mellow moo of pleasure, but instead the herd remained unappeased. "He's turned the corner," Sam Donaldson said, after the President's speech on March 9, "but he's not there yet."

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Hence the MIPCOPC. One of the vogue terms in Washington these days is "institutional memory," a phrase redolent of the old quack Jung, meant to conjure up images of mystic streams of democratic know-how running through town like the Civil War–era sewage canals that are rumored to bubble beneath Constitution Avenue. "Institutional memory" is most often invoked by establishment types—George Will uses it all the time—to scold someone who's rocking the boat. People like Senator Lugar and Howard Baker have access to it; Don Regan didn't, which is why he had to go. Whatever the term signifies, it's safe to say that the press doesn't have it; if they did, they would have remembered that the last two press conferences were also the MIPCOPC, just as Reagan's last two TV speeches had been the Most Important Speech of the President's Career. Part of the blame for the redundancy must fall to the White House, for holding the press conferences so far apart. Four months is a long time for the herd to remember the last MIPCOPC; in Washington—institutional memory notwithstanding—four months is a long time for anyone to remember anything, as no doubt the President will agree.

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On my way down to the White House for the MIPCOPC I picked up a copy of *USA Today*, which devoted much of its front section ("News") to what it called, in a slight twist, "the toughest press conference the President has ever faced." Bunched in with items on "How more of us have respect for breakfast" and "How more of us are clipping coupons" and an in-depth interview with Burt Reynolds (consigned to oblivion on the op-ed page) that tunneled into the question of when we can expect *Cannonball III*, the nation's newspaper laid out a full page of questions that "you want the president to answer." Not unexpectedly, most of the questions were stupid—"Are we going to have a war?" wondered Rodney Jackson of San Diego; "Is sexual violence increasing in America?" asked a wimp from Phoenix. In the press room I studied the questions closely. An Expert had told the *Times* that the President would call on "a few oddballs to lighten things up," and I wanted to be ready. A couple of the questions showed signs of intelligent life, and I appropriated one of them for my own, in case the President pointed my way: "Can Maureen Reagan be stopped?"

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It's a good thing that *USA Today* readers weren't allowed into the East Room, for the herd would have chewed them alive—not because the readers' questions were stupid, but because the stupidity of their questions was of the wrong coloration. The White House press corps had its own stupid questions to ask ("Did you feel your policy was wrong at the beginning?"), and anything different was viewed as a betrayal, a wandering from the herd. Halfway into the press conference, Max McCarthy of the *Buffalo News* asked a question about acid rain, and the collective intake of breath was audible. A few seats away from me, Andrea Mitchell squirmed on the edge of her chair, looked at her watch, and pumped her feet nervously. Row after row of hands were poised in midair, anticipating the end of this tragic doldrum. "That was a bullshit question," one herdsman told me later, "pure filibustering, buying time." So it was with Reagan's opening statement, in which he vowed again not to raise taxes. Many thoughtful observers (me) consider this the President's most important political position; but in the East Room, it was Widely Regarded by Most Sources as a gross attempt to change the subject from the matter at hand—or hoof.

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There is a grandeur to Reagan when he emerges from that long hallway and makes his characteristic quick-hop onto the platform, and as the lowing herd responded by unbending its legs and rising to its feet, I got the sense that it was no match for him. In body language and demeanor he was far more at ease than at the last MIPCOPC on November 19. It's always clear his heart is in the right place, and he has the added strength in these press conferences of seeming incapable of constructing a coherent English sentence. When, by aiming his finger, Reagan detaches one of the herd from its brethren, he cocks his head genially to hear the question, and then pauses before releasing the often-imitated, never-duplicated "Well . . ." What follows is almost invariably mush, and I sympathize with those in the herd who like to have a little meaning to go along with these verbal feeds. The President often begins a sentence with a series of words arranged in such a way as to suggest the rudiments of intelligibility; but before long a clause will pop up unbidden and wander toward uncharted territory, where it tumbles into wide patches of syntactical quicksand; if it surfaces—usually presaged by a curiously unhelpful "so, yes" or "so, no"—it has been transformed into a clause better suited to the tail-end of a sentence quite different from the one launched dozens of words earlier. Under the circumstances concentration has no reward, so I sat back and simply enjoyed the presidential presence. Maybe this is the "Reagan magic"; maybe it is some perverse lagniappe of "charisma"; but I know that in the East Room, watching him—ruddy under the TV lights, broad-shouldered, straight-backed, good with a quip, and, most remarkable of all, enjoying himself—I couldn't help wishing that this man remain President forever.

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Because the herd was hyping the press conference so feverishly, it decided to hype the hype as a way of hedging its bets. The *Post* did this by sending Eleanor Randolph, its media reporter, to cover the reporters covering the press conference. The idea was popular. A camera crew from "60 Minutes" followed Helen Thomas of UPI, covering her as she covered the MIPCOPC ("The press conference wasn't good in the sense of moving history forward," Helen glumly told the "60 Minutes" correspondent). Two other crews clotted the press room, switching on their lights periodically and panning their cameras as the herd scrambled for pages of the transcript, which was released within minutes of the press conference's end. The synergy level increased dramatically when, as Eleanor was interviewing Sam Donaldson, Len Tucker of the "CBS Morning News" told his crew to film Eleanor interviewing Sam. Watching this scene from across the press room, I quickly concluded that I, as a member of the media doing a story that might end up as a story about the media doing a story on the media, could sidle up to Tucker to interview him as he interviewed Eleanor about interviewing Sam, in which case—but I was too slow on the uptake, and my way across the room was blocked by a freelancer from Chicago, who was interviewing Chris Wallace.

•

In forty-five minutes the press room was almost empty. I walked down the White House driveway toward the gate and paused for a moment to watch a local TV reporter on the lawn, rehearsing his stand-up for the late news. He mentioned that this was *one of* the MIPCOPC, and I wasn't surprised at the depreciation, since, as everyone pointed out the next day, the President hadn't "misspoken." But then he added: "It was a good performance. The President has turned the corner, but he's not there yet." Not there yet! The President should watch where he's going. Two more corners, and he's right back where he started. —*AF*

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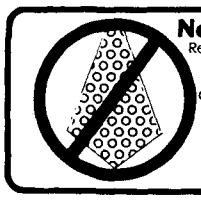

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CURRENT WISDOM

New York Times Book Review

In the scholarly precincts of an esteemed book review, signs of intellectual fireworks with significant consequences to the life of the mind as lived in this new Athens that we call Amerika:

Adrienne Rich's essays have always stressed revelation, the arduous probing of her feminism, her lesbianism, her Jewishness, her own white bourgeois "privilege," her ambivalent emotions about mothers, both black and white. In the past she has held on to her belief in "the power of literature, and also in the politics of literature" to transcend the silences of an unfair society and speak the perpetually unspoken. . . . Nevertheless, particularly in regard to black women, herein subsumed under the currently fashionable label "women of color" (which to me sounds like a perfume), Ms. Rich's latest pronouncements collapse into a reductive sociology. Determined to correct our ignorance of lesbian and third-world feminisms, she draws on international and sometimes obscure sources. But her gospel of pluralism seems narrow and earnestness is its greatest flaw.

[March 15, 1987]

New Zealand Tablet

At a National Council of Churches conference in the Land of Kiwi, two NCC firebrands take risks:

Two NCC staffers, Peter Glensor, International Affairs Secretary, and Barry Taylor, Youth Secretary, promoted a non-sexist New Zealand male image. Both young men quietly knitted throughout workshop sessions.

[February 4, 1987]

Manchester Guardian Weekly

How Margaret's day was spoiled, as told in the groans column of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, an omnium gatherum of socialist hysterics:

On a recent visit to Devon, driving through a lane some three miles from Lympstone, we passed a group of Marine trainees. They were fully clad and carried full back-packs from which dangled various accoutrements. It was hot and the group were all under stress. A few yards behind came a straggler. His face was discoloured, his feet were sliding all over the road and his eyes were glazed. On each side of him were two senior men each shouting abuse and ridicule.

The scene was so distressing that an elderly lady passenger, not given to public protest, shouted through the window, "Stop that you fools, can't you see the lad is half dead." Of course, they took no notice but the shock and horror at the treatment of a very young fellow quite spoiled the day. . . .

—Margaret McHugh (Mrs.),
Digby Orchard,
NSW, Australia.

[January 25, 1987]

San Francisco Chronicle

Depressing news that even in the cosmopolitan City on the Bay a modern equivalent of the Uffizi goes underutilized:

Tour buses routinely ignore one of San Francisco's most stimulating and cheerful museums.

No one at the city's Convention and Visitors Bureau even knows it exists. Or maybe they do, and they're just not talking.

But curator Joani Blank talks candidly about the nation's only museum of personal vibrators.

"I specialize in openness," said Blank, 49, a "basic Burlingame homemaker" who once worked as a sex therapist and now publishes sex manuals, sells sex toys and collects vibrators for her Mission District museum.

[March 13, 1987]

Mother Jones

Mr. Paul Warnke induces yet another of his disciples to decipher the riddles of eternal peace by way of indoor plumbing:

Wurtz started thinking about The Bomb four years ago after hearing Paul Warnke, the former chief negotiator for the SALT II treaty, speak on nuclear war at a Beyond War–sponsored event. "I had never given it much thought before. All of a sudden I realized, gee, if a bomb drops, I'll be lucky to find my wife and kids. The more you go into it, the deeper it goes. I'm convinced that by recognizing the reality of it, we can do something about it."

How does he know something can be done by getting people to think about it?

"Take the [California] water shortage ten years ago," he says. "When people recognized that there really was a shortage, they changed their habits. They actually didn't flush the toilets as much. It's fascinating when you think about it."

[April 1987]

New Age Journal

Teetotaling Mark Green, New York state's 1986 Democratic nominee for the Senate, employs the tools of modern science and ancient metaphor to plumb the dirty little secrets of Ron and his pals:

Author Ann Wilson Schaef would probably take issue with both Shultz and Churchill. She argues persuasively in her new book that many Americans are individual addicts of one kind or another who are living in an addictive society. That includes our political culture. Like alcoholics, she argues, politicians often engage in unhealthy and denied compulsions, distortions of reality, self-centeredness, and self-delusion, and they even have "co-dependents" who go along with and therefore encourage the illness.

In this context, a Reagan administration, known for chronic dissembling, stands out, metaphorically speaking, as the quintessential, lying alcoholic.

[March/April 1987]

New York Times

For those who think that the yogurt salesman who sat next to you on your last transcontinental flight to Los Angeles was a bore, read this ad for a famous woman's accessory:

Can you get *too* much exercise? Maybe if you collapse on the trail or have stomach cramps but it always seems to be the best-looking people and those who get sick least are the ones who jog, swim, bicycle.

My favorite magazine says exercise isn't *fun* (pull in your gut, straighten your spine, *breathe*!) and takes time you'd rather spend with a pal or a book but a firm body is the next best thing to gorgeous and may be even better! I listen to them and huff and puff (*almost*) happily!

I guess you could say I'm That COSMOPOLITAN Girl.

[March 18, 1987]

Windsor-Hights Herald

All the news that's fit to print and then some, from the police blotter of a hard-working gazette:

Unknown person(s) stole the American flag from its pole in Etra Park sometime between 3 p.m. Jan. 17 and 11:30 a.m. Jan. 20. The flag is described as red, white and blue, having 50 stars and was valued at $40.

[January 28, 1987]

New York Times

The hazards of a moral life as related by Miss Barbara Hershey, Tinsel Town thespian and reformed flake:

She "grew up before the camera," as she puts it, and with her open manner and lifestyle seemed to embody the ultimate flower child. . . . She also personified a free spirit off screen when she moved in with the actor David Carradine, had a baby out of wedlock named Free, and changed her name to Barbara Seagull.

The name change came in the late 60's during the filming of Frank and Eleanor Perry's "Last Summer," in which Miss Hershey gave a multilayered performance as a teen-age viper who is part flirt, part con artist and part psychotic: a dangerous temptress capable of coolly bashing in the brains of a seagull that she once befriended. As she described it in a 1973 Times interview, there was a scene "where I had to throw the bird up in the air, trying to make it fly. The trained bird was very special, I felt her spirit. But we had to reshoot the scene over and over. I knew she was exhausted, and I told Frank Perry that I couldn't throw her again; and he told me on the last throw she had broken her neck.

"At that moment I felt her soul enter me. I didn't tell anybody for a long time. I just realized, finally, that the only honest, moral thing would be to change my name."

While the actress later reclaimed Hershey, that well-publicized period of her life seemed to brand her as some sort of far-out flake.

[March 29, 1987]

Progressive

Poesy from J. Gordonovich Kooglerovsky, Kremlin poet laureate:

Q: Are you saying that writers and poets prepared the way for Gorbachev?

Yevtushenko: Of course. Absolutely. I'm sure. They absorbed our spirits. They were students—some of them were students squeezing without tickets on the balcony of our poetry readings.

I think my generation of poets did a lot of things to break the Iron Curtain. We wounded our hands breaking this Iron Curtain with our naked hands. We didn't work in gloves. . . . our literature, our art, didn't come as a gift from the so-called upstairs. . . . it's happened. We've produced a new kind of person, a new-minded person. . . .

Q: You mean you think that the poetry of your generation is the political soul of the new leadership?

Yevtushenko: I hope so. If I say this, it sounds immodest, but I hope so. I'm almost sure.

[April 1987]

Nation

A stirring vow from Dr. Kirkpatrick Sale, certain to fetch enthusiasm at the offices of Senator Joseph Biden, Governor Bruce Babbitt, the Hon. Gary Hartpence, Congressman Richard Gephardtpence, and John Hinckley, Esq.:

In the course of the next few months I hope to bring you some reports of those who are engaged in the cutting-edge ideas of the New Age—theorists and activists, scholars and technicians, people working in areas ranging from perma-culture to homeopathy, bioregionalism to shamanism, Gaean economics to ecofeminism, with a lot of stops in between. Theirs are the neglected voices of our society, yet the ones that must most be heard, that still might be able to save the earth, if anything can, from its impending ecocide.

[March 14, 1987]

New York Times

Upon the sacking of 215 people at CBS by Mr. Laurence A. Tisch, that network's chief executive officer, one of the greatest American writers of this century responds analytically and eloquently:

Mr. Rooney, the "60 Minutes" commentator, said he sat at home Friday night thinking about the dismissal of one of his colleagues, Ike Pappas, who had covered the world for CBS News for 22 years, "and I was just too sick to think about it."

"This guy Tisch put his money in this company; but I put my life into the company, and so did Ike Pappas and so did a lot of other people," Mr. Rooney said over the weekend. "I own that company. Tisch does not own that company. That's the way I feel. It's Ike's company more than it is Tisch's company."

[March 9, 1987]

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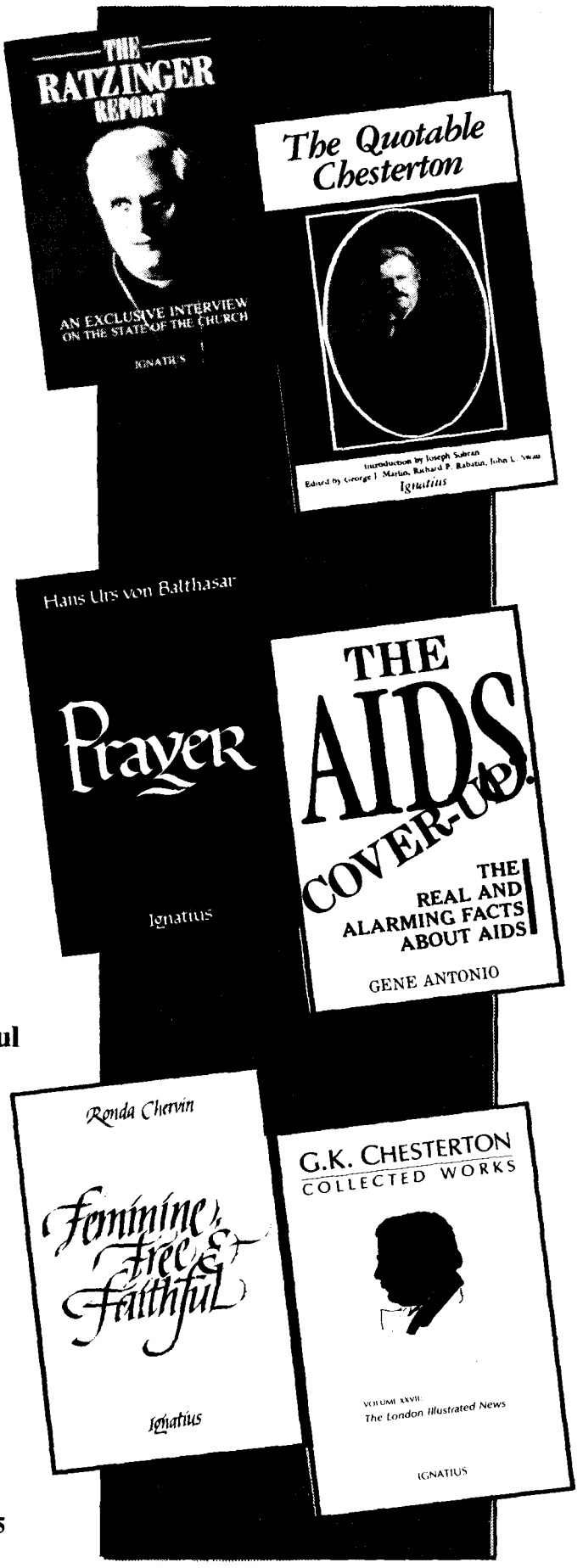

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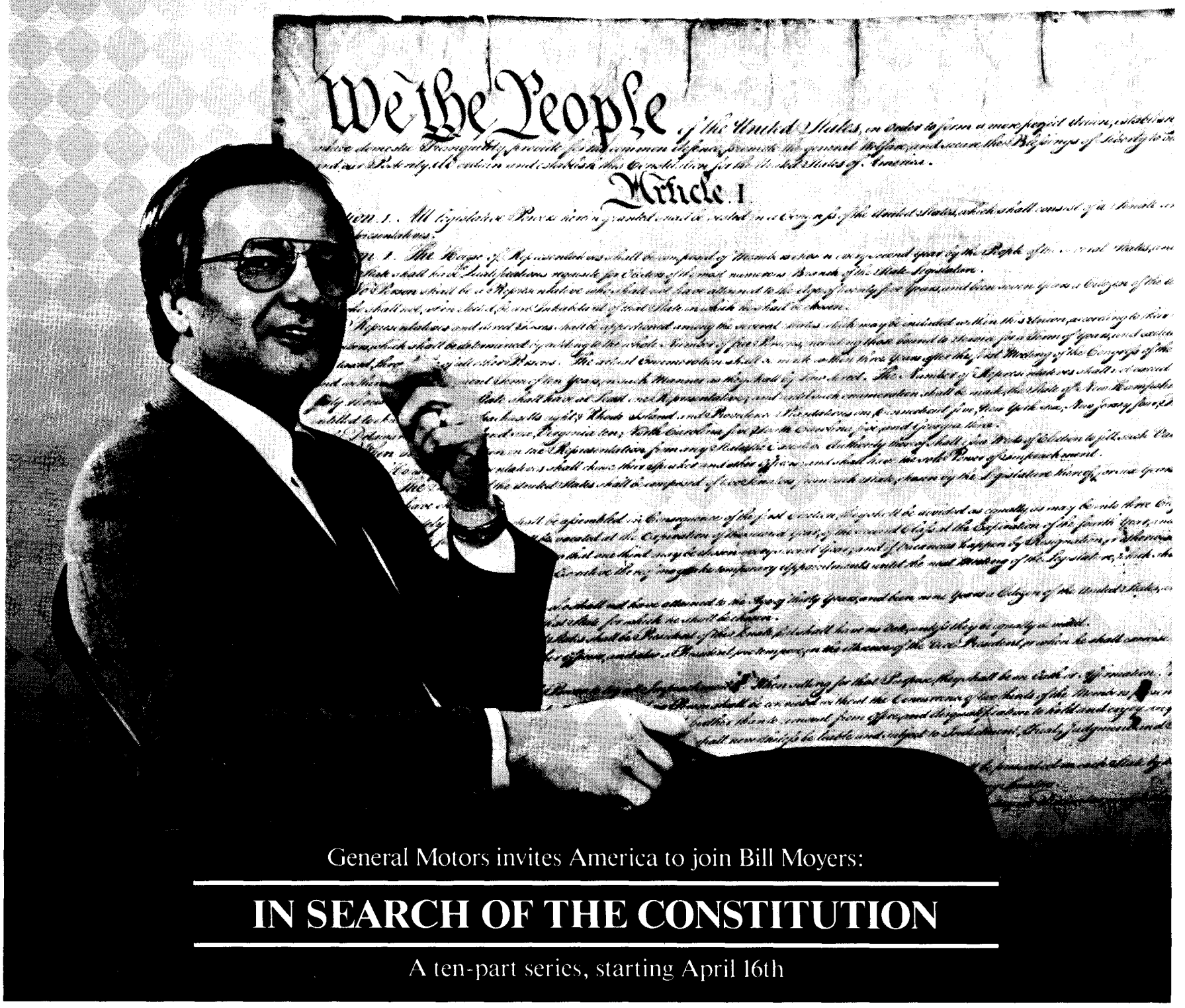

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